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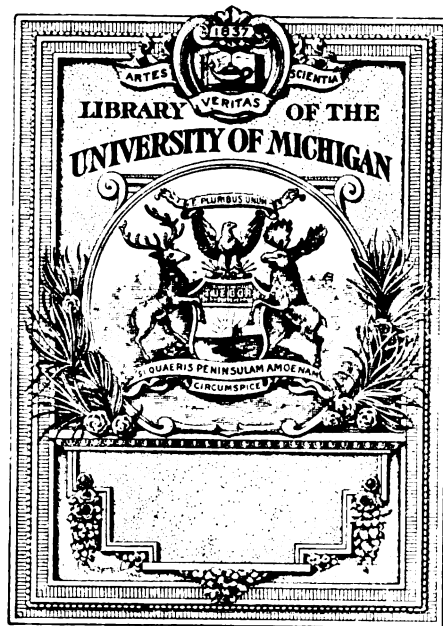
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE,
AND STATE PROGRESS

VOLUME XXXV

CONCORD, N. H.
PUBLISHED BY THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

1903

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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Photo. by Kendall.

THE UNCANOONUCS, FROM SHIRLEY HILL.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXV.

JULY, 1903.

No. I.

WHITTIER, THE POET OF THE WHITE HILLS.

By Eugene R. Musgrove.



HE poet Whittier was distinctively American. His patriotic, democratic, and humane spirit had a hold upon the people. He was not so cultured as Longfellow, but he was far more sympathetic. If his poems are rugged and unfinished, they are like the fields he ploughed and mowed in his boyhood—unattractive to one who surveyed them from afar, but yielding wholesome odors of upturned earth and clover, and affording, around the boulders that strewed them, graceful ferns and rare wild flowers. However imperfect his poems may be, they reach the hearts of his countrymen. While his leading characteristics are boldness and energy, his works are not without passages equally significant for grace and tenderness. He will, in fact, be longest remembered for his descriptions of natural scenery, which touch the heart with their splendid simplicity.

Whittier was preëminently the poet of the White Hills. Longfellow and Lucy Larcom wrote occasional poems about this beautiful region; Starr King and Frank Bolles proclaimed its glories in prose. Hawthorne, who died in the very shadows of the mountains, wrote a charming story and

moral about "The Great Stone Face" in his "Twice-Told Tales." Whittier, however, is the only poet who has given us continual pictures of this mountain land; he, alone, has enriched American verse with exquisite portraiture of New Hampshire scenery.

Whittier's admiration for nature dated from boyhood. Poverty obliged him, at an early age, to labor on his father's farm. His hours of schooling were, by this means, greatly diminished, but all possible loss was more than counterbalanced by lessons from Nature herself. A short way from his birthplace rises Pow-wow hill, so often praised in his verse. Thence he often went to view the landscape. He saw

"Agamenticus lifting its blue

Disk of a cloud the woodland o'er,"
and he discerned, in the distance,

"the mountains piled
Heavily against the horizon of the
north

Like summer thunder-clouds,"

—the Ossipee and Sandwich ranges. He gazed also on the Merrimack, that "rolled down his flood" from the mountains. Small wonder that his early resolve to know more about that beautiful north-land should some day be realized. Things seen by child-

hood's wonder-lifted eyes are never forgotten.

"The hills are dearest which our childish feet
Have climbed the earliest; and the streams most sweet
Are ever those at which our young lips drank,
Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy bank."

We see, therefore, that Whittier acquired his love for the White Hills in youth. He saw them in the distance—he must *know* them. Accordingly we find him, in the strength of his manhood, among these everlasting mountains. Many a time he journeyed up the sun-kissed valley of his dear Merimack, the

"child of that white-crested mountain whose springs
Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagle's wings."

He journeyed up the Saco valley, through the "dwarf spruce-belts of the Crystal Hills," and drank in the wonders of the world from the summit of Washington. He saw

"The sunset, with its bars of purple cloud,
Like a new heaven, shine upward from the lake
Of Winnipiseogee."

The Bearcamp valley, however, was Whittier's favorite retreat among the White Hills—and is there a more beautiful spot in this enchanted region? On the south

"Green-belted with eternal pines,
The mountains stretch away,"
—his beloved Ossipees; and on the

north a great "mountain wall is piled to heaven." There

"Chocorua silent stands,
Forever gazing out across the lands
Where once the Indian chieftain roved
Who gave it name, and its stern wildness loved."

The Bearcamp river is a typical mountain stream. In dry weather it glides softly over its sinuous course among sandy shallows; in times of heavy rain it swells until it overflows the adjacent meadows with the great volume of water poured into it by its torrential tributaries. Whittier called the stream a "waif from Carroll's wildest hills." The poet loved the Bearcamp valley, so charmingly embosomed



Bearcamp Water.

among the mountains. Surely it was to him a valley "lovelier than those the old poets dreamed of."

One of Whittier's favorite occupations, when in this northern valley, was to behold the White Hills from that outlying summit of the Ossipee



Peak of Chocorua.

range which now bears his name. The prospect was wonderfully alluring.

“There towered Chocorua’s peak; and west,

Moosehillock’s woods were seen,
With many a nameless slide-scarred crest

And pine-dark gorge between.
Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed cloud,
The great Notch mountains shone,
Watched over by the solemn-browed
And awful face of stone.”

On the noble summits of the Sandwich range Whittier’s eye dwelt with delight. Chocorua, that “grim citadel of nature,” was the poet’s favorite mountain. Do we wonder that he loved Chocorua? Chocorua is all that a New Hampshire mountain should be:

it bears the name of an Indian chief; it is the only mountain whose peak is crowned with a legend; the very rhythm of its name suggests the wildness and loneliness of the great hills.

Whittier’s writings concerning the scenery of the White Mountains were the inevitable result of his mountain life. As the fruit of a tree is conditioned by its surroundings and soil, so the fruits of the mind are influenced by the time and circumstances of their growth. The best poetry of the world in which natural scenery is reflected is not usually found in separate lyrics or descriptions, but is incidental to poems of larger mould and purpose. Hence we find that Whittier utilized Indian traditions as frameworks for sketches of New Hampshire scenery. Yet while



The Old Man of the Mountain.

the best descriptions of scenery are incidental to long poems, there is at least one happy exception in Whittier's verse. "Sunset on the Bearcamp" is an exquisite description of White Mountain scenery.

"Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung.

How changed the summits vast and old!

No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
Is softer than the cloud;
The valley holds its breath, no leaf
Of all its elms is twirled;
The silence of eternity
Is falling on the world."

Nothing to Whittier

"had a deeper meaning
Than the great presence of the awful
mountains
Glorified by the sunset."

Have you ever seen Chocorua at sunset? As the sun glides down the west, a ruddy glow tinges its pinnacle; and the shadows that have been lurking in the ravines steal darkly up the mountain and crouch for a final spring upon its summit. Little by little, twilight flows over the valley, and a thin haze rises from its surface. Do we wonder that Whittier, in the face of such an incomparable scene, recalled those sublime and touching incidents of Scripture—the Temptation, the Sermon on the Mount, the Transfiguration?—do we wonder that there stole



Echo Lake and the Notch.



Looking across the Intervale to Moat Mountain and the Ledges, from Intervale Park.

into his memory those words so simple and tender and yet so expressive—"He went up into a mountain to pray?"

One thought, therefore, remains for us to emphasize—the influence of the White Hills upon Whittier's character. When the poet was once riding in an old stage-coach through the Bearcamp region, one of those mountain sunsets which he has so beautifully described greeted his sight. He asked the coachman to stop for a moment, so that he could study the picture; but the coachman refused, saying coldly: "Oh, that's only one o' them red 'n' yellor

sunsets, we have 'em ev'ry night." Ah, that is the difficulty. The majority of people rush so fast through the mountains that they derive no benefit from them. Whittier understood not only topography, but also scenery. He went to the mountains, but that was not all; he paused, and the mountains came to him. As he himself said of another,

"On all his sad or restless moods
The perfect peace of Nature stole;
The quiet of her fields and woods
Sank deep into his soul."



Mt Washington, from the Intervale.

Whittier's eye was anointed. He loved nature as the apparition of his God. Whatever he saw "respired with inward meaning." Man's ability to appreciate nature depends not on physical *sight* but on spiritual *insight*. Whittier lived among the mountains with an insight that penetrated their purposes and service. He poured out his heart to Nature, and Nature did not betray his confidence. He studied the mountains, and the mountains filled his soul with lofty thoughts and holy impulses. The tender affection of his poetry reaches the pulsating heart of humanity. He stood one day beside an Indian's grave on the shore of Lake Winnipiseogee. There he wrote—

"well may Nature keep
Equal faith with all who sleep."

Is it not natural, he thought to himself, that the dusky savage should have seen, in the entrancing beauty of those island-strewn waters, the "Smile of the Great Spirit?" Then his great heart went out to the Indian, his "common brother," and he breathed a prayer—

"Thanks, oh, our Father that like him,
Thy tender love I see
In radiant hill and woodland dim,
And tinted sunset sea."

Throughout Whittier's long life we see this same spirit of trust and faith in a "loving superintendence of the universe." In old age, when his

"mirror of the beautiful and true,
In Man and Nature, was as yet undimmed,"

he made his last visit to the White Hills. He looked for the last time on the sacred scenes of the Bearcamp valley. With waning strength he journeyed to his beloved Chocorua lake, across whose dimpled surface floats a graceful Indian legend. There, as "Chocorua's horn of shadow pierced the water," Whittier reflected his own beautiful character in a farewell stanza,—

"Lake of the Northland, keep thy
dower
Of beauty still, and while above
The solemn mountains speak of power,
Be thou the mirror of God's love."

THE UNCANOONUCS.

By Moses Gage Shirley.

PART I.

Our mountains! here to-day they stand,
As in the olden time,
Meet subjects for the artist's brush
And poet's deathless rhyme.

They stand, as when the red man's eyes
Upon them first did rest,
And likened them, so runs the name,
Unto his sweetheart's breast.

They stand and greet the rising sun,
Which glows upon each height,
And the last parting beams of day,
As o'er them falls the night.

They lift their foreheads to the storm,
And to the tempest's wrath,
When sweeps the whirling hurricane
With ruin in its path.

They lift their peaks unto the stars,
And to the moonbeams pale,
When pass the rifted clouds aside
And calmer winds prevail.

Sometimes the mist and fog comes down
And hides them from our view;
Sometimes the sky above is gray,
And then it turns to blue.

The forest giants stand serene
And hold their regal sway,
As when amid the woodland depths
The wild beasts sought their prey.

PART II.

'Twas here the brave Joe English came,
In days long gone before,
And 'mong the hardy pioneers
The Scotchman Dinsermore.

And Ranger Dodge, whose name is linked
With many a harmless jest;
One choose his home upon the south,
One builded on the west.

Both mustered with the minute-men
And both came back again,
And added to their country's worth
And to their townships fame.

Of Betty Spear we oft have heard,
And her famed spinning wheel,
Who used to spin until the shades
Of night would o'er her steal.

And good "Squire" Gage, who used to rule
Supreme o'er his estate,
And often when his neighbors warred
Was called to meditate.

And blushing brides and stately grooms
His mountain dwelling sought,
For him to make them one for life
And tie the bridal knot.

THE UNCANOONUCS.

Here have the Shirleys long been known,
 Who settled Shirley Hill,
 And on their homesteads yet we find
 Descendants living still.

Here dwelt the Gilchrists and McDales,
 And Ferrens, too, we note,
 Whose names should all be handed down
 In song and anecdote.

And old Aunt Lydia Dinsermore,
 Who was both quaint and good,
 Whose record is to us as sweet
 As balm and southern-wood.

Here Doctor Ferson used to stay.
 Through mists of memory
 We seem to hear him fiddling on
 To jovial company.

And here lived Samuel Orr, who thought
 The mountains filled with gold,
 And richer than the fabled wealth
 Golconda held of old.

But yet, who knows he might have seen,
 While speaking friend with friend,
 The undiscovered gold that lies
 At every journey's end.

And looking at it in this light
 It has a meaning new,
 And we believe, for one, and say
 His mountain dream is true.

PART III.

Here have we found in sylvan glades
 The fair arbutus flowers,
 Whose perfume is like incense rare,
 Drenched with the April showers.

Here have we heard the horned owl
 And sweet voiced veery sing,
 And the long roll-call to his mate
 The partridge drums in spring.

Here have we heard among the hills
 The distant thunders boom,
 And saw the lightning lances play
 Alternate in the gloom.

Here have we heard the sly fox's bark,
The cattle's tinkling bell;
When all was quietness and peace
Within the slumbering dell.

Here have we heard the laughing rill—
Was ever sound more sweet
To those who once were country bred
And sought some city street?

Were ever sunsets quite so red,
Or blushed so pink the dawn?
We ask to those who once were reared
And from the hills have gone.

PART IV.

Mountains of vistas from whose tops
Are fair horizons spread,
And many a pleasant vale and slope
With neighboring hills are wed.

And, mingling with the outward scene,
Full many a pond and lake
And lordly river flows between,
A charming view to make.

Mountains on mountain tops are piled
Where'er we chance to look,
Here is a fairyland indeed
Within no story book.

And outward still, and onward still,
Far as the eye can sweep,
Upon the dim horizon's line
There breaks the mighty deep.

Mountains of fancy we have known
And loved since boyhood's days.
While journeying along life's road
We bring them tardy praise.

Mountains of memory we sing;
Where'er our footsteps roam
We think of thee, our thoughts are filled
Again with dreams of home.

Oh, friends beloved, afar or near,
Who read these humble lines,
Behold our mountains as of old
Still crowned with oaks and pines.

THE BOILING LAKE OF DOMINICA.

By Julian M. Cochrane.

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OW many readers of THE GRANITE MONTHLY ever heard of the Boiling Lake of Dominica? Perhaps with equal pertinence I might ask, How many are acquainted with the history or location of Dominica itself?—for it is something appalling to know how ignorant we Americans are, as a rule, about this great world of ours. I say ours, positively unconscious of how fitting an application it may become, after all, if we continue to cherish as a nation that absurdly maligned “policy of expansion.” Not presuming that we shall ever wish to annex Dominica to our glorious domain, already so great and so beautiful, I am quite willing to assert that if by any chance of fortune Dominica should become American soil, we would have in this volcanic reef, though it may be, one of the loveliest, most fascinating bits of land that ever lifted its green mantle above the crystal deep of any sea. Indeed, no one having seen Dominica will ever forget where it is, or the peculiar charm of its wild beauty, its high mountains, its deep gorges, its forests primeval.

Although every island of the Indies has its own unique characteristics, none other has a feature more unique than the Boiling Lake of Dominica. It is said to be the only one of its kind in the world, and that it is deserving of greater fame no one will ever doubt after once being forced to marvel at Nature’s caprices from the brink of its seething caldron.

Having recently explored this weird

locality, far within the native wilds of Dominica, I take pleasure in giving the readers of THE GRANITE MONTHLY an off-hand account of this marvel of the tropics.

Since last December, when a young Englishman named Clive, a descendant of the great Lord Clive, was mysteriously killed upon the spot by poisonous gases, Dominicans have had a deadly fear of this strange body of water. Before, it was considered as harmless as a tea-kettle. An interesting story concerning this Clive disaster cannot be related here. I might only add that intelligence of this affair added largely to the novelty and interest of my experience—for who could tell but what I, too, by some peculiar irony of fate, might not be led into the same death-trap as my unsuspecting predecessor?

The trip had to be accomplished with great caution and at no little



Roseau, Dominica, as it would appear from an Airship.

peril; but having before me a mental picture of the place, highly colored to be sure, though I must say not in all respects erroneously, by local enthusiasts, and with my intrepidity materially whetted by recent adventures in Martinique and St. Vincent, how could I leave Dominica without visiting its wonderful Boiling Lake? Out of the question!

All right, boys. Be here early in the morning and we will start. Bright and early two half-breeds (really not bred at all), half-dressed young



Boiling Lake Region, Dominica.



Architectural Medley of Roseau Town, Dominica.

“wharf rats,” colored, partly by Nature, largely by the dust of the town, the most promising I could find among the motley swarm on the jetty, called at my hotel. Giving each a share of my apparatus and stock of provisions we set out from Laudau, the last inhabited region in the course of march, for an eight miles’ almost continuous climb up the mountain. In a mongrel dialect, and with accent and gesture that amused me very much, my eager companions began to enumerate, before we were well under way, the

many and fearful hazards of the Boiling Lake region. The information they confided to me was fearfully suggestive. According to their theories, I was to have the very great pleasure of seeing the devil himself who, stretching forth a mighty arm from some steaming crevice, would pull me in, camera and all. Whether or not these rascals really believed this I would not venture to say, but at any rate I was given thoroughly to understand that they were going with me no farther than Laudau. A remark chiding them for cowardice only elicited this very plausible argument, “No, boss, don’t yer see God has put dat awful ting way up dere in de woods, and He don’t suspect peoples to go dere?”

We are now fifteen minutes from town, in the heart of Roseau valley, the loveliest in all Dominica, one of the most famous lime-producing regions in the world. Golden limes lay in heaps, and scattered beneath trees, all along the way. At many of these piles we find a girl working—“rinning limes.” What a curious occupation! We stop to “josh” her and ask foolish



Roseau Valley. Largest Lime producing Region in World.

questions. Five shillings is the recompense for one quart of lime-skin oil and many hours a day she sits here rolling one lime after another upon the pronged interior of a shallow copper bowl with the reward, perhaps, of a paltry half pint after two days of tedious labor under a tropic sun. Another important production of the island, growing almost in the roadway as we advance, is the cocoa, or chocolate bean. I know of none other among all tropic productions having manner of growth more curious than this cocoa. Accompanying views show the eccentric pods shooting out from the very trunks of the trees.

Rising gradually by a zigzag path above the valley we see many striking and interesting objects and beautiful perspectives. But cultivated areas are soon lost to sight, and we find ourselves in a narrow, winding trail, nearly choked in places by an unconquerable growth of shrubs. These, with the bamboos, the palms, the infinite variety of ferns, the big trees—home of the orchid and myriad vines—

make charming to me a pathway toilsome and unattractive for my companions with whom familiarity has bred indifference.

We come to a spring. Here generous Nature entices every passerby to imbibe of her sweetest, purest drink, and from a cup, unique, of her own shaping—the hollow joint of a bamboo shoot—we drink a health to the Great Guardian of us all. After a brief rest the journey is resumed and at 11:30 the meager but agreeable hospitality of a mountain home is extended to us for as long a period as we wish to remain and with an openness and liberality that would make any wanderer think of home and native land. Our host, by the way, the third and only surviving member of the Clive expedition, and by repute the best woodsman in Dominica, is the man to whom I paid a fancy sum the following day to guide me through the trackless forest. Our hostess is his wife; our entertainers, etc., eight lime-colored children, the cadence of whose voices in the still night air falls



A Mountain Slope Home, Dominica.

upon the ear like mountain dew upon an orchid bloom!

The night is past. What a delightful sleep in the cool mountain air! How invigorating! A tonic, indeed! Nothing but a long tramp can repress the nimble animation within us. We are off for the lake. A trio party, consisting of myself, white, my guide, half white, and a black fellow—black as a volcanic cloud at midnight—crosses a road, then a provision field of yam, tanager, sweet potatoes, kush kush, then a small stream, and is suddenly environed by the bewitching shades of the forest. My guide, taking the lead, armed only with his macheter, cuts a way through the opposing thicket wherever it attempts to thwart our passage, with an alacrity that would do credit to a down east Yankee cutting a devouring swath through a pumpkin pie.

High and beyond, but apparently not very remote, Morne Nicolls had been pointed out to me as the site from which we were first to view the Boiling Lake. It is the climb, the scramble, the wading to this prominence that comprises the better half of my story—at any rate experience which holds supreme distinction among pleasant memories of the day. We can see steam and boiling water, and smell sulphur in America, but nowhere there, not even in the choicest bits of Florida, can we find such tropic magnificence as has woven itself upon the rich lava soil of Dominica. Never, never can I forget the pleasant, though laborious hours, spent in threading our way through the bewildering maze of this primeval woodland!

After the first hour, in which labor is not much sweetened by reward, we

find ourselves within the thickest of the woods. Leaping from rock to rock, we cross two beautiful streams. We drink the crystal water from a huge banana leaf folded into a cup; we see strange flowers and strange



Furious, Hissing Steam Jets, Boiling Lake Region.

trees; we hear strange noises, the notes of strange birds, even the song of bugs; we smell strange odors; we ask strange questions, as the guide remarks, and some so strange, indeed, that even he, a veritable child of the woods, is baffled to answer.

A sulphurous odor now becomes potent enough to remind us of rotten eggs,—a rather obnoxious simile, to be sure, but really the best I have at hand to describe it, unless it be the fumes of a negro camp meeting in July. If we are now more than five miles distant from its source, what must we expect in an hour, in two hours! (Strange to say, however, we encounter no perceptible increase even in close proximity to the lake itself.) We pass through swampy places and sink deep into a black mire; we climb over and under

fallen tree trunks; we cross another river, and now, finding ourselves in the very heart of the forest, marvel most of all. The growth is actually so great, so high, so numerous, so exuberant, so entangled and entwined, one form with another above and all about, that early morning and late afternoon seem always to enshroud us in the gloom of half night. Near the ground none of the large trees ramify, but sometimes more than a hundred feet above send out their huge arms which, interlocking with those of a neighboring tree, both being covered with orchids, innumerable other parasites and their own foliage, form an almost impenetrable fabric through which the sunlight can scarcely find its way. What a vast variety of flowering shrubs, of ferns, palms, lichens, orchids, and graceful vines have assembled in this wild region! How confusedly they associate one with another, and how informally one growth embraces another vastly different—like affection, or verily like a fierce struggle for the survival of the fittest.

A stiff climb, a few rapid strides



In Woodland Primeval.

along a narrow ridge, brings us to the summit of Morne Nicolls. An ancient crater of tremendous depth and extent opens out before us, and the beginning of the end of our journey is realized. Now comes the supreme test of nerve, of strength, of composure. What a different phase of Nature now greets us! From the silent and peaceful depths of the forest we have now come to the verge of a steaming, treacherous abyss. From two opposite sides of the crater, two miles apart yet within the selfsame basin, steaming coils rise majestically into the heavens and embark themselves in passing cloud-ships. The column more remote indicates the location of the Boiling Lake; the other, rising from more than a thousand feet below us, is formed by the united percolation of innumerable steam jets and diminutive boiling lakes distributed about an irregular, barren area, perhaps a hundred yards in diameter. This most interesting natural wonder we shall traverse on our way to the Boiling Lake.

The trip to the Boiling Lake from the summit of Morne Nicolls, though



"Rining Limes"—Extracting oil from skin of the fruit.

seemingly quite easy, viewed from this illusive viewpoint, is not to be recommended for an afternoon stroll in your best clothes—or with your “best girl,” who might, perhaps, insist upon being carried over difficult places. The first eight hundred feet almost vertically down, through a dense growth of high, coarse grass where every succeeding step is a venturesome speculation subject to slumps in grass roots and mud, and finally down a sheer declivity of a crumbling, chalk-like formation, is trying and hazardous, but only a beginning of the long, laborious jaunt across the mighty chasm before us. Once safely to the first level, we find ourselves upon a soft, fragile crust composed largely of sulphur, through which, in a thousand crevices, sizzling steam gives vent to the petulant fury, the constantly generating forces of a subterranean furnace. Strange to relate, at a point not twenty feet above this heated sulphur surface, a little stream of water, cool, sweet and clear, comes bubbling from the cliff—a great boon to struggling climbers with parched throats. Here, while being highly entertained by those dancing, twisting, awe-inspiring columns of vapor, the provision basket is emptied and with renewed vitality we start out for the final heat,—and a heat it is, indeed.

The odor of sulphur is almost stifling. To cross the little field of wonders below us each step must be tried before taken, else one may sink into a pot of Madame Nature's hot porridge. Here is the place, too, where the devil may be expected to appear, as I am now dutifully informed by my guides who scamper quickly around the sulphur mound and looking back,

display much alarm to see me lingering, spellbound, within range of that “mighty arm” of his satanic majesty. The devil must be on another beat to-day or, perhaps, he is shoveling coal, or making the acquaintance of new arrivals at the gate, since he does not appear. The noise, however, is such as might indicate to superstitious minds the presence of some evil spirit. To me it is not merely noise, but music—the weird orchestral music, as it were, of a host of mystic unseen performers. The shrill flute-like soprano of escaping steam from tiny throats, the altos and all the deeper varying tones of those larger in the ascending scale of size, even to the roaring basso of one large enough to be father of them all, the warbling tenor of a brook, minors produced by gentle strokes of passing breezes, and the rub-a-dub-dub of two



A Scalding Flood, Boiling Lake Region.

great caldrons of black mud, sputtering and steaming like mush in the cooking—this is a crude analysis of the mingled sounds. What wonderful harmony! Music as ceaseless, as changeless, as awe-inspiring as the song

of ocean waves echoed from a rock-bound coast. It is impressive to be so near so grand an expression of Nature.

Expecting to witness a more thrilling spectacle farther on I join the guides now thoroughly impatient with my "jokin' wid de debel." We follow the downward course of a small stream, milky-hued and scalding hot. Crossing and recrossing this curious little wonder, many times with a single bound, sometimes missing a quite undesirable hot water bath by a mere hair's breadth, we come to the head of a small cascade. There is no way to pass it. Without a guide, and, indeed, without that indispensable companion, the cutlass, the only alternative would be to return. A move, however, on the part of my long-legged cutlass-bearer signifies, "Follow, boss," and



The Eccentric Growth of Cocoa Pods.

extrication from this deluding cul-de-sac is at once in progress.

A precipitous hill with a slippery cloak of clammy mud, held intact and treacherously hidden by an almost impassable growth of gigantic grass, high to our faces, is now to be scaled. It is,

indeed, a most disheartening climb, and midday in the tropics is wiltingly hot! Shall we ever be able to look back upon the scene of our struggles and exult in victory? Oh, that story of the frog in the well! How applicable to our ridiculous situation—one step upward, two downward. At last by grappling great handfuls of the fibrous weed and pulling ourselves by main force, notch by notch, upward, the summit is attained. What a little victory, after all, and how laboriously won! While resting here and cooling



Drying Cocoa in the Best Way—Under the Sun.

off, the complete absence of trees reminds us that only twenty years ago an eruption of this identical volcano destroyed a big forest formerly covering these slopes. A literal slide into a ravine, a few narrow escapes from deep, miry cavities hidden by grass, a tug up another obstructing knoll, and down again, brings us to the rushing torrent of another hot flood. The object of our toil is now about to be accomplished. Our destination is near.

Passing northward around another upheaval, we come, true enough, to

that mysterious body of water known as the Boiling Lake of Dominica. The mighty volume of steam arising from its terrific ebullitions at first prohibits a distinct observation, but suddenly a shifting of the wind sweeps it away and the whole surface becomes visible.



The Boiling Lake, showing its Mighty Ebullitions.

Ah! it is not so large as some have described it, but verily a wonder, nevertheless.

Below, some twenty or thirty feet, within an almost circular basin, not more than thirty yards across, a dark, slate-colored body of water boils furiously at its center. The mean surface level varies every instant from six to eight inches. The central ebullition, with sputterings and a profound muffled roar, sends circular, foamy wavelets scampering to the shore. From the whole seething surface, most copiously from its center, a tremendous volume of steam—enough to move all the machinery of the world, ascends gracefully into the heavens. The overflowing liquid, really too black, too murky, too copiously saturated with foreign matter to be called water, finds

an outlet by the southern verge of the lake and goes tumbling, splashing, gradually cooling, over a stony course to the sea. On the opposite northeast side a precipitous wall rises to a height of fifteen hundred feet. This is the Boiling Lake. Such it was when I saw it on that lovely October day but who knows, who can tell, but what this very lake which manifests so much internal power, may some day become a ravaging monster like its near relatives in Martinique and St. Vincent? God forbid!

The environment of these mystic localities is always fascinating, bewitching to me, and the thought of leaving them is always unwelcome—more unwelcome than desire is strong to get near them. Yet, to tarry, or even to be in this locality has so recently been proven folly by the misfortune of another adventurer, that discretion appears warningly to be the better part of valor. At any moment the unexpected, the undesired event may come to pass. My guide, who, but a few short months before had escaped death by a mere trifle on this very spot, becomes uneasy and insists upon starting home.

The lake has really been explored; my plates are all exposed; no good reason for staying presents itself, so retracing our steps by the fading light of the afternoon, and arriving home just as the sun, in the glorious splendor of the day's farewell, was sinking into the Caribbean, my day's exploit is delightfully terminated by a plate of yam, breadfruit and plantain, two wild birds, a dish of raspberries, and a long sleep—a sleep from which I have since awakened to find myself ready for the next—anything that comes my way.

O PEACEFUL HAUNTS.

By C. C. Lord.

O peaceful haunts of hill and vale!
I seek thy wealth of secret things,
And court each whisper on the gale,
That to my ear some comfort brings,—
Breathe, gentle air, with lore that teems,
In the blank world there are no dreams!

I pause alone beneath the trees,
As one who longs some art to find
In musing—gift of light, and breeze,
And shade—to cheer the famished mind,—
Stir, all ye themes of fancy wrought,
In the dull world there is no thought!

Here are the glad retreats where sense
Dissolves in soul, while moments fleet
Compete for sorrow's recompense,
That craves some rhythmic accent meet,—
Exult, sweet zest, in terms but choice,
In the dumb world there is no voice!

So prays the poet on his way,
Through sunshine and through shadows fair,
For inspiration of the day,
The worth that soothes a heart's despair,—
Respond, love's chords, divine and strong,
In the mad world there is no song!

THE WATER LILY.

By Georgiana A. Prescott.

An angel wandered away from Paradise,
Strayed in star-lighted paths of infinite space,
Saw with angel ken, earth and the human race.
He paused in his flight, came hither in human guise.
Earthly beauty with Heaven's loveliness vies
The angel thought as he walked with saintly grace
The shore of an enchanting lake—Heaven-like place—
Fair with roseate hues of the sunset skies.
His form lay mirrored in strange beauty within.
He dropped from his pale hand a sweet white flower
Plucked in the Bright Land where there is no sin.
'Twas a wonderful work of Divine Power.
The waters embraced it with gentlest din.
The angel fled just at the twilight hour.

FAMILY CARE FOR THE CHRONIC INSANE.

MISS ALICE COOKE AND HER PATIENTS.

By F. B. Sanborn, of Concord, Mass.



It is an old saying that "one half the world does not know how the other half live;" it would be truer, perhaps, to say that not one person in a thousand knows the possibilities of human capacity in matters that concern our everyday life. What seemed a miracle or an impossibility until we have seen it done, soon becomes familiar and little noticed by us; but to the nine hundred and ninety-nine who have never even thought of its performance, it will still appear a miracle or an impossibility. The first signal instance of this truth which as a youth I saw was the restoration of Laura Bridgman, a deaf, dumb, and blind child of New Hampshire birth, to that companionship of her kind from which her complicated infirmity had excluded her beyond hope, as was thought in 1837, when her liberator appeared one July morning at her father's farmhouse door. It was Dr. Howe of Boston, who had already spent many years of his young life in liberating the oppressed and giving eyes to the blind. He persuaded her mother to entrust Laura, then seven years old, to his care at the School for the Blind in South Boston; and five years later, when Charles Dickens saw her, the impossible had been done, the miracle was accomplished. Let the great novelist describe what he saw in the spring of 1842:

"I sat down before a girl, blind, deaf, and dumb, destitute of smell and nearly so of taste; before a fair young creature with every human faculty and hope and power and goodness and affection enclosed within her delicate frame,—and but one outward sense,—the sense of touch. There she was before me, built up, as it were, in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light or particle of sound; with her poor white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good man for help, that an immortal soul might be awakened. Long before I looked upon her the help had come. Her face was radiant with intelligence and pleasure. From the mournful ruin of such bereavement there had slowly risen up this gentle, tender, guileless, grateful-hearted being. I have extracted a few fragments of her history from an account written by that one man who has made her what she is. It is a very beautiful and touching narrative. The name of her great benefactor and friend is Dr. Howe. There are not many persons, I hope and believe, who, after reading these passages, can ever hear that name with indifference. Well may that gentleman call that a delightful moment in which some distant promise of her present state first dawned upon the darkened mind of Laura Bridgman. Throughout his life, the recollection of that moment will be to him a source of pure, unfading happiness."

This miracle has now become so common that less attention is paid to the more remarkable case of Helen Keller, whom Dr. Howe's son-in-law, Michael Anagnos, taught after his father-in-law's death. But Laura attracted the notice of two continents, and her story was read in a dozen languages. Well did Dr. Howe say of her, in 1847, five years after Dickens had seen her:

"Laura's progress has been a curious and an interesting spectacle. She has come into human society with a sort of triumphal march; her course has been a perpetual ovation. Thousands have been watching her with eager eyes and applauding each successful step; while she, all unconscious of their gaze, holding on to the

slender thread, and feeling her way along, has advanced with faith and courage towards those who awaited her with trembling hope. Nothing shows more than her case the importance which, despite their useless waste of human life and human capacity, men really attach to a human soul. Perhaps there are not more than three living women whose names are more widely known than hers; and there is not one who has excited so much sympathy and interest. Thousands of women are striving to attract the world's notice and gain its admiration,—some by the natural magic of beauty and grace, some by the high nobility of talent, some by the lower nobility of rank and title, some by the vulgar show of wealth. But none of them has done it so effectually as this poor, blind, deaf and dumb girl, by the silent show of her misfortunes and her successful efforts to surmount them."

But it is not of Laura that I am writing to-day; her name but serves me for an example. To most persons who think of the insane as raving, moping or murderous persons, and view them with alarm or repulsion, the family care of an insane woman, with the liberty of the house and garden, the fields and woods, will probably seem, and has seemed, in ages past, and even in our own day, something impossible. The custom has been to seclude them in close asylums, amid scores of their own kind,—formerly they were chained, also, cast into damp dungeons, ducked in cold ponds, flogged, and prayed over, to drive out the evil spirit with which they were thought to be possessed. To give such creatures the free range of a household, the control of a kitchen, the management of a poultry-yard, has seemed to most of the unthinking public a preposterous or perilous thing. Yet for centuries this has been done in the little city of Gheel in Belgium, and its rural suburbs; for half a century it has been a useful custom in Scotland; and now it has been adopted in France, in Germany, Russia, and Holland, in some parts of England, and in Massachusetts. To such an extent has this

"family care of the insane" gone in Europe that, last September, its friends and experts held in Antwerp, within easy reach of Gheel, an international congress or convention, lasting a week, and giving birth to a volume of 91 pages, which has gone through the press in that picturesque Flemish city. Having been invited by the authorities of the congress to attend its sessions, and being unable so to do, I sent a report on the experiment of family care made in New England nearly twenty years ago, and so successful, though on a small scale, that it is now being extended, and is firmly planted in the philanthropic soil of Massachusetts. My report, not before printed in America, follows:

FAMILY CARE FOR THE INSANE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

WITH REMARKS ON THE CARE OF THE AMERICAN INSANE ELSEWHERE. WRITTEN FOR THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS AT ANTWERP, SEPTEMBER 1 TO 7, 1902.

By F. B. Sanborn,

Formerly Lunacy Inspector of Massachusetts.

The care of the insane in families is no new thing in the United States; indeed, it was the customary thing until the year 1820, although there were a few asylums for the violent and troublesome cases, in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and New England before that date; while many also were restrained in the very unsatisfactory prisons. But it would seem that two thirds of the insane, both acute and chronic, had their residence in the family where the malady first showed itself, or in some other household, better or worse adapted to their treatment. Those who resided, as many did from 1820 to 1900, in town and city almshouses, were often under strictly family care; the house being small, with few inmates of the public poor, and managed by a single couple (man and wife), who, by practice, became fairly well able to give the demented or even maniacal persons under their care as good treatment as at that period they would have received in the asylums for the insane, which were far from perfect. But there was much neglect, through ignorance, and some abuses, which, when investigated and made public by Miss Dorothea Dix and others, half a century ago, became a public scandal, and led to the establishment, in most of the states of the American union, of hospitals or asylums for the medical oversight and curative or restraining treatment of the majority of the insane.

In this succession of events, the real merits of

a well-regulated system of family care for the insane came to be greatly overlooked and disregarded; the classification of patients being very imperfect, and an opinion prevailing that every individual lunatic, whatever his form of malady, was equally a subject for restraint and medical treatment with the actively maniacal, or melancholic, or paralytic insane. This opinion caused the early accounts of family care at Gheel and in Scotland to be received in America with much distrust of its beneficial results; nor was it easy, from the casual inspection of the Gheel colony and the Cottage system of Scotland by medical men, strongly prejudiced in favor of their close asylums, to obtain an impartial account of what was going on in Europe in the direction of family care. Even so good an observer and so fair-minded a physician as the late Dr. Pliny Earle, who, first among Americans, visited and reported on the treatment of the insane in Europe, from the York Retreat and the Paris Bicêtre, to the Constantinople prison-asylum (which he inspected in December, 1838, in company with Dr. Millingen, the physician of Lord Byron in his last illness)—even Dr. Earle, I say, was long prepossessed against the principle and results of Gheel.*

But with the establishment in Massachusetts, in 1863-'65, of an improved method of public charity, there came to the front in that little republic a man of genius, Dr. Howe, who had long made the condition of the poor in many countries a special study. Joining with Byron, Hastings, Finlay, and the Continental Philhellenes from 1823 to 1830, in redeeming Greece from the barbarism of the Turk, he found himself in charge of bands and colonies of refugees there, at Egina and the Isthmus of Corinth, whom he taught to labor, and to become self-supporting. Then, taking up the cause of the blind, he created for their education a model school and work-room and music conservatory in Boston, over which he presided for more than forty years. In course of these labors he became familiar with the condition of the poor in all respects, and his compassion for the insane and idiotic members of poor families led him to consider the best means of providing for them, as well as for poor and vicious children, in whose nurture and reformation he took a philanthropic interest. By the year 1865, therefore, when he became chairman of the Massachusetts Board of State Charities, of which I was the secretary, Dr. Howe had come to have views concerning the treatment of the insane far in advance of those which his medical brethren held in America. Among other things he had made himself acquainted with the colony at Gheel, whose principle he defended against the prejudiced attacks of men who knew little of it but the name,—and with the Boarding-Out system of Scotland, which had already (in 1864) begun to feel the improving hand of Dr. Mitchell (now Sir Arthur) who was himself so

warm an advocate of the Gheel principle. In 1867, while in Europe to relieve the necessities of the Cretan refugees at Athens, Dr. Howe visited Gheel, and made its story known to his colleagues of the board of charities, and to others. He also advocated in his official reports, for several years, the adoption of a Family Care system for some of the Massachusetts insane; although it was not till nine years after his death, in 1876, that the law allowing its introduction in Massachusetts was enacted. This was done at the recommendation of the same state commission, under another name, and I was made the deputy lunacy commissioner to put the law in operation. This was in the year 1885.

Between October, 1885, and August, 1888, when some ill-judging officials succeeded in suspending the Family Care system for six months or more, I had found places for 180 insane persons, of whom about 120 remained in families in August, 1888. During the next five years the system was allowed to languish, though patients continued to be sent out to board in families. It has been kept up, though with little zeal, until about two years ago, when the new State Board of Insanity, convinced of its usefulness, began to administer the law (which had never been repealed or modified) with some earnestness. The executive officer of this commission, Owen Copp, M. D., who heartily approves the principle of family care, and intends to have it practically extended, has furnished me with the following statistics of its operation in the seventeen years since the first patient was sent to a family, under the act of 1885:

STATISTICS OF FAMILY CARE IN MASSACHUSETTS,
1885-1902.

| | Cases. Persons. | |
|--|-----------------|-----|
| Whole number sent to families from asylums, etc., | 597, | 584 |
| Whole number sent back to asylums, etc., | 312, | 274 |
| Present number in families (Aug. 1, 1902), | 125, | 125 |
| Number discharged, died, etc., in 17 years, | 472, | 409 |
| Of whom there died in families, | 53, | 53 |
| Of whom there died in asylums, etc., | 30, | 30 |
| Of whom there became self-supporting, or supported by friends, | 87, | 86 |
| Of whom went to almshouses, etc., | 12, | 12 |
| Of whom there eloped and were not found, | 3, | 3 |
| Apparent number now in asylums, etc., | | 191 |
| Real number (estimated), | | 100 |
| Remaining in the families where first placed (of 125), | | 116 |
| Remaining in other families, | | 9 |
| Average number in families since August, 1885 (estimated), | | 100 |

Upon these figures a few remarks may be made, and some of the deductions from them will be found important.

The number of deaths in families in 17 years having been but 53, or a little more than three a year, by average, the percentage of deaths to the average number has been less than .04,—showing that the mortality of the insane has been rather diminished than increased by the system. Even adding to the deaths in families the 30 who died in asylums within six months of their return, the percentage (less than five

*See Sanborn's "Memoirs of Pliny Earle, M. D." (Boston, Damrell & Upham, 1898), pp. 277, 317, 331, etc., Sanborn's "Life of S. G. Howe, M. D." (New York, 1891), also contains a full account of Dr. Howe's connection with family care.

deaths a year upon an average of 100 in families) is not quite .05.

Considering now the number who have become self-supporting, or have been cared for by friends in the 17 years (86), and remembering that these patients, in nine cases out of ten, were the public poor, and that most of them were chronic cases, ranging in their period of asylum life, before they were placed out, from one year to twelve and fifteen, and their average asylum life having been, at least, three years,—the result is surprising and satisfactory. An average of five persons a year,—rather more than the number of deaths—upon a total average of 100 persons, have been taken off the public list, and have ceased to be a public burden. Indeed, of the total number of different persons thus placed under family care (534), of whom 125 are still in families, leaving a total of 409 to be accounted for, 86 persons, or one in every four and three fourths (more than one fifth) have ceased to be a public burden. This is far more than the usual proportion among the insane poor in asylums, and it shows one of the most beneficial results of this method of care in Massachusetts. Attention to a few of such cases which have come within my own knowledge, before and since I had official charge of the system, will show this in a more striking manner.

Three patients, women, were placed by me in a family in the town of Sandwich in Massachusetts, in October, 1886. Their average asylum life at that time must have exceeded five years, and no one of them was contributing by her labor, in the least, to the cost of her support in the asylum from which they were taken. They were old, hopeless cases, in the judgment of the asylum physician, and he was not sorry to have them removed. In the family where they were placed they came under the affectionate oversight of a mother and two daughters,—the whole family then,—and in a few months they became active in domestic industry, to which all had been bred. Two of them still remain where I placed them, and for fourteen years, now, they have recompensed by their willing labor the cost of their support, and have had a home they would not have exchanged for any hospital care. The third patient, who was not in firm health when placed there, yet supported herself in the family by her labor for eight or ten years; then was cared for in age and infirmity by the family, but finally, her disease growing unsuitable for family care, she was returned to an asylum hospital, where she died a few years ago. Her absence from the asylum had saved to the public treasury thrice the cost which her last illness made necessary. The care of these two who remain would have cost the public, had they not been placed out, and had they lived till now, at least \$3,000; and their life has been made cheerful and wholesome, instead of the dismal years in the incurable ward which would otherwise have been theirs.

These women were of the servant class, and of Irish parentage or birth. An older patient, a woman of education and refinement, after an asylum life of nearly ten years, in which her for-

tune had been consumed, and her support thrown upon the public (perhaps repaid by relatives at a small board-rate), was one of the first to be placed in a family by me in 1885-'86. Her relatives were so anxious to have her properly restrained (having seen her, years before, in her disturbed state) that they desired me to promise I would return her to the hospital if she was not suitably restricted in the family. In a few weeks they found her so quiet and happy in her new home, away from the noise and distraction of the hospital ward, that they took her to their own comfortable city home, where she spent the rest of her long life, dying at the age of 79, after living happily and agreeably to her friends for fourteen years after leaving the hospital.

Such cases are, in some degree, exceptional, but there are far more of them than the ignorant or indifferent opponents of the Family Care system in America know or imagine. But the cases not exceptional, and which do not become self-supporting, do yet relieve the public of much cost, in the matter of asylum-building, particularly. At the rate of building-cost prevalent in Massachusetts since 1885, the 100 patients who have been constantly kept in families would have cost, in buildings and repairs, at least \$50,000, the interest on which, at 5 per cent., would have maintained 15 persons in families all the intervening time. Scotland, which maintains about one fifth of all her insane in families (something more than 2,500 at present) is relieved of what would cost for buildings alone, in Massachusetts, at least \$1,000,000. When to this it is added that the insane thus provided for without costly asylum buildings, are, as a rule, much happier and more useful than they can be in the best close asylums, it will be seen that family care is bound to prevail, up to the limit of safety, wherever people have the right use of their own reason, in disposing of those whose reason has left them.

In other states than Massachusetts little has been done in the way of family care for the insane, but the question is now much discussed, and the tendency, in the more enlightened states, is towards adopting it in some form or degree. Perhaps Wisconsin, which has a peculiar lunacy law, allowing many unrecovered insane to remain outside of all asylums, may be the first to follow the example of Massachusetts.

Some persons, writing in much ignorance of the actual facts of the family care experiment in Massachusetts, have spoken of its results as "unsatisfactory." On the contrary, it has been quite satisfactory, so far as it went, but has not been carried so far as it should have been, in the long period since I began it. The authorities that discontinued it in 1888, and then took it up again because popular feeling would not allow it to be abandoned, had no love for that or any other measure which improved the condition of the insane. They had little knowledge of what insanity is, and less regard for its poor victims; but they did not venture to do more than stay the progress of improvement in the treatment of the insane. The superintendents of the insane hospitals, most of whom favored the boarding-out experiment, would have under-

taken, in some instances, to board out their own patients, under the supervision of their own physicians and nurses,—a step which might have been taken, and is now advocated by most of the hospitals of Massachusetts, which are overcrowded, and would be slightly relieved in this way; as they also are by the establishment of "colonies" (branch establishments of no great size, not far from the main hospital edifice). The two systems,—of farm colonies for 50 or 100 patients, and of boarding one or two patients in each family of suitable character and situation, in different parts of Massachusetts,—might go on side by side, and probably will. Convenience and the condition of the patient in each case would determine whether he may be lodged in a farm-colony nearby the hospital, or sent to a greater distance under family care. The principle in each system is the same,—to remove from the close asylum and its rigid rules those patients who can be allowed greater freedom, and whose labor can be better employed than in the overcrowded monster hospital.

A reaction against these monster hospitals has shown itself where it was little expected, in the Lunacy Commission of New York, which, for ten years, had been increasing the size and diminishing the employment of the state hospitals and their patients. The new president of this commission, an enlightened physician of European birth and experience, in his annual report for 1901, just made public, favors small hospitals for the curable, and farm-colonies for the chronic. If this change shall be made in the great state of New York, with its 25,000 insane, it will not be long before the initial steps towards family care will there be taken. Indeed, the boarding-out system, as practised now in Massachusetts, Scotland, France, Germany, and Belgium, gives the best opportunity for what the English call "After-Care," so far as the poor are concerned.

I recall with great pleasure the two visits,—or rather three,—that I have made to Gheel, near Antwerp; in the winter of 1890, again in the summer of that year, and finally in the summer of 1893, before going down into Holland to visit the asylum at Meerenberg, near Haarlem. In both these years I also visited the Scotch cottages where the insane are boarded,—in 1890 at Kennoway and Starr in the county of Fife, and in 1893 at Balfron near Glasgow. In the two visits I saw nearly 100 of the patients under family care, and satisfied myself that, good as the Scotch system is, our Massachusetts arrangements for the comfort and discipline of the patients boarded out were quite as good. The Gheel system, though I agree with Sir Arthur Mitchell in praising it, is not so well adapted to America as the Scotch system, which I had followed in Massachusetts, upon the advice of Dr. Howe, and the reports of others, before I ever saw it in operation in Scotland. Both systems, and also the village asylum system, as I saw it in 1893 at Morningside near Edinburgh, at Alt Scherbitz in Saxony, and at Gabersee in Upper Bavaria, are great improvements on the monster-hospital system which prevails in England, France, and I regret to say

in the United States. At Toledo, in Ohio, is a village hospital which the authorities of that state greatly praise, and which, I have no doubt, is well managed. But I have never seen a better asylum than that of Alt Scherbitz in Germany, and much prefer its methods to those at Toledo, so far as they differ from each other.

The three systems so well exemplified in Europe,—that of Gheel, of Scotland, and of Alt Scherbitz,—are not inconsistent with each other. They might be combined profitably; and to some extent they are so combined in Scotland, and soon will be, I trust, in the United States. I imagine that the international congress in Antwerp, which I regret I cannot attend, and for which I have written this hasty paper, will do something to promote such a combination. No exclusive system,—least of all that of the close asylums,—can do for the increasing numbers of the insane all that their unfortunate condition requires. In breaking up this exclusive system, the family care methods of Belgium, of France, and of Scotland are most useful; and I congratulate the congress in advance for the good I am sure it will accomplish.

F. B. SANBORN.

CONCORD, MASS., August 20, 1902.

The instance of the three patients cared for by Miss Alice Cooke of Sandwich (at the head of Cape Cod), deserves to be more fully treated than in the above concise account it could be. Miss Cooke was a trained nurse who had been employed for a time in the state almshouse (now called the "State Hospital") at Tewksbury; while there she had seen much of the chronic insane, and occasionally had the care of them in one large ward of the women's insane asylum. Her home family consisted of an elderly mother and a sister not in robust health; and it was Miss Cooke's wish to return and live with them in the old family house which her grandfather, a retired shipmaster, had bought in Sandwich, not far from Spring Hill, that ancient resort of the Wings, Hoxies, and other Quakers, who had founded there one of the oldest Quaker meetings in America. The view of this house, a century and a half old at least, here given, is the end



Locust Grove House, looking towards Spring Hill.

nearest the stable, looking towards Spring Hill.

With this domestic plan in mind, Miss Cooke applied to me in the summer of 1886 for permission to take to her mother's house three of the chronic insane women at Tewksbury,—Catharine Mullen, Mary Doherty, and Jane White; the two first-named being past middle life, and once trained as servants, while Jane was a younger woman of the peasant class in Ireland, accustomed to rough out-door work. Neither of them had done any useful work at Tewksbury for a long time; they were idle, and often disorderly, and far from promising in their outward aspect. Miss Cooke had found them manageable, however, and the superintendent, the humane and experienced Dr. C. Irving Fisher, now of the Presbyterian hospital, New

York, vouched for them as suitable to live in a family, and for Miss Cooke as a proper care-taker. I therefore gave the desired permission, in October, 1886, and the three women went to Sandwich.

They were then untidy, often noisy, and almost wholly unaccustomed to work, though physically well, and able to do so, if any kindly and patient woman would undertake the task. Miss Cooke and her mother and sister were equal to it. Their house had few of the modern conveniences; the water must be drawn at the well, the fuel brought in from the woodshed, there was no furnace or bath-room or set laundry, and the kitchen was not very spacious. All this, however, may have been a help in teaching these poor women how to take up again the long disused employments of household in-



Miss R. Cooke

dustry; for the simpler and more numerous the "chores," the easier the lesson for the learners, though hard enough for the teachers. A great help was found in the taste and skill in music which Miss Cooke had among her other qualities; her piano and her banjo were of much use as well as entertainment in taming these wild souls from that land of melancholy and jovial melody, Green Erin. At my first visit,—for I made it a point to see every patient in the homes selected for them,—I perceived that a change had come over the "three Graces," as I jocosely termed them. They had become quieter, were turning with interest to industry, and already the kitchen

seemed like home to them. Katy developed a turn for taking care of the poultry and waiting on the table; and Jane was not only a drawer of water and fetcher of wood, but a rude sort of gardener. Years afterwards, in looking back on their training, I thought these verses fairly descriptive of the slow but successful process:

Her gift once found, she made it much
her care
To soothe and tame the wildest creatures there;
Pleased they beheld, even with those
frenzied eyes,
Her tender ways,—their solace and surprise;

Her courage calm when anger, true or
 feigned,
 Threatened the blow that her strong
 hand restrained;
 Her diligent labor at each menial toil,
 And her bright lamp that never lacked
 for oil.
 The fixed and haggard look grew soft
 and mild
 In those sad faces, and once more they
 smiled;
 Slowly their fashions strange they put
 aside,
 Checked the loose tongue, the un-
 wonted labor tried;
 With awkward zeal, and such as love
 alone
 Could show or bear, they made her
 tasks their own.
 Each knew her place, each found her
 happiest hour
 In that brown cottage with its orchard
 bower;
 They plied their toil, they roamed
 through field and wood,
 Plucked the wild berries, fed the cack-
 ling brood,
 Tilled the small garden, spread the
 ample meal,
 Sang their old songs and danced to
 music's peal.

Although taken a few years later,
 this portrait of Miss Cooke shows her
 as she was, but a little more serious un-
 der her responsibilities, when she as-
 sumed the care of her three patients.
 Gradually, so well had she succeeded
 that two others were placed with her,
 —the price agreed for their board be-
 ing \$3.50 a week, with a small sum ad-
 ditional for clothing. So industrious
 did they become, and so frugal was the
 family, that, although the patients
 fared better, in food, warmth, and

household comfort, than they had in
 the costly hospitals, this small pay-
 ment gave an income with which many
 improvements were made in the an-
 cient house. It was not until more
 lucrative private patients were re-
 ceived, however, in the years after
 1889, that Miss Cooke enlarged her
 stable and set up her carriage for the
 comfort of the inmates to whom a
 daily drive was important. The one
 horse, used at first, in time became a
 span.

I have often participated in drives
 about that picturesque seashore re-
 gion, where of late the admirable art-
 ist, Dodge McKnight, has been sketch-
 ing in glowing color the singular beau-
 ties of hill and dale, lake and stream
 and ocean, which make Sandwich one
 of the most enviable resorts of the
 painter and the sportsman. Mr. Mc-
 Knight's home and studio are but a
 gunshot beyond Locust Grove, towards
 East Sandwich and Barnstable.

The two inmates represented in the
 kitchen view, are those who survive,
 after sixteen happy years in this re-
 treat, where Jane and Katy have had
 more real comfort, and been of more
 true usefulness, probably, than in any
 equally long period of their lives.
 Katy is approaching seventy, if not
 already at that age, while Jane has
 passed fifty. Mary Doherty, never in
 so firm health as the others, and of a
 more difficult and suspicious temper,
 yet spent more than ten years at Lo-
 cust Grove, and lived in general har-
 mony with the other two. The addi-
 tional two patients, Martha and Hen-
 rietta, both of German parentage, who
 lived with Miss Cooke for a year or
 two, could not be kept at her expense,
 for many months after the state offi-

cials, acting under petty jealousies, and irritated at Miss Cooke's refusal to allow her patients to be sent illegally back to an almshouse, withheld the stipulated price of board. My friends, and those of Dr. Howe,—he had been dead more than ten years,—paid this board for a time; and after Miss Cooke began to receive private paying patients,—as she did in 1889-'90,—the domestic labors of the "three Graces" made them self-supporting, as they have been most of the time for a dozen



Jane and Katy in their Kitchen.

years. Their labor was not excessive, and they had many hours when, as in this picture, they sat in their clean and cosy kitchen, resting from cheerful toil, or rambled about the country, gathering flowers, berries, or bright leaves. This was Jane's special delight, and she often kept the rooms adorned with such tokens of her care.

When the state officials (foiled in their plan to have the Sandwich overseers of the poor send Miss Cooke's five inmates to the Tewksbury almshouse, to be shut up in idleness among the

paupers) were meditating other plans to punish Miss Cooke for her defense of the rights of her poor patients, the probate judge of her county, Barnstable (Judge Harriman, who has lately retired), placed them under her legal authority as guardian, and so they remained, unmolested, until she herself had them duly committed to a hospital or asylum, under the law. The opposition to her spirited course continued, however, on the part of some who should have been more generous, and for several years prevented her from getting a license from the governor to receive private patients. Finally a member of the governor's council, very favorable to the family care of the insane, interposed, and the opposition was withdrawn, so that for nearly ten years past, the Locust Grove Home has been one of the recognized private asylums of Massachusetts. Her references, as may be seen by the annexed list, which could easily be much increased, are of the best, and the care which she has given to difficult cases has sometimes resulted in recovery, where physicians have failed.*

References: Frederick Peterson, M. D., New York city, president of the state lunacy commission of New York; C. Irving Fisher, M. D., superintendent Presbyterian hospital, New York city; G. E. White, M. D., Sandwich, Mass.; R. H. Faunce, M. D., Sandwich, Mass.; M. F. Delano, M. D., Sandwich, Mass.; Hon. Alvan Barrus, trustee Northampton insane asylum; Hon. Howes Norris, Boston, Mass.; Jas. H. Nickerson, West Newton, Mass., president First National bank.

*NOTE. A delay in printing this article has allowed the Antwerp volume to appear. It may be ordered of Dr. Fritz Sano, Antioch, at a cost of 25 francs.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S EARLY SCOTCH SETTLERS FROM IRELAND.

By John C. Linehan.

NOTE.—An explanation is due the reader. Nearly every town historian in New Hampshire claims that all those people who came here from Ireland before the Revolution, with very few exceptions, were of direct Scotch origin, with no mixture of Irish blood whatever.

To show how absurd such statements are the following paper has been prepared:

The best known family names in Ireland and Scotland are of old Gaelic origin, and come from one common stock, thus showing their relationship. Others there are peculiar to Ireland, or to Scotland alone. The difference in the main is caused by their translation from Gaelic to English. To illustrate this,—in the Highlands the son of John is known as "Mac Ian." In Ireland as "Mac Shane." Muiredhach is the Gaelic root for Murray, more peculiar to Scotland, and for Murphy, best known in Ireland.

Another corrupt but better known form of Muiredhach in Scotland is Murrach or Murrich. In Ireland it is Murrough, but the Gaelic pronunciation is the same in either. When the prefix Mac is added it becomes MacMurrough, or MacMurrach, or MacMurrich, or the son of Murrough; Anglicized, Morrison. Muiredhach was the first Christian king of Ireland. It will be seen from this that the name in its Gaelic form is one of the most ancient in northern Europe, for St. Patrick came to Ireland in 430 A. D.

As a rule the names given herein are those more peculiar to Ireland than to Scotland. Several like "Burns," and others are common to both countries; usually in Ireland the name is spelled Byrnes, but the pronunciation is the same.

As peculiarly Irish, both given and proper, as these names appear, however, our historians, with few exceptions, class them all as Scotch; for this reason to suit their humor, the same rule has been followed here.

The reader will therefore excuse the seeming levity as it serves the purpose far better than argument could.

The common origin of the Irish, "the true Scots of history," and the Scotch is now too well known to dwell upon here. The Duke of Argyle, in an issue of the *Youth's Companion* of the present year, 1902, had an article on "The Western Isles," admitting the kinship. Every authentic writer treating on the subject, either in Chambers, or the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, or authors like Buckle, Green, Knight, Sir Henry Main, Lingard, Pinkerton, Lecky, etc., all acknowledge it, but thus far our New Hampshire historians stick, not to historical facts, but to their own theories.

However, the light is breaking. A change is

gradually taking place. It will extend in its own good time to New Hampshire. When it does the wrong will be righted. The evidence of the truth of this is proved by the following extracts. With them the chapter is closed for the present:

"I am not one of those who care to speak of Anglo-Saxon civilization. It is a misnomer. The truer and altogether the fairer name is Saxon-Celtic. For the Anglos, while they gave their name to England, were lost in the Saxon stock, and being superseded should give way to that other racial force which has done so much for modern progress, and which is usually unrecognized—the Celtic.

"Society as it exists to-day in Great Britain and her colonies, and in the United States, is the product mainly of both races.

"The Celt and the Saxon are two streams flowing from one fountain head. However much they have turbulently crossed each other's paths, they have come together, have inter-married, and inter-mingled their social interests. If ever Providence discloses its manifest purpose, in this instance we are warranted in concluding that it means the ultimate harmony of these two races."—Rev. Dr. Geo. C. Lorimer, on "The Celt and the Saxon."

"The Scots went over from Ireland in the sixth century, and from them Northern Britain was called Scotland, and when the Scots came back to Ireland under James I, they only returned to their old homes."—Col. F. C. McDowell before the Scotch Irish Congress, in Columbia, Tenn., 1889.

"To awaken and maintain an active interest on the part of the Gael in Canada in the Gaelic language, as a living speech; in the literature, history, antiquities, manners, and customs of the Gaelic races; and generally, in the wide field of Celtic antiquities, literature, and art."—From circular calling Convention of Canadian Scotch in Toronto, 1896.

"Some of our more thoughtful historians or students of history will pretend to tell you when the Scotch-Irish race began. I have not heard even our Scotch Irishmen, who have studied the question, do the subject justice. No such race of men could be created in a generation; no such achievement could be born in a century; no such people as the Scotch-Irish could be completed even in century after century; and while you are told that the Scotch-Irish go back in their achievements to the day of John Knox, John Knox lived a thousand years after the formation of the Scotch-Irish character began. It was like the stream of your western desert that comes from the mountain and makes the valleys beautiful

and green and fragrant, and then is lost in the sands of the desert. Men will tell you that it disappears and is lost. It is not. After traversing perhaps hundreds of miles of subterranean passages, forgotten, unseen, it is still doing its work, and it rises again before it reaches the sea and again makes new fields, green and beautiful. It required more than a thousand years to perfect the Scotch-Irish character. It is of a creation single from all races of mankind, and a creation not of one people, nor of one century, nor even five centuries, but a thousand years of mingled effort and sacrifice, to present to the world the perfect Scotch-Irish character.

"If you would learn when the characteristics of the Scotch-Irish began, go back a thousand years beyond the time of John Knox, and you will find that there was a crucial test that formed the men that perfected the Scotch-Irish character after years and years of varying conflict and success, until the most stubborn, the most progressive, the most aggressive race in achievement was given to the world. Let us go back to the sixth century, and what do we find? Ireland, the birthplace of the Scotch-Irish! We find Ireland foremost of all the nations of the earth, not only in religious progress, but in literature, and for two centuries thereafter the teacher of the world in all that made men great and achievements memorable. For two centuries the Irish of Ireland, in their own green land, were the teachers of men, not only in religion, but in science, in learning, and in all that made men great. She had her teachers and her scientists, men who filled the pulpits and went to every nation surrounding it; and it was there that the Scotch-Irish character became evident which afterwards made themselves felt wherever they have gone."—Col. Alexander McClure before the Scotch-Irish Congress in Columbia, Tenn., 1889.

"From the single standpoint of language there seems to be no doubt that the first race whose presence in Britain has usually held to be beyond dispute, was the Celtic. It is equally established that the Celts of the British Isles were Aryans speaking related languages which fall into two groups, the Gaelic and the Brythonic. The Gaelic group embraces at the present time the Gaelic of Ireland, the Isle of Man, and of Scotland."—Prof. John Rhys of Oxford College, in "The Welsh People."



AMONG the pioneers of the Granite state none were of more value than those of pure Scotch blood born in Ireland. Their praises have been sounded in story and song, and most deservedly so; for they were a thrifty, frugal, and liberty-loving people.

An article in a recent number of

THE GRANITE MONTHLY is the occasion of these reflections. Therein it is written that Philip Riley, "a Scotchman," was the first settler of a well-known New Hampshire town. The fact that Mr. Riley was born in Ireland is the best proof that he was a Scotchman.

Many more there were among the first settlers of the old Granite state of the same nationality, and their names ought to be made known in part at least to the present generation, so that the sons and daughters of New Hampshire may properly appreciate the part taken in the building of the state by the pure Scotch from Ireland.

One of the most notable of the modern Scotch writers was the late John Boyle O'Reilly, who was born in the Scotch part of the County Meath. He was, as his name indicates, a most intense Scotchman because he was born in Ireland.

John Sullivan was another of the same class. His ancestral home was in the Scotch part of the "Kingdom of Kerry," but he himself was born in the Highlands of Limerick. As Boswell's father said of Dr. Johnson, "He was an auld dominie who kept a skule and called it an academy."

He labored in this field for over fifty years, and in age, lived past the century mark. He was the father of four sons, all of whom were commissioned officers in the Continental army. One of them bearing his own name was the only major-general from New Hampshire during the great struggle; he was also one of its first governors. His brother James was governor of Massachusetts. All were fine types of the genuine Scotch race.

The town of Holderness in its early

days possessed another gallant Scotchman in the person of Capt. Bryan McSweeney. He came from the Scotch part of Cork. He participated in the French and Indian wars. His name figures frequently in the provincial papers, and he became a captain in the Revolutionary period. Col. Hercules Mooney, who was teaching school in Somersworth in 1733, and who commanded a regiment in Rhode Island under Sullivan in 1777, was another noted Scotchman from Dublin, which in ancient times was the capital of Scotia. Holderness possesses the ashes of those two gallant Scotchmen.

Contemporary with the McSweeneys in Holderness was Michael Dwyer, who was, as his name indicates, a full-blooded Scotchman from the Scotch part of Tipperary. He and McSweeney were selectmen of the town in those old days.

A little to the east, at the same time, in Sandwich, was "Master John Donovan," who was, like the Scotch Sullivan, teaching school. He came, undoubtedly, from the Scotch part of Fermoy in Cork. His great-grandson, Edward Donovan, was chairman of the board of selectmen of Sandwich in 1900.

A man whose name figures quite often in the provincial papers and in the Revolutionary rolls, was Patrick O'Flynn. Were there any doubt about his Scotch origin, the appearance of his name would dispel it. He probably came from the Scotch part of Donnybrook. This was clear from his love of fighting. He served from Bunker Hill to Yorktown, and was living as late as 1825 in the state of Illinois, his name appearing on the pension rolls of the United States on that date.

Another who gave his life for the same cause was Patrick Cogan. He was quartermaster of the First N. H. Continental regiment under Stark, Cilley, and Reed. He died while in the service in 1780. He probably came from the Scotch part of Kilkenny, for he was a *killing* man. He lived in Durham and residing there at the same time, undoubtedly relatives, were Stephen, Joseph, William, and Joseph Cogan, Jr., all sturdy Scotchmen from Ireland.

John Casey served as a volunteer aid on the staff of Stark at Bennington. He was another brave Scotchman from the Scotch home of the Caseys, near the rock of Cashel.

Darby Kelly, a Scotchman, as his name indicates, from the Scotch part of Connemara, was in New Hampshire as early as 1750, a soldier, schoolmaster, and farmer. Few of the early settlers have left more useful descendants. His son, Samuel Kelly, was one of New Hampton's first settlers. His grandson, Maj.-Gen. Benjamin F. Kelly, of West Virginia, was one of the heroes of the Civil War. His great-grandson, Capt. Warren M. Kelly, of Hooksett, served in Donahoe's Tenth New Hampshire, the only Scotch regiment from New Hampshire in the Civil War. Another great-grandson was the late Dr. Francis H. Kelly, ex-mayor of Worcester; and a great-granddaughter is the wife of the Hon. Joseph H. Walker of Worcester, who is the owner of the old Kelly homestead in New Hampshire. On account of the appearance of the name the question has been raised as to the family being Scotch, but there is no doubt about that as Darby Kelly came from Ireland.

His great-grandson, Dr. Kelly men-

tioned, is the authority. Dr. Bouton, in his history of Concord, makes mention of Patrick Guinlan (properly Quinlan), who was teaching school in that town before the Revolution. As his name indicates, he was a Scotchman, pure and simple, from the Scotch part of Kinsale, and a full-blooded Anglo-Saxon.

A contemporary of his in Concord, also named by Bouton, was Capt. John Roach, a retired ship-master from the Scotch part of Cork. He married the divorced wife of Maj. Robert Rogers, the ranger. A pastoral visit to this family is noted in the diary of the Rev. Timothy Walker.

Still another was Patrick Garvin, undoubtedly from the Scotch town of Dungarvin in the Scotch county of Waterford, in the Scotch part of the south of Ireland. Garvin's falls in the Merrimack, just south of Concord, bears his name. Darby Field, "an Irish soldier for discovery," so the provincial records read, was in Exeter or vicinity in 1631 or thereabouts. He is credited with being the first European to discover and ascend the White Mountains. He died in Exeter in 1649. Without question he was one of the first Scotchmen from Ireland to visit the old Granite state.

Many of Darby Field's kin were with him in Exeter or in its neighborhood. Richard Bulger, Richard Morris, William Coole, James Wall, and William Moore were there before 1640. The number was augmented before 1700 by the names of Philip Cartee, Jerry Connor, Tague Drisco (Driscoll), Denny Kelly, Cornelius Lary (Leary), Henry Magoon (McGowan), Michael French, John Cartee, Gerald Fitzgerald, Philip Dudy, Philip Conner, Thomas Haley,

Cornelius Conner, Edward Dwyer, Roger Kelly, George Gurley, and John Driscoe (Driscoll). Between 1700 and 1775 the number was still further increased by Jeremiah Conner, Moses Conner, Daniel Leary, Joseph Coleman, John McGowan, Thomas Leary, Samuel Mighill, John Cartee, Patrick Greing, Daniel Kelly, Daniel Cartee, Nathaniel Meloon (Malone), John Flood, Michael Brown, Michael George, Daniel Sullivan, Robert Dunn, Samuel Haley, and John Meloney.

An entry appears in the provincial records during the period named, of a payment of fifty pounds to Humphrey Sullivan for teaching school in Exeter. No Scotchman from Ireland can read those names and not feel an exulting beating of the heart at the presence of these brawny Scotchmen from the Scotch parts of Ireland in the good old scholastic town of Exeter over two hundred years ago. Their names in appearance are as Scotch as the heather-clad hills of historic Killarney. The very fact that a Scotch Sullivan was teaching the young ideas how to shoot in those remote days in Exeter is something for the modern Scotch Sullivans to be proud of.

Among the original proprietors of the town of Acworth were John McMurphy, Robert McCoy, Timothy O'Leary, Thomas McQuiggan, William Lyons, Thomas Murdough, Henry Gleason, James McLaughlan, John Mitchell, John Nolan, Daniel Hart, and Samuel McDuffee.

Among Amherst's first settlers were Daniel Kenny, William Collins, Jacob Flinn, John Kehew, Daniel Burns, Andrew Shannon, Stephen Butler, Thomas Harney, Michael Cartee, James Cash, Michael Keif, James Mc-

Graw, Timothy Martin, Henry Hanley, Daniel McGrath. The latter was killed at Bunker Hill.

An Irish statistician in the classification of names in the last census of Great Britain and Ireland, places Murphy at the head; that being the most numerous of all the names in Ireland. It is, therefore, gratifying to know that this great Scotch clan in Ireland was represented among the pioneer settlers of New Hampshire in the person of John McMurphy. To be sure John had a prefix to his name, but it was placed there to emphasize the fact that he was the son of Murphy, and as such one of that noted Scotch clan. Antrim is one of the Scotch towns, and like its name its first settlers were pure Scotch from Ireland. The first white man to build a log hut there in 1774 was Philip Riley, a Scotchman. He was followed in 1772 by two other adventurous Scotchmen from Ireland, Maurice Lynch and Tobias Butler, who came from the well-known Scotch county of Galway, in the Scotch part of Connaught. It is written of Lynch that "he was a man of some education, a land surveyor and first town clerk." He was also credited with being a beautiful penman. Tobias Butler was also town clerk, a teacher, and a soldier in the Revolutionary War. Lynch died in New Boston in 1784.

As far north as Boscawen was in 1784, representatives of the race were found in the persons of Edward Fitzgerald, Richard Kelly, Richard Flood, Benjamin Doody, Nathaniel Meloon (Malone), and Patrick Callahan.

Fitzgerald was a prosperous, influential man, and all must have been full-blooded Scotch Anglo-Saxon, if names are any indication thereof.

In Barnstead as early as 1768 were John and Stephen Pendergast, of a noted pure-blooded Scotch family, from Kilkenny probably.

James McQuade was one of Bedford's first settlers. He was killed by Indians in 1745.

Among the Bunker Hill soldiers from this town whose names are published by Col. G. C. Gilmore in the legislative manual of 1889, were John Callahan, David Moore, Patrick Fling, James Orr, Thomas McLaughlan, Patrick Murphy, Luke Egan, Thomas McCleary, John Manahan, John O'Neil, and Hugh Matthews. A glance at these names will convince the most sceptical of the pure Scotch origin of the men who bore them. Not even the check-list of Manchester's Scotch Ward five looks more Scotch than they do.

More than a century ago a gallant Scotchman who lived in the Scotch part of the north of Ireland, Dr. Drennan wrote,—

"On the green hills of Ulster the
white cross waves high
And the beacon of war throws its
flames to the sky;
Now the taunt and the threat let the
coward endure.
Our hope is in God and in Rory
O'Moore."

"Bold Rory O'Moore" was the idol of the pure Scots in the north of Ireland. Patrick Nevin and Joseph Nevill were in Chester among its first settlers, and with them were John Moore and William Healey.

In Chesterfield, in 1781, were Oliver and Valentine Butler, Michael Cressy, and Richard Coughlan, the latter a Revolutionary soldier.

In Londonderry were McMurphy,

McCormick, McNeil, McLaughlan, McConihie, McCartney, McConnell, McCarthy, McLennehan, McBride, Bryan, Moore, Fleming, Boyle, Kennedy, Rankin, Kelly, Cassay (Casey), O'Brien, Cavanaugh, Callahan,—all typical Scotchmen from Ireland.

Derryfield, an offshoot from Londonderry and the home of Stark, had for its moderator at the first town meeting held September 20, 1751, John McMurphy. He was one of the town's great men. Before the date given and the outbreak of the Revolution, the following pure Scotch names appear as per Potter's history in the annals of the town:

John McNeil, James McQuaid, John McLaughlan, John McDuffee, William McMaster, John McQuigg, Thomas McLaughlan, Robert McCormack, James McCaughlan, George McMurphy, John McCarty, James McMahan, John Burns, Patrick Gault, Thomas Cunningham, Timothy Clemens, Patrick Taggart, Fergus Kennedy, Gerald Fitzgerald, William Kelly, David Welch, James Onail (O'Neil), Michael Johnson, John Welch, Darby Kelly, Patrick Clark, John Griffin, James Conner, Daniel Flood, Edward Barry, John Herron, James Gorman, John O'Neil, John Jordan, Valentine Sullivan, John Barry, John O'Brien, Timothy Harrington, Richard Flood, Martin Byrne, Thomas Gillis, Matthew Bryant, John Callahan, Luke Egan, John Rankin, John Martin, James Cavanaugh. This is a glorious roll, for nearly all of those named served in the War of Independence. Their appearance is evidence of the Scotch nationality of those sturdy pioneers of New Hampshire's Queen city.

The man who, according to

"Moore," drove the first team to Concord, was Jacob Shute. He came from the Scotch part of Dublin. According to Bouton his ancestors came from France to Ireland. Consequently he was a pure-blooded Scotchman. Two of his descendants were commissioned officers in the Second N. H. Vols. in the Civil War.

Among the Revolutionary soldiers from Dunstable were Stephen, John, and Samuel Connery, and William and James Dandley.

Stephen Coole, James Butler, Samuel Kilpatrick, Joseph Dunn, Richard Gleason, John and James Gary, and Patrick Fassett, were in the town of Fitzwilliam between 1771 and 1780. The historian of Francetown makes mention of the following, all of whom were from the Scotch part of the north of Ireland: James Burns, Charles Cavanaugh, James Martin, James Manahan, John McLaughlan, Thomas McLaughlan, William McMaster, Hugh Moore, Edmund McDonald, Michael Monohan, John Monohan, Mary Quigley, Jane Quigley, and Barnet McKain.

He also wrote that "Thomas Quigley, a brave and smart young Scotchman, born in the Scotch part of Ireland, came over in 1724." He died in 1790.

He also chronicles the fact that Edward Brennan and Margaret Manahan, his wife, came from Boston to Francetown in 1813. "Brennan's brook" takes its name from him. "Driscoll's hill" is another well-known locality in town.

Among the proprietors of the town of Gilmanton, 1727, were Jeremiah and Philip Connor, William Doran, Walter Neal, John Connor, Cornelius Drisco (Driscoll), and Cornelius Con-

nor. Among its first settlers were Stephen Butler and John and Jeremiah Connor. Among the Revolutionary soldiers from the town were Samuel Maloon (Malone), Robert Bryant, John Welch, and Dr. Benjamin Kelly.

In Gilsuam were Patrick Griffin and Daniel Gunn, and in Hampton were Paul Healey, Holdredge Kelly, John Murphy, James Kelly, and a namesake of the sweet Scotch poet, Thomas Moore; Samuel and Eunice Ryan were in Hancock in 1789. Among the grantees of Haverhill in 1763 were Edward and Benjamin Moore, Joseph Kelly, James Nevin, and John Moore, and Michael Johnson, who was one of the two first settlers of the town.

Rev. Simon Finlay Williams, who was a pastor in Gilmanton in 1792, was the son of Rev. Simon Williams, who was born in Trim in the County Meath. He was also a chaplain in the navy.

Rev. Jonathan McGee was one of the trustees of Gilmanton academy in its early days.

The good old town of Henniker, the home of that gallant veteran of the Civil War, Col. L. W. Cogswell, had among its first settlers, in 1766, Daniel Connor, who was followed later by Daniel, John, and Moses Connor, and Cornelius Bean.

James McConnor, Stephen Powers, John Conroy, John Conroy, Jr., and Samuel Conroy were in Hollis before 1775.

One of Hopkinton's first settlers was Stephen Kelly. David Conner and Jonathan and James O'Connor were in the town before 1775. Among the pioneer settlers of Jaffrey were Dennis Organ (O'Ryan), John Borland, John Coffenn, William McNee, David Ryan,

Michael Silk, and John Coughran. Ryan left many influential and useful descendants. Two others were James Flood and John McBride.

One of New Boston's first settlers was William McNeil. He was a school-master. This name is of pure Scotch origin,—the king of all Ireland in 430 A. D. being Loughaire McNeil. Both names are well represented in New Hampshire's early history in the persons of McClary and McNeil. John McLaughlan is credited with being the very first settler of the town. Two other pioneers were Daniel McMillan and John Lynch. William, Roger, and John Kelly are mentioned in Dr. Kelly's history of New Hampton as being prominent figures at the Isles of Shoals before the beginning of the eighteenth century. Dr. Kelly describes his great-grandfather, Darby Kelly, as a "bright, quick-witted Irishman." He is, of course, mistaken, for nearly all New Hampshire town historians are united on one point, and that is, that no Irish came here from Ireland in those early days, all being pure Scotch, and different from the Irish in blood, morals, language, and religion. If this statement is doubted then scan the names given herein, for all are of the purest Scotch type.

Darby Kelly taught school in the old country. He was in Exeter in 1741.

The descendants of Darby are numerous and are scattered all over the Union. His son Samuel, the founder of New Hampton, had six sons; and his grandson of the same name had five sons; one of the latter, Col. Benjamin Kelly, was the first postmaster in the town. He had eleven children. The christian name of Michael, which might have been Darby's proper name,

has been preserved in the family even to our own day,—one of his great-grandchildren bearing it. Surely this is the best evidence of the nationality of the founder of the family, for Michael Kelly is one of the best known Scotch names in the Highlands of Connemara.

William and Daniel McClary, from Ireland, were in New Ipswich in 1751. They came there from Nuremburg, Mass. Other pioneers of the town were Edmund and John Bryant, Benjamin Dunn, Charles McCoy, William Moore, and John Flint.

Benjamin Giles, "said to have been an Irishman," the leading man in Newport during his life, bears honorable mention in the history of the town, and as well in the provincial and state papers. For the reasons given, we must conclude he was a Scotchman, and sprang from some one of the great clans of the Highlands of Kerry. The Kellys were also represented in this town in its early days by descendants of John Kelly of Newbury, Mass. He bears honorable mention in Coffin's history of that town. It is said therein that he settled in Newbury in 1631; that he came there from Old Newbury in England; that he was the son of an Irishman, and an Englishwoman, and born in England. Coffin, of course, was in error as to his nationality. A locality bears the name in remembrance in the town Kellyville. Other early settlers were David Lyon, James L. Riley, and Daniel Welch.

In Nottingham, among its early settlers were Thomas Healey, Alexander Lucy, Henry Butler, William Gill, William Welch, Joseph Gorman, John Nealey, Thomas McConnelly, John Maney, John Haley, and Zephania

Butler,—the latter was the grandfather of B. F. Butler. The general, in "Butler's Book," wrote that his ancestors were Irish Presbyterians,—thus falling into the usual error of careless writers. Another noted Scotch family from Ireland was that of the McClarys, which located in this town as early as 1726. Andrew, the emigrant, had three sons in the Continental army. One of them, bearing his own name, was killed at Bunker Hill. John was killed at Saratoga, and Michael held a captain's commission in the Continental army. The latter survived the great contest and later was adjutant-general of New Hampshire. There are few localities in Ireland or in this country where people of Irish origin have settled that this name as Clary, Cleary, or McClary cannot be found; nevertheless, it is of pure Scotch origin because it came from Ireland.

In the adjoining town of Deerfield, from 1754 to 1774, were living Dominick Griffin, John Lucy, John Meade, James Griffin, Neil McGaffey, John, Thomas, and Matthew Welch, John and Daniel McCoy, Thomas McLaughlan, John Kelly, John Dwyer, and Thomas Walsh,—all Scotchmen, good and true.

In Pembroke, among the early settlers was Thomas Cunningham, James Neil, Thomas McConnell, John McNeil, Joseph Mulliken, John McGaffey, William Martin, David, Samuel, Moses, James, John, and David Connor, Jr. (The latter was chairman of the board of selectmen in 1769.) Joseph Broderick, Andrew Cunningham, Samuel Kelly, Patrick Roach, John Burns, Samuel McDuffee, William McLaughlan, Jacob McQuaid, John

Barrett, and Daniel Collins, all of these names were in Pembroke before 1774. According to McClintock, the historian of Pembroke, all of them "were of pure Saxon lineage with their blood unmixed in the 17th century with the half-barbaric Scotch Highlanders, or their more rude cousins, the Irish Celts."

McClintock is a little rough on the Irish and the Highlanders. The Irish are accustomed to it. The Highlanders were until Sir Walter Scott glorified them in his novels, but McClintock must be right, for the names in appearance mentioned are as Scotch as are those to be found in the vicinity of Bantry Bay and the county of Ross-common.

In Peterborough the first settlers came from Ireland in 1749. Among them William Mitchell, Robert McNee, John Kelly (killed at Fort George in 1758), and the families of Cunningham, White, McCoy, Moore, and McCloud. The first White was named Patrick. John Barry was there at the same time.

Among Capt. John Mason's stewards in Portsmouth in 1631 were Walter Neil, George Vaughan, Francis Matthews, Thomas Furrell (Farrell), James Wall, Thomas Moore, and the immortal Darby Field. Rev. Richard Gibson, who was the first Episcopal minister in Portsmouth, in 1640, came from Ireland. Another Scotchman from Ireland was Rev. Arthur Brown, who was the Episcopal minister in the same town in 1736. His son, Rev. Marmaduke Brown, was pastor of the Episcopal church in Newport, R. I., and his grandson, Prof. Arthur Brown, LL. D., of Dublin, Ireland, and a member of the Irish parliament, presented

to his grandfather's old church, in 1793, an elegantly bound copy of the Bible. Daniel Duggin and Robert Bryan were in town in 1678. In 1700, Bridget Graffart made a gift to the town of land upon which to build a school. In 1727 Michael Brooks, John Fitzgerald, Robert Hart, Michael Main, John Moore, Moses Welch, and Jeremiah Lary made their appearance.

Among those who took the "test oath" in 1775 were James Ryan, Edmund Butler, John Clancy, James Drisco (Driscoll), Richard Fitzgerald, Dennis Hight, John Leina, Pierce Long, Nathaniel Shannon, and William Welch. Pierce Long came from Limerick in the Scotch south of Ireland. In his day he was one of the leading men of Portsmouth. His son, Col. Pierce Long, was a colonel in the Revolutionary War, and was prominent in his day in the state. His lieutenant-colonel was Hercules Mooney.

On July 24, 1686, John Kelly and family were ordered to give security or leave town. There was a great prejudice in those days on the part of the English against the kind of Scotchmen of which Kelly was a representative. William Neal was a native of Belfast. He was in Portsmouth in the beginning of the nineteenth century. He was a grocer. Brewster wrote that he was extremely sensitive in relation to anything written or spoken against Ireland or the Irish, and was so highly thought of that the editors of the local papers would scan closely all articles offered for publication so as not to print anything that might offend him. This is evidence that Mr. Neal was a pure Scotchman, and he should be classed, and hereby is classed, as such. Facts should never stand in the way

of theories, no matter how conclusive they may appear. John Cunningham, a fine penman, who married Betty Welch, is also set down as of Irish origin; "Scotch" it should be.

Among the Revolutionary soldiers from Raymond were Samuel Healey, John Kelly, Richard Flood, John Moore, and James Mack. The name of Capt. David Donohoe, who commanded a vessel, the property of the Massachusetts Bay in the Louisburg campaign, has frequent mention in the colonial state and town records of New Hampshire and Massachusetts. As his name indicates, he was a pure "Scotchman of Saxon lineage," from Clare.

Among the proprietors of Rochester, in 1722, were John Kenny, John Hays, John McDuffee, Benjamin Pender, John Barnes, and Hugh Connor. Among the Revolutionary soldiers were Col. John McDuffee, David McNeal, James Coleman, William McNeal. Col. McDuffee's parents came from Ireland.

In Salisbury among its first settlers were Archibald Dunlap, who came from the south of Ireland, and Edward Evans, who came from Sligo in the west of Ireland. He was a school teacher, for a time General Sullivan's secretary, and adjutant of the Second N. H. regiment. He died in Salisbury in 1818. Israel Kelly, who came from Newbury, Mass., was, in his day, one of the most prominent men in the town.

The historian of Sanbornton quotes Cicero. "The first rule of history is that an historian shall not dare to advance a falsity; the next, that there is no truth but what he shall dare to tell." How many historians are there who comply with this rule? If all dared to there would be many Irish in New

Hampshire before the Revolution. Fortunately they adopted a rule of their own, with the result that the purity of the "Scotch" blood of our early Irish settlers is untainted by mixture of barbaric Highlanders or rude Celt, *a la McClintock*.

Andrew Rowan was one of Sanbornton's three first settlers in 1765. It is one of the best known south of Ireland Scotch names. Others following were Daniel Lary, Edward Kelly, John Lary, James Lary, John Rowan, Daniel Kelly, James O'Connor, and his brother,—all came here from Ireland before the Revolutionary War. James O'Connor was a surgeon in the Continental army. His son, Jeremiah Conner, came from Raymond to Sanbornton in 1788. He dropped the O' from his name, which made him a Scotchman, "pure and simple."

John Dalton came there from Ireland in 1793. Dennis Donovan also came from Ireland to Chester. His son, James Donovan, came to Sanbornton in 1800. Both he and Dalton served in the Revolutionary War.

Lawrence Dowling was teaching school in Stratham before the Revolution. Colonel Scammon of that town has written that he was an Irishman. This, of course, is an error, as all the Irish in those early days in New Hampshire were pure Scotch Anglo-Saxons. Hugh Conner was in Somersworth in 1749.

Charles Annis, who was born in "Enniskillen in Great Britain," furnished Warner with its first settler in the person of his grandson, who came to the town in 1762. It has always been supposed that Enniskillen was in Ireland, but the historian of Warner, having written that it is in Great

Britain, his theory must be accepted regardless of the *fact* that it is in Ireland. This is unjust to the loyal Scotch of Ireland who have for several hundred years danced to the rollicking air of "The Enniskillen Dragoon." Daniel Flood came to Warner in 1763, and Rev. William Kelly preached there in 1774.

The history of Windham makes mention of a Rev. Edward Fitzgerald, who was pastor of a church in Worcester in 1740 or thereabouts; as his name indicates, he was a Scotchman, pure and simple, sprung from one of the Highland clans which Scott neglected to mention in any of his works.

"The wizard of the north" had not read any of our New Hampshire town histories relating to the pure Scotch from Ireland, hence his omission is pardonable. Among the pure Scotch residents of this town in its early days were Thomas Quigley, John Kaille, John Morrow, Richard Kenney, David Nevins, John McConnell, Jeffrey McDonagh, James McLaughlan. The historian of this town, who is of Scotch blood, pure and simple, and whose name, in its Gaelic form without the Mac, was borne by the first Christian king of Ireland, alludes to a Jeremiah O'Brien, who was one of four trusty men selected by John Hancock to convey a sum of money to certain points of safety during the Revolutionary War. His nationality is not given. It is not necessary, for the name indicates it. It is stalwart Scotch. Jeremiah was perhaps one of the celebrated sons of old Maurice O'Brien, who came to Maine from the Scotch part of Cork in 1760 or thereabouts. William O'Brien, the youngest son of old Maurice, was the maternal grandfather of

the Hon. John P. Hale. With the blood of the Scotch O'Brien in his veins, it was no wonder that Hale had courage and eloquence.

John Haley was in Washington in 1778. He is classed as of English descent, but the name indicates that he was a Tipperary Scotchman from Clonmel.

The historian of Weare wrote that an "Irish schoolmaster named Donovan" taught a grammar school in that town in 1773, and was engaged in the same profession later in New Boston. He also said that he was Judge Jeremiah Smith's Latin teacher. In classing Donovan as an Irishman, the historian falls into the common error. The name denotes that he came from the Scotch part of Blarney, in the Scotch part of Cork, in the Scotch part of Munster.

Other Scotchmen, as their names indicate, in Weare before the Revolution, were Benjamin Connor, John Quigley, Michael Lyons, David Bryant, Daniel Flood, James Flood, Col. Moses Kelly, and Dr. Langley Kelly.

Little, the historian, quotes a verse written in 1737 to celebrate the attempt to run out the line between New Hampshire and Massachusetts. It is inserted here for correction:

"Dear Paddy, you ne'er did behold
such a sight

As yesterday mornin' was seen before
night.

You in all your born days saw,
Nor I didn't neither,

So many fine horses and men ride
together.

At the head the lower house trotted
two in a row,

Then all the higher house pranced
after the low.
Then the Governor's coach galloped
on like the wind
And the last that came forward were
troopers behind.
But I fear it means no good to your
neck or mine,
For they say 'tis to fix a right place
for the line."

The correction spoken of is to substitute the good old Scotch name of "Sandy" for the common Irish name of "Paddy" in the first line. It is proper in "The wearing of the green," but most decidedly inappropriate in a Scotch poem written in New Hampshire in 1737.

So to follow the rule laid down by the historian of the Morrison family, who wrote that although all European authorities when alluding to the ancient Gaels styled them Irish, ne should thereafter call them Scotch Highlanders. In the same sense wherever the name "Irish," or "Paddy," appears in the early records of New Hampshire, writers should substitute therefor the name of "Scotch," or "Sandy." In those ancient days, the Scots of Ireland, or of the Highlands, were not so well posted as to their origin as are their New Hampshire descendants two hundred years later.

The Weare historian, Little, wrote that another Irish schoolmaster, named Richard Adams, was in Weare during the Revolution. He was styled a "successful teacher." He went to Canada later where he died at a great age. For Irish substitute Scotch, so as to correct Little's error.

A namesake of his, known in history as Adamnan, or little Adam, was

one of the disciples of St. Columba on the island of Iona. He wrote a life of the great saint, which is considered by Pinkerton as the most valuable biography of ancient times. His original ancestor was in the second-hand fruit business in Asia some six thousand years ago, which is the best evidence of his Scotch descent. The founder of the Adams family, in modern parlance, had a soft snap, but by foolishly exchanging his judgment for that of his business partner of the other sex, he lost it.

In Gilmore's roll of New Hampshire men at Bunker Hill appear the following characteristic Scotch names from Ireland: Timothy Ahern, Robert Burke, John Burns, James Burns, Andrew Butler, Michael Brown, John Casey, Jeremiah Conner, Eliphalet Conner, Joseph Conner, John Callahan, Moses Conner, Robert Cunningham, Richard Coughlan, Daniel Collins, Samuel Conroy, Timothy Carney, Robert Darrah, Edward Evans, Luke Egan, Richard Flood, Patrick Flynn, Joseph Grace, John Griffin, Samuel Healey, Richard Hughes, Samuel Kelly, Moses Kelly, James Lyons, David Lawler, John McClary, George McMurphy, Andrew McClary, Stephen Larrabee, Robert McMurphy, William McMurphy, William Moore, Michael McClary, Andrew McGaffey, Neil McGaffey, Moses McConnell, James McCoy, Charles McCoy, Daniel McNeil, William Mitchell, Josiah Meloon (Malone), John Manahan, Charles McCarty, Timothy Martin, Thomas McLaughlan, Hugh Matthews, Thomas McClary, David McQuig, Patrick Murphy, John McGinnis, John McMichael, Samuel McMasters, James McConnor, David McClary, Daniel McGrath, John

Nealey, John O'Neil, William Nevins, Francis Powers, Thomas Roach, John Ryan, William Shannon, Thomas Welch, Dennis Woods, Valentine Sullivan.

John Butler came to Pelham from Woburn, Mass., in 1721. His father, James Butler, "from Ireland," was in the latter town as early as 1676. He is given mention in Vol. 2, Collection New England Genealogical and Historical society. One of Cromwell's exiles undoubtedly, from Kilkenny, which was the stronghold of the Butlers. The Butlers came from France originally. There is, therefore, no question about their Scotch origin.

George Shannon, the first of the name to come to New Hampshire, it is stated, was a brother of Sir Robert Shannon, lord-mayor of Dublin. He came to New Hampshire about the middle of the seventeenth century. He bore the same name as that borne by the great Scotch river Shannon, in the Scotch parts of Munster and Connaught.

Dr. Thaddeus MacCarty, who was born in Worcester in 1747, was a medical practitioner in Keene for a time. His was a noted family in the early days of Boston. His immediate paternal ancestors were Rev. Thaddeus MacCarty, for thirty-seven years pastor of the First Congregational church in Worcester. Capt. William MacCarty, a noted shipmaster of Boston, Florence MacCarty, one of Boston's first business men, in 1676, and Thaddeus MacCarty, the immigrant.

A brother of Dr. MacCarty, Capt. William MacCarty, was quartermaster of Colonel Bigelow's Massachusetts regiment in the Continental army. The family undoubtedly sprang from

the great Scotch clan of the MacCarty's of the Highlands of Cork, and in consequence are Scotch, pure and simple, with no commingling in blood with the "mere" Irish.

Laoghaire McNeill was king of Ireland in 430, the year St. Patrick began his mission there. Translated into English, Laoghaire would become Leary. One of his name in New Hampshire who won prominence in the War of 1812, was Gen. John McNeill. He was surveyor of the port of Boston under the administration of Andrew Jackson. While a resident of the Hub he became a member of the Charitable Irish society, which is evidence that he was of pure Scotch blood, probably from the Scotch part of Tara's Hall, immortalized by Moore, the Scotch-Irish bard of Erin.

The death of Mrs. Mary Poindexter O'Brien, which was printed recently in the daily papers in this year of our Lord 1902, is evidence of the mixture of bloods in our own day between the American of English descent and the American of Scotch descent by way of Ireland. She was a native of Doyer (N. H.). Her first husband was Capt. John Riley, a namesake of Antrim's first Scotch settler, Philip Riley. That she loved the Scotch of pure blood from Ireland is evident from her second choice, John O'Brien, who was a millionaire banker of New York. As their names denote, both were Scotch from the daisy-clad hills of Clare, or Kildare, historic Scotch localities in Ireland.

The name Patrick is derived from the Latin *Patricius*, which is akin to Patrician. According to Plutarch in his life of Romulus, the first inhabitants of the Eternal City were divided

into two classes. Those who could trace their paternity were styled Patricians,—all others were called Plebeians. From this it will be seen that the origin of the name Patrick is not ignoble, for in those old days it meant the man who knew his own father. Hence, probably, the adage, that "It is a wise child that knows its own father."

This name Patrick, with Cornelius, and Dennis, are common given names among the Catholic Irish, and have been from the time they became converts to Christianity. They were not uncommon in New Hampshire before the Revolution as the following lists show. They are copied from the provincial and state records: Michael Fitzgerald, Michael Dwyer, Michael Johnson, Michael Carroll; Michael Annis, Michael Clarke, Michael Grant, Michael Haley, Michael Hayes, Michael Kelly, Michael Lyons, Michael Logan, Michael Metcalf, Michael Metcalf, Jr., Michael Smith, Michael Butler.

Dennis Callahan, Dennis Andrews, Dennis Haley, Dennis Bohannon, Dennis McLane, Dennis Johnson, Dennis Sullivan, Dennis Pendergast, Dennis Woods, Dennis McLaughlan, Dennis O'Reagan.

Cornelius Connor, Cornelius Driscoll, Cornelius Lary, Cornelius Dunsey, Cornelius Duffee, Cornelius Danley, Cornelius Kirby, Cornelius Roberts, Cornelius Cornell, Cornelius White, Cornelius Cady, Cornelius Culnon, Cornelius Neill.

Patrick Bourn, Patrick Burns, Patrick Campbell, Patrick Cogan, Patrick Clark, Patrick Bonner, Patrick Douglass, Patrick Donnell, Patrick Field, Patrick Furness, Patrick O'Flynn, Patrick Fisher, Patrick Fas-

sett, Patrick Gault, Patrick Guinlan, Patrick Grimes, Patrick Henry, Patrick Jameson, Patrick Kinelty, Patrick Larkin, Patrick Lielless, Patrick McDonnell, Patrick Kennedy, Patrick McMurphy, Patrick Cavanaugh, Patrick Furlong, Patrick Madden, Patrick McGee, Patrick McGrath, Patrick McLaughlin, Patrick McMitchell, Patrick Moore, Patrick McCutchin, Patrick Murray, Patrick Murphy (1), Patrick Murphy (2), Patrick Markham, Patrick Garvin, Patrick Tobin, Patrick Melvin, Patrick Landrigal, Patrick Roach, Patrick Tobeyne, Patrick Greing, Patrick Taggart, Patrick Strafon, Patrick Jennison, Patrick Manning, Patrick Smith, Patrick Farrell, Patrick Doherty, Patrick White, Patrick Burt, Patrick McKey, Patrick Pebbles, Patrick Thatcher, Patrick Orr, Patrick Griffin, Patrick Bradshaw.

Michael Brown, Michael Carew, Michael Dalton, Michael Doherty, Michael Davis, Michael Doran, Michael Gordon, Michael Gilman, Michael Haley, Michael Heffron, Michael Hilands, Michael Hicks, Michael Keef, Michael Manning, Michael Lannon, Michael Ludden, Michael Looney, Michael Larney, Michael Martin, Michael McClary, Michael Mann, Michael Miles, Michael McClintock, Michael Mitchell, Michael Poore, Michael Quinn, Michael Park, Michael Reade, Michael Ryan, Michael Traynor, Michael Troy, Michael Silk, Michael Ward, Michael Johnson, Michael French, Michael Butler, Michael Dunning, Michael Duff, Michael Farley, Michael Perry.

The reader can see from the character of the foregoing names what a debt is due to the early settlers of pure, unmixed Scotch blood from Ireland.

JUNE.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

The old fence, brown and homely, has its tangle of sweet bloom
That now rings with summer gladness,—there is not one hint of gloom.
The bobolink's full roundelay is all of summer time,
The bees amidst the buckwheat throng, for June is in its prime.
The fresh and sparkling meadow-brook slips, singing, gaily by,
And all too soon the golden sun sinks down the western sky.

ONE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE'S ABANDONED FARMS.

By Minnie L. Randall.



HIS place is owned by one of Brooklyn's wealthiest citizens, whose ever hurrying business interests afford him little time to visit his many estates, or to become acquainted with their manifold natural charms.

This farm is worthy a tenant who would beautify and adorn the place, as its condition, situation, and natural surroundings are such that it might be made a perfect Paradise with small outlay and little labor.

It is called "Grand View," and surely it is well named, for no grander view than it affords, it is believed, can be obtained in all New Hampshire, situated as it is, at the very top of one of the old Granite state's most magnificent mountains—a mountain so large, that upon its summit stretches acre upon acre of grass-land, orchards, groves, pastures, and woodland; and, in the midst of these, the old white farmhouse with green blinds—large, cool, and roomy, and containing within its walls much of the old-time quaintness that is fast disappearing from the homes of New England.

The big chimney is built from the ground; its base fifteen feet square, and on three sides are fireplaces, one of which is so large as to hold within its

cavernous depths the time-honored old back-log; over whose substantial sides the bright flames leap joyously, their warmth and glow giving birth to many a new hope within our hearts—many an aspiration after better things.

Here, too, are the crane and hooks, and iron pots, the brass andirons and tongs; and, on one side of the fireplace, the immense brick oven with its ash-hole underneath, and the long-handled shovel, with which to clear away the coals and ashes.

This whole room is an inspiration, and as we gaze we may imagine we can see the old Thanksgiving days of long ago, when beaten biscuit, rich, crusty brown bread, roast turkey, stuffed chicken, apple, pumpkin, and mince pies, and all the other "goodies" were taken from this same old oven, as the children and grandchildren came home to greet father and mother, and to eat with uncles and aunts and cousins the good old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner.

Ah! really are modern days and modern ways the best? No! With a picture of this old fireplace and oven, and the cheer of other days, I cannot believe that they are.

Near the house is an immense barn, with its outlying sheds, yards, and tool-house, and here in summer the

swallows fly in and out all day long, and build their nests in the high old rafters, brown with age, or outside beneath the overhanging eaves.

Between this, and connecting it with the house, is a long carriage house and woodshed, and over these are the corn-chamber and granaries, where years gone by were stored big bins of wheat and corn and barley and rye. It is deserted and empty now, save as a venturesome rat or mouse scurries across its dusty floor in search of old-time stores.

A smooth, even, grassy lawn stretches along one side of the house, and here the air is sweet with the perfume of lilacs and delicate pink and white roses; and not far away is an immense bed of big old-fashioned crimson roses, gorgeous in coloring, sweeter in perfume than new-mown hay, and whose half-open buds, surrounded by their dark green leaves, no florist's hall can match for soul-satisfying loveliness and splendor.

Beyond the lawn on the summit of a gently rising slope is a large orchard of apple, pear, and cherry trees, and a trellis, over which in autumn hang great clusters of pale green and purple grapes. Beneath the trees and on the slope grow luscious wild strawberries in profusion.

Beyond the orchard is a grove of birch and maple trees, where, on summer mornings, the air is alive with music from the many sweet-throated songsters, whose homes, containing their little ones, rest so securely in the big, swaying branches overhead.

Pass through this grove and you are standing upon the summit of a hill beneath which, more than two hundred feet below, spreads out before

your enraptured gaze a scene of more than surpassing loveliness and pastoral peace.

A wide valley; woodland stretching upward upon its further side; through the valley, like a long, gray ribbon, runs a country road, now visible, now disappearing round a bend, to be seen again as it winds its way up a rugged hill, upon whose side, in the ever-changing light, wave long rows of shimmering cornstalks, topped with their silky tassels; lower down a maple grove; and at its base a pretty white farmhouse, framed in by the green foliage. Nearer, the picturesque ruins of an old mill, and the moss-covered boards of the now empty milldam, and nearer still a sedgy brook, where the red kine meet and drink from its clear, cool depths.

Higher up, above the old mill, is a pretty little sheet of water, its waves dancing in the morning sun, or, when still, reflecting with marvelous clearness the white birches and somber pines which line its banks.

Further up, line upon line of round-topped hills, heavily wooded, and pretty valleys nestling between, and farther away upon the horizon rise the everlasting peaks of the White Mountain range! The lights of a brilliant sunset, as seen from this point, are gorgeous beyond description.

Retracing our steps by a different path we come upon an oak grove, surrounded by a low stone wall, over which climb wild blackberry vines and clematis, and in springtime the ground here is flecked with the blossoms of the shy wood violet, and later on by the gaudier flowers of the wild red columbine.

Beneath the wide-spreading branch-

es of these old oak trees we may swing our hammock upon the hottest summer day and be sure of a cool breeze, and in this secluded spot one is as secure from observation and free from all that can molest or annoy as though a hundred miles away in the heart of the woods.

Passing through the grove you come into a field, acres and acres in extent, covered with tall timothy and red clover. Pass through this and to the south is one of the pastures, its green fields dotted here and there with wide-spreading maples and clumps of blueberry bushes. At the lower side you descend a steep, wooded bank, at the foot of which runs a clear, sparkling trout-brook, and at this point are the ruins of an old dam, and from beneath its projecting stones the speckled beauties dart in and out.

Cross the brook and upon the opposite bank you come upon an old wood-road, overgrown in places with tall, plummy ferns, and in others with soft, beautiful green moss, from whose depths springs wild wood-sorrel and the star-like blossoms of the twin-flower, and in other places long sprays of the beautiful partridge vine, with its smooth, round, glossy leaves, and scarlet berries, or velvety white blossom.

Nature has spread her beauties here with lavish hand, and one who is her lover invariably stops to rest and drink in with bated breath and enraptured soul the enchanting loveliness of the surrounding scene. To the right of the old wood road is the unbroken forest, whose timber in a few short years will represent a small fortune to their possessor. Follow the wood road and soon it will bring you on its left

to a grove of pines, thick and dark and somber; they sigh gently in the summer breeze and invite you to rest beneath their branches, where the ground is warm and soft with the accumulation of pine needles, and odorous with their spicy breath.

Further on, beyond the pine grove, is an orchard of apple trees, with queer gnarled, twisted branches, looking strangely at variance with their covering of pretty pink and white blossoms, which in springtime, with every breath of wind send down a shower of pearly petals, shedding perfume on the warm, balmy air, sleepy with the drone of humming bees.

Looking westward from the old farmhouse, and beyond the valley, is a rising, heavily wooded upland, its surface broken in places by farms, whose bright green fields resemble squares of softest green velvet, set against the darker foliage of the forests, and, far away, stretching to the horizon line, are the mountains; Mount Kearsarge, the most imposing, its summit lost in the soft summer haze, or in the white, fleecy clouds drifting idly by.

Grand old mountain! how you tower.

Reaching up for something new?

Do you want the clouds to kiss you

From their bed of azure hue?

Reach down, pearly clouds, and kiss
him

With your soft and airy grace,

And mayhap he'll slumber better

For the touch of your white face.

To the north stretches the valley;
dotted with farmhouses and away in
the distance can be clearly seen the
square tower of the old North church

at Belmont, its white sides gleaming in the morning sun.

To the south and in the foreground is a large pine grove, with a tiny cottage nestling cosily amid its green. Farther down the white tower and red-capped dome of the village church is seen, and a mile away the sleepy little village rests; and beyond, its waters glistening in the morning sun, is a tiny lake, and still beyond, again rise the everlasting hills. The Uncanoonucs far to the south, then a long intervening range, and Kearsarge in the west, and beyond, low lying mountains, rising ever higher and higher, until they connect with the White Mountain range far to the north!

Who could live at this beautiful mountain farm, with such a panorama of loveliness spread out before him, painted by the hand of Mother Nature, and then go down into the busy marts of men and do a mean, base, sordid act?

Why! the very air one breathes up here is an inspiration to right living, and who would willingly coop themselves up in a city, with its dusty streets, hot brick walls, and its clangor and noise, when scattered all over New Hampshire are deserted farms, where families of small means might live in peace and plenty, far from the maddening strife of men, but near to Nature, and to Nature's God?

TWILIGHT DREAMS.

By Louise Lewin Matthews.

A dreamy beauty haunts the distant hill,
And all the meadows softly blurred, are still;
From the dark wood a whip-poor-will sings clear,
The only sound that breaks the silence near.

Like the white clouds that float so fast above,
My thoughts are drifting far on wings of love,
This song my heart keeps singing, soft and sweet:
"Come, love, to me, as day and evening meet."

Among the scented pines our path should lie,
And down through shaded nooks, where breezes sigh;
And on across the fields, to where the rippling sea
Flows gently in, and glints across the lea.

Where the white sails nod gently in the wind
And all the busy world is left behind,
Oh! then how dear the twilight hours would be,
Our deepest thoughts could mingle and be free.

It is a fleeting dream, the day is done,
And darkness follows close the setting sun.
Oh! twilight visions! may some yet come true,
Oh! dear heart! still my dreams are thoughts of you.

SHORELINE SKETCHES.—A RAINY DAY.

By H. G. Leslie, M. D.

Beside the path, leading down from Captain Jared's back door toward the river, and near the head of the wharf, stood a small building which he claimed as his own especial domicile. Here he retired at regular intervals to smoke his pipe and meditate, undisturbed by Mrs. Somes' bustling activity. I do not think that she would have offered any objections to his retaining a seat by her kitchen fireside. If she had any dislike to the pungent odor of his well-seasoned pipe, she, to my knowledge, never displayed it. His habit of seeking his own domain, in the shop on the wharf, was established long before I became a member of the family. I fancy that it was the result in a certain way of his many years of seafaring life.

Men who follow this profession are, perforce, deprived of the society of wife and children for so large a part of their time that an element of solitude becomes almost a necessity. It is something akin to the life of an old maid who becomes so accustomed to seeing her pin cushion undisturbed in one place, that when, under any circumstances, childhood's hands remove it, it is the cause of real mental suffering. It is easy to argue that all this is foolishness, but long-established customs and habits are not easily uprooted.

On the outside of the Captain's den, nearest the river, extended a broad

plank seat, which, from long use by him and his cronies, had become polished smooth, like old furniture.

Here on sunshiny afternoons, when his little plot of ground did not demand his attention, and in the long twilight of summer evenings, he could nearly always be found. I had not intruded on his privacy until one morning early in July, when I awoke to hear the monotonous patter of rain-drops on the roof, and find the surface of the river covered by a blanket of soft gray mist. When I went down to my morning repast I found the Captain officiating as cook and maid-of-all-work, Mrs. Somes, as he informed me, having been called during the night to attend a sick neighbor. This was no hardship, as the Captain's long culinary experience enabled him to prepare a very tempting repast. I had heard frequently of his skill in compounding rye pancakes, but this was the first occasion when I had been allowed to test their toothsome merits, and did much to console me for the absence of Mrs. Somes.

The dreary monotone of falling rain and drifting fog, forced the conclusion that I must spend the day under cover somewhere, so, after reading a chapter or two of a tame, uninteresting story, whose prolix disquisitions and mild philosophy seemed to be too much in accord with the dreary view from my window, I ventured down the path, and

tapped at the door of the shop on the wharf. A cheery "Come in" answered my knock, and I literally pulled the latch-string that always hung out. I found Captain Jared seated on a low bench working grommets in a new dory sail. This was evidently his device for passing a lonesome day, as I knew that he had no need for a new sail for his boat. The whole place bore an air of extreme neatness; every rope was coiled with precision, and hung in place; his oars rested in racks; a variety of fish tackle hung along the wall; mackerel jigs, tomcod hooks, as well as the heavy leads for deep-sea fishing, all in regular order. His barometer hung near the window and a ship's compass rested on a shelf nearby. On a rough desk lay his record book and register of daily happenings, apparently kept as accurately as though he was on a foreign voyage, a well-thumbed, and already dog-eared, almanac, hung from a nail near the window, bearing on its cover the familiar name of Robert B. Thomas. The Captain carefully folded his work, as I entered, and put his palm and needle in their accustomed place. There was a pleasant aromatic odor of pine tar coming from the balls of marlin on the window stool, giving a sort of shippy atmosphere to the place, which I could well imagine was agreeable to its occupant. A well preserved and carefully colored specimen of pipe, known as the "T D," was near at hand, which he deliberately filled.

Much time has been devoted to the development of theories relating to the protuberances of cranial development, and palmistry claims to be a science of great antiquity; but, so far as I know, no one has attempted to estimate char-

acter from the various methods of filling and smoking a pipe. This appears to be a neglected field of study. Watch the next man you see performing this ceremony and you will find that he has certain characteristics peculiarly his own which might prove to be the basis of elaborate calculation. I had studied these peculiarities in Captain Jared's associates as they convened night after night on the bench behind the shop, or on the stump of the old mast at the head of the wharf. Captain Bill, for instance, would twist off two or three leaves of tobacco with his fingers, jam them into his pipe and strike a match. After two or three ineffectual puffs, he would commence a search for a broom corn, or spear of grass, one or two jabs, another trial, and then would come an explosion of wrath, in which he would consign his pipe and everything connected with it to a very tropical country, in terms that by any means could never have been the scattered wreck of Sunday-school lessons. Not so with Captain Jared. The long-stemmed, carefully preserved pipe was handled with loving care; the proper amount of narcotic was thinly cut and properly rolled; the bowl carefully cleaned out; then, after a preliminary puff to see if it was clear, the process of packing proceeded, with great exactness. There was no hurry, no mistakes, and the result was always satisfactory. After the pungent smoke wreaths were floating in the air, the dormant spirit of loquacity and reminiscence seemed to be aroused.

It is as much a science to be a good listener as it is to have command of language. All the theories of electrical transmission are modern, but, long before their day, was an unnamed

principle by which thought waves of common interest were conveyed from one to another, without the use of language.

There is a good story told of a dear old Southern colonel, whose volubility and delight in the sound of his own voice was so evident as to make him the subject of many jokes by his associates. One day the members of his club, seeing him come up the street, decided that no one should speak a word while he was in the room and see what the result would be. He came in cheery and smiling, "A delightful day, gentlemen! delightful! it reminds me of the time when I visited my friend, Major Bragg of Georgia. I think I have never told you of the incidents of that trip." He rambled on from one event to another, pausing now and then to laugh over some amusing episode, for two hours, when on looking at his watch he sprang to his feet, saying, "Ah, really, gentlemen, I have been so entertained that I did not realize the flight of time, and as I, ah, have an engagement, I beg you will excuse me and we will continue this delightful seance at some future time," and bowed himself out, not noticing that no one had spoken a word since he entered.

Remembering this anecdote, although Captain Somes had none of the excessive talkativeness of the Southern gentleman, whenever he recurred to the incidents and events of his earlier life I played the part of a good listener without interruption.

On this occasion, I presume the absence of Mrs. Somes, on her sister of charity-like mission, stirred the quaint flavor of his recollections, and gave them somewhat of a medical bent.

"You know the great three-story house where John Henry Smith lives. Well, along in the fifties, about the time the Fox sisters were publishing their wonderful experiences in raps, table tipping, and spook demonstrations in general, old Captain Haskell and his wife lived there.

"Men who go to sea all their lives run up against some funny experiences. If a man has any superstition about him, he can see and hear a lot of strange things when he is standing watch alone any foggy night.

"Whether it was the superstitious element or whether it started with Marm Haskell, I never knew. They took hold of it though ranker than a twenty-pound cod off Boone Island ledges, and the old house soon became the headquarters of all that dissatisfied, restless class who are continually looking for some new disclosure or especial revelation to fit their needs. They are the kind who are always telling about having outgrown the Bible, and needing a new revelation to keep up with modern ideas. It's about all I can do to work out my days, sailing with dead reckoning, without going into the new fangled ways of getting at it. As I was saying, they gathered around there like bees around a leaky cask of old Porto Rico. The old house was a tavern once, and in the third story, under the roof, was a dance hall the whole length. Here they held their meetings—Nathan Bostick and Ruth Ann, George Pingree and his wife, Uncle Sammy Small and his wife, and I don't know how many more. They used to meet almost every night for a sitting, as they called it. They thought the spirits would come better, or feel more at home, if the air was full

of music—a sort of golden harp condition, so Marm Haskell went down to the city and bought a great big hand organ, at a second hand furniture store. It wasn't set for religious services. Some of the tunes were "Pop goes the Weasel," "Money Musk," and so on, but Marm Haskell allowed the spirits wouldn't know the difference if you turned the crank slow enough. They would all sit around a cross-legged table with their hands in a circle, and all the lights but one little tallow dip turned out. Marm Haskell would start up the Italian piano, and you can bet it was a solemn occasion. Bye and bye the taps would come and the Captain would take a stick and point to some letters on the wall. When he struck the right one the spirits would rap, and in this way they spelled out the messages from Noah to Ninevah. One night the invisibles tapped out the order "Paint this hall" and Marm Haskell got some paint and brushes, and under their direction, decorated the room. They were spirit pictures without the slightest question, for nothing like them was ever seen before this side of the grave. I'll get you a chance to see for yourself, for some are still left.

"Well, things went on this way for quite a time and everybody was talking about the goings-on at Captain Haskell's. One day a new element blew in on them from no one knows where, in the person of Sophia Araminta Bangs. She said that she came from somewhere down in Maine, and was a disciple of one Dr. Quincy, who had sent her out to convert the world to his peculiar doctrines. In one respect at least she was like the disciples of old, for she had neither staff or script.

There were some things, however, which she did bring with her, and among them was an unblushing cheek, and an ability to run her tongue faster and more untiringly than any woman brought up in this vicinity, which is saying a good deal.

"She wanted to establish a society called 'The Children of the Great Unknowable Think.' According to her doctrine, it was the thinking machine of the world that was out of gear. Her especial mission was to pour the oil of Christian love on the cog wheels. Sophia Araminta said that if your thinking machine was all right, you could eat green apples or broken glass without a twinge of pain, under your jacket, because you didn't ache if you didn't think so. She would prance up and down the hall and talk about her nearness to the Great Oneness and the social affinity of souls that basked in the light of purity. This went on swimmingly for awhile and seemed to fit in with the spirit rappings like an ell to a meeting-house. By and by she seemed to get her wings like a new hatched butterfly and strike out for herself with more of the affinity business and less of the spirit manifestations, until it began to be whispered that Sophia Araminta was not exactly a white dove from Paradise, but just a frail human being. When the Captain suspected that she was having too much of an affinity for his son-in-law, Hiram, there was no end of a disturbance, and she got an invitation to pack up her belongings and light out. She didn't go a great ways; just moved up to Esquire Bascomb's, and started a sort of kindergarten school of religious philosophy.

"Some people think that the planets

are worlds like ours, and that we just move from one to the other as children go from one grade of school to the next. If this is so I think that the Lord must have called Sophia Araminta to Venus, for it shines with that same pale, pure light that she was always talking about. Aunt Betty Wardwell is one of her followers, and, under ordinary circumstances, she will not admit that there is any such thing as sickness or pain in the world; just imagination, she will say, but you let her eat an ear of corn that is too hard to digest, or a mackerel that the moon has shone on, and she will send for Mrs. Somes with her catnip and pennyroyal as quick as anybody.

"I will bet you a cookie that if she is not better this morning you will see Dr. Gale's old chaise and stripe-faced mare going down street before noon. The doctor will go in and say, 'The davig, the davig, Mrs. Wardwell! What have you been doing now, dem it?' and deal out a few little sugar pellets, to be taken with great exactness; tell one or two funny stories and go home. I don't know whether the doctor's mild profanity acts like a counter-irritant on a Baptist church member, or not, but she generally gets better without any more trouble. If she don't the next move is to send for old calomel and turpentine. Then business will commence in earnest; jalup and blister, there is no playing at that stage of the game. It takes all sorts of people to make the world! Now there's Skipper Nat and Rube and Mose and Pardner and Skipper Panson and I; when we want anything we want calomel, and we generally get it when Dr. Balch is around.

"This idea of sickness is quite a mystery after all. When a man is

well he can't seem to appreciate it any sort of a way. I have tried to imagine how it would feel to have a pain in my stomach, but it is beyond me. I was off the Căpes of Delaware once, bound home with a cargo of old Jamaica, when, along in the night, some one reported that the nigger cook was sick, and I went forward. There he lay in his bunk, groaning and screaming with pain. He said that he should die, and I thought he would. I hadn't a drop of medicine on that hooker. Something had got to be done right quick. I went down in the cabin and looked around, there wasn't even a bottle of pepper sauce there; only a bottle of ink. He had got to have something. I mixed up the writing fluid in a tumbler of sweetened water, and gave him the whole of it, thinking all the time that if he died, no one would be any the wiser for the dose was just the same color as the nigger. By jiminy hill! In a half hour he was all right. I would give something to know if that ink was good medicine or whether he just thought he would get well and did."

The Captain rapped the ashes from his pipe, which had long since gone out, and went to the door. The rain had ceased falling. He wet his finger and held it up in the air. "Yes," said he, the wind is coming round no'west and we shall have a pleasant afternoon." Almost as he spoke, the spires of the pines at the Laurels peered through the soft, rolling masses of mist, already stirred by the first breath of a changing wind, and a pale shaft of light shot from the breaking clouds and rested on Pipe Stave hill—the promise that his prediction would be verified.

SONG OF THE MEADOWS.

By Charles Henry Chesley.

Over the meadows and down to the bay
The grass billows sweep with a rhythmic sway,
Down and a-down to the inswelling tide,
Like mighty war legions that fearlessly ride.

The pipe of the sanderling, whistle of quail,
The bobolink's lilt, a musical trail,
And swish of the waters far down on the dune
Re-echo and echo all blent in one tune.

The tall daisies bend, back, forward and o'er,
And kiss the hairbells growing down by the shore;
The clover blooms welcome the hurrying bee,
And butterflies flit o'er the blossoming sea.

Away and away speed the billows, away,
A-tremble and tumble a-down to the bay,
Bourne on by the breeze to the inswelling tide,
Like mighty war hosts that triumphantly ride.



WILLIAM C. STUROC.

William Cant Sturoc, born in Arbroath, Farfarshire, Scotland, November 4, 1822, died in Sunapee, June 1, 1903.

Mr. Sturoc was the ninth of the ten children of Francis and Ann (Cant) Sturoc, and inherited marked intellectual power from his ancestry on both sides, his poetic nature, which ultimately became strongly developed, being undoubtedly a heritage from his great grandfather, James Sturoc, who was the author of a book of "Hymns and Spiritual Songs."

Soon after attaining his majority Mr. Sturoc came to America, making his home for a few years in Montreal, where, while engaged in mechanical pursuits, he attended a literary and scientific institute during the evening, attaining a good knowledge of modern science and language. Becoming acquainted with Mr. W. W. Eastman of Sunapee, he was induced to visit that town, on the western shore of the charming lake of the same name, and was charmed with the wonderful beauty of the scenery. While on this visit he was favored with an introduction to that distinguished lawyer and cultured gentleman, the late Hon. Edmund Burke of Newport, and by him induced to enter upon the study of the law, which

he subsequently pursued in Mr. Burke's office, and, in 1855, was admitted to the bar and established himself in practice in Sunapee, where he remained through life, devoting himself in his later years to agricultural pursuits, reading, and study, always keeping abreast with the current of modern thought, and not unfrequently indulging in poetic fancies, which sometimes found their way into print, always to the delight of the reader.

Mr. Sturoc took an active part in public life during the first two decades of his residence here. He became an earnest adherent of the principles of the Democratic party and championed the same effectively on the stump in many campaigns. He represented the town of Sunapee in the legislature in 1865, '66, '67, '68, and was among the leaders on the Democratic side of the house, being at one time the candidate of his party for speaker. He was prominent in committee work and in the state conventions of his party, and his ringing impromptu speeches were heard with delight by his associates on these occasions. In recent years, however, he had taken little part in politics, and after the death of his wife, Sarah C. Chase, whom he married December 12, 1856, and who died February 9, 1889, he withdrew more and more from public and social life, but always cordially greeted his friends, who found him the same earnest, honest, truth-loving, sham-despising spirit, even to the very last.

Mr. Sturoc was better known as the "Bard of Sunapee" than by any other cognomen, and many poetic gems of rare merit, the productions of his pen, have become a part of our New Hampshire literature, some of which have adorned the pages of *THE GRANITE MONTHLY*.

REV. JACOB CHAPMAN.

Rev. Jacob Chapman, the oldest graduate of Phillips Exeter academy and of Dartmouth college, died in Exeter, Friday, June 5.

He was born at Tamworth, March 11, 1810, the first of five children of Samuel and Elizabeth (Smith) Chapman. In 1827 he entered Phillips Exeter academy, graduated from Dartmouth college in 1835, and from the Andover Theological seminary in 1839. He became a successful teacher, first in Maine, and for nine years in Pennsylvania; then entered the ministry, and for twelve years was pastor in Marshall, Ill. Afterward he became professor in a female college at Terre Haute, Ind.

Returning in 1865 to New Hampshire, he preached at Deerfield until 1872, and then at Kingston, where he remained until his retirement in 1879. Mr. Chapman then removed to Exeter, where he took up historical and genealogical research.

His published works include "Edward Chapman and Descendants," "The Folsom Genealogy," "Thomas Philbrick and His Descendants," "Leonard Weeks and His Descendants," and the first volume of the "Lane Genealogies." He had also written much for the press. He was married twice, and a widow survives him.

REV. LEONARD S. PARKER, D. D.

Rev. Leonard Stickney Parker, retired assistant pastor of the Shepard Memorial church of Cambridge, Mass., died at his home in that city, Saturday, May 3, 1900.

Dr. Parker was a native of the town of Dunbarton, born December 12, 1812. He was educated at Hopkinton and Hampton academies, the Boston Latin school, Dartmouth college, and the Theological seminary at Oberlin, O. He was ordained to the ministry, and first settled at Mansfield, O., where the late Hon. John Sherman was a scholar in his Sunday-school. He subsequently held pastorates at Providence, R. I., and in several Massachusetts towns, but located at the home of a daughter in Cambridge, in 1886, where he soon became the assistant of Dr. McKenzie in the Shepard Memorial church pastorate. His wife, who was a daughter of the late Sherburne Blake of Exeter, died April 28, 1903. Four children—a son in the West, and three daughters in Cambridge, survive.

HON. JOHN W. PETTENGILL.

John Ward Pettengill, judge of the First Eastern Middlesex district court, died at his home in Malden, Mass., May 22, 1903.

Judge Pettengill was a native of the town of Salisbury in this state, a son of Benjamin and Betsey Pettengill, born November 12, 1836. He was a lineal descendant of Richard Pettengill, a Puritan leader, who came from Straffordshire, England, in 1628, and settled at Salem, Mass. He was educated at Salisbury, Northfield, and Hopkinton academies, and Dartmouth college, was a member of the staff of the *Independent Democrat* in Concord in 1856, and studied law here with Judge Asa Fowler, continuing his studies with Griffin & Boardman of Charlestown, Mass., being admitted to the Suffolk county bar in 1859. He served gallantly in the Union army during the Rebellion, and afterward entered upon law practice in Boston.

In 1870 he was appointed a special justice at the Charlestown police court, and four years later was made justice of the First district court of Eastern Middlesex county, sitting in Malden, with jurisdiction in Malden, Melrose, Wakefield, North Reading, Everett, and Medford. He was an ardent Republican, and often actively engaged upon the stump in the party service. He was trustee of the Malden public library for several years, president of the Malden board of trade, a member of the Middlesex, New Hampshire, and Kernwood clubs, and also one of the leading orators of the Malden Deliberative assembly.

He was married three times. His first wife was Miss Margaret Marie Dennett of Watertown, Mass., his second, Miss Emma Tilton of Greenland, and his third wife, who survives him, was Mrs. Annette Boyce of Malden, Mass. Besides his widow, one son and a daughter survive him, John Tilton Pettengill of Malden and Mrs. Margaret Betsey Pettengill of Philadelphia.

HARVEY A. WHITING.

Harvey A. Whiting, the leading business man, and one of the most prominent and respected citizens, of Wilton, died at Pasadena, Cal., May 29.

Mr. Whiting was a native of Fitchburg, Mass., a son of David and Emma (Spaulding) Whiting, born October 27, 1833. In his youth his parents removed to Wilton, where his father became prominent in business and town affairs, establishing an extensive business as a milk contractor for the Boston Market, in which Harvey A. and George O., another son, became associated under the name of

D. Whiting & Sons, the deceased being the senior member of the firm at the time of his death.

He married, September 20, 1855, Mary E. Kimball, who survives him, with five sons and one daughter.

JEREMIAH A. FARRINGTON.

Jeremiah A. Farrington, general purchasing agent of the Boston & Maine railroad, died at his home in Portsmouth, May 11, after a long illness.

Mr. Farrington was a native of the town of Conway, born June 19, 1843. He commenced active life as a civil engineer, but subsequently became superintendent of the Portsmouth Machine Co., but soon afterward entered upon the position in the service of the railroad, which he held till death. He was strongly interested in the material welfare of his adopted city, was consulting engineer of the Portsmouth water-works, a director of the Cottage hospital, and the Agamenticus water-works. He is survived by a widow, two sons, and two daughters, one of the former being Dr. L. M. Farrington of Rochester.

HON. ANDREW G. BOOTH.

Andrew George Booth, a prominent lawyer of San Francisco, Cal., died at his home in that city, June 10.

Mr. Booth was a native of the town of Goshen, born June 4, 1846. He graduated from Kimball Union academy at Meriden in 1866, spent three years at Amherst college, studied law, and settled in practice in San Francisco, where he ever after remained, attaining great success at the bar. He served in the California legislature, as a presidential elector, and as a trustee of the state library. At the time of his decease he was president of the Union League club of San Francisco. He was also a prominent member of the Masonic order.

He married Laura D. Aldrich of Woodstock, Vt., also a Kimball Union graduate, who survives him, as do two sisters, Mrs. George W. Nourse of Newport, and Miss E. E. Booth, a member of the faculty of the University of the Pacific, at San José, Cal.

EDWARD BELLOWS.

Edward Bellows, a native of Newport, R. I., born April 28, 1840, who removed, in early life, with his parents, Rev. John and Mary (Nichols) Bellows, to the town of Walpole in this state, where he had since made his home, died there May 20, 1903.

On the breaking out of the Rebellion Mr. Bellows enlisted in the Eighth New York volunteers, serving three months. June 11, 1862, he was appointed assistant paymaster in the navy, serving with Commodore Wilkes in the North and South Atlantic squadrons, and rising to the highest rank in his branch of the service. He was pay officer of the Pacific squadron on the *Baltimore* at the time of the battle of Manila Bay, and present in that battle, but retired from service April 28, 1902.

He married Susan Emily, daughter of William Henry Jones of San Francisco, in 1873, who survives him.

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JOHN McLANE.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXV.

AUGUST, 1903.

No. 2.

HON. JOHN McLANE.

By A. Chester Clark.

The glory of an American state is its citizenship; and New Hampshire's glory yet remains to her. Despite her signal contributions to the upbuilding of those magnificent prairie commonwealths which are at once the admiration and the despair of all colonizing peoples, and despite the swelling and generous stream of her life, ever flowing southward with her rivers, to enrich and vitalize the civic fiber of her nearer neighbors in the sisterhood of states—despite all these, New Hampshire's fount of splendid citizenship is far from empty; for not only has she still those eternal springs of the national life—the rural communities—undiminished in vigor and now pulsating with new currents, but she has also received from others in hardly less generous measure than she has given.

Of those, not to the manor born, but whose training and activities are so essentially of and for her own as to dim the recollection of the mere chance of birth, New Hampshire counts the Hon. John McLane of Milford, who, born in Lenoxtown, Scotland, February 27, 1852, has spent almost his entire life among the glens of New England, a no less sturdy nursery of strong men than the highlands of his native land.

When their son was only a few months old Mr. McLane's parents emigrated to America and found a home in the city of Manchester, at that time giving ample promise of the populous and commanding metropolis which it has since become; and here the boy rose to manhood, attending the city schools so long as the means of his family would permit, but, while yet a lad, setting himself to earn his own living by apprenticing himself to learn a trade.

Before he could vote he was a journeyman cabinet-maker, enjoying the confidence of his employer, commanding good wages and sure of advancement. At the age of twenty-four he determined to go into business for himself and, with slender capital, he made the hazard of new fortunes by entering upon the manufacture, at Milford, of post-office furniture and equipment. This business, now grown to commensurate volume with the great public service which it supplies, was then in its very inception. Up to that time no post-offices, outside of the very largest cities, were either adequately housed or suitably equipped. The post-office was generally considered the perquisite of the leading storekeeper of the dominant political faith,

and it was regarded in most communities as an asset of the merchant rather than as the closest servant of the people. Its equipment varied: in some instances the postmaster's hat, a salt-box or a counter-drawer served to house the mails; in a few instances a rude row of pigeon-holes, dimly glassed and grotesquely numbered, a *trans-*

the McLane products, until to-day, in every state in the Union, in the territories, in our insular possessions and in the Dominion of Canada, may be found, a convenience at once to the postal service and its patrons, the outfits made at Milford and bearing the name of the McLane Manufacturing Co., which now carries upon its pay-



Residence of Hon. John McLane, Milford, N. H.

mittendum from one administration to another, answered the purpose. These conditions Mr. McLane determined radically to change. The few patents then covering his line he purchased; to them he added improvements which often were the fruits of his own genius; choice woods, better glass, improved locks, chaste designs and enduring solidity of construction were from the first the cardinal features of

rolls the names of more than a hundred skilled workmen, is one of the largest industries in the town, and which has enjoyed not only an uninterrupted prosperity but an uninterrupted contentment as well, for in all the years of his business life Mr. McLane has yet to record the first difference of any kind with the men in his employ.

The reason for this is apparent: him-

self a skilled workman, having served an apprenticeship longer than that now imposed upon journeymen, a keen but just critic of material and workmanship, he can take the double view of the employer and the workman, and can maintain that ideal relation between capital and labor which results in even-handed justice to both interests.

As the expansion of his own business took place, bringing with it better organization and increasing revenues, Mr. McLane found himself possessed of both the time and the means to extend his business interests, and he turned his attention to projects looking to the advancement of the community where he had fixed his home. He was among the earliest to foresee the value of the rich deposits of granite in the vicinity of Milford and he was instrumental in organizing and establishing the Milford Granite Co., in which he now holds a large stock interest and is a director. For many years he has been a director and, since 1891, the president of the Souhegan National bank, which, under his fostering administration, has come to serve a wide range of clients and ranks with the largest banks in the state outside of the cities. He is also a director in the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Co., of Manchester, the oldest and largest of such institutions in the state.

March 10, 1880, Mr. McLane married Miss Ellen L. Tuck, daughter of Eben Baker and Lydia (Frye) Tuck, and foster-daughter of the late Hon. Clinton S. Averill of Milford, with whom she made her home. Mrs. McLane comes from ancient New England stock and was educated in the schools of Milford and at the Oread Collegiate

institute, Worcester, Mass. For three years prior to her marriage she was a teacher upon the staff of the Nashua High school, and she has always maintained a lively interest in educational and philanthropic work. She was one of the charter members of the Milford Woman's club and has been its president; is at present regent of the Milford chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution; and was a member of the board of lady managers of the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo in 1901. She is also a member of the auxiliary branches of the secret orders in which her husband holds membership; and is known socially in the best circles in the principal cities of New England.

Mr. and Mrs. McLane have four children, the oldest, Clinton Averill, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1903. The daughter of the household, Hazel Ellen, is preparing for college at Miss Baldwin's school at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania; and the second son, John R., just graduated from St. Paul's school, Concord, has matriculated at Dartmouth. The youngest, Charles Malcolm, a lad of eight, is at school in Milford.

The McLane home in Milford is a spacious mansion of old-time architecture, often modernized in its appointments and always retaining its air of generous hospitality which so well comports with the character of its occupants. Its rooms are numerous and spacious, and it is always the scene of delightful gayety, especially in vacation time when the children of the household are never at home without a coterie of schoolmates as guests. The library, a delightful apartment, is lined with those books to which Mr.

McLane, with the true Scot's avidity for learning, has turned himself in his hours of freedom from business to atone for the narrowed opportunities for schooling in his younger days, and its shelves are especially rich in works of history, economics, and biography,

Not the least treasured department of Mr. McLane's library is that devoted to Masonic literature, of which he has a large and valuable collection, as benefits one who has risen to eminence in the fraternity. Mr. McLane's Masonic record is an extended one. He was



Mrs. John McLane.

from whose pages, through that "reading which makyth the fulle man," their owner has come to know the source and direction of the great currents in the development of nations; the controlling motives in the lives of the great captains of politics, commerce, and warfare; and the laws which govern both individual and national development.

made a Mason in Benevolent lodge, No. 7, of Milford, and there he early "passed the chairs." He is a member of King Solomon chapter, Royal Arch Masons, No. 17, of Milford and has filled its offices. He is a member of St. George commandery, Knights Templar of Nashua; and of Edward A. Raymond consistory, Scottish Rite Masons, of Nashua,



Clinton A. McLane.
John R. McLane.

Hazel E. McLane.
Charles M. McLane.

and is at present its illustrious commander-in-chief. In the Grand lodge of New Hampshire Mr. McLane has for many years been a prominent figure, and there in 1898 he rose to the position of grand master, to which office he brought devotion to the welfare of the fraternity, dignity, culture in Masonic lore, and affability in keeping with the long line of excellent men who had preceded him. In 1900 he

received the coveted thirty-third degree as a representative of this district.

Mr. McLane is also an Odd Fellow and a Patron of Husbandry; a member of the White Mountain Travelers' association; of the Amoskeag Veterans; of the Derryfield club of Manchester, and the Wonolancet club of Concord. He also claims membership in the Boston club, the oldest dining club in the country, and of the New Hampshire

club of Boston, which he has served acceptably as president.

Mr. McLane is not a member of any church, but, following the traditions of the Covenant in his blood, he attends the Congregational church of Milford, contributing liberally also to all religious and charitable work in the town.

In politics Mr. McLane is a Republican from conviction. Indeed, his life is well-nigh coeval with that of his party. He came to this country, an infant, in the year that the first Free Soil candidate, a New Hampshire man, was pitted for the presidency against another New Hampshire man who headed the successful poll. He grew up a lad among the stirring scenes of the Pathfinder's picturesque canvass—and of the Lincoln campaigns, carried on amid the din of warfare. Trained as a laboring man and experienced as a manufacturer, he knows by practical test the sound common-sense underlying the cardinal Republican policy of protection to home industries and wage-workers; a banker, he knows the value of a stable monetary system; a business man, he bears witness to the commercial needs of expansion, both within and without our own borders. In short, he is a Republican of the modern school, of the Roosevelt type, if you please—and in this connection it may not be out of place to say that when in 1900 he was chosen a delegate to the Philadelphia convention, he promptly declared his preference for Roosevelt for the vice-presidency and never wavered in that position, despite the pressure of many interests for another.

In 1885 Mr. McLane's townspeople sent him to represent Milford in the legislature, his support at the polls so

far transcending the normal party strength as to make him in fact, as he was in spirit, the representative of his whole people. During this session he achieved the rare distinction, for a layman, of serving on the chief law committee of the house, that on the judiciary, and also on the committee on towns. In 1887 he came a second time to the general court and made an active canvass for the speakership in a spirited three-cornered contest which, for geographical and other reasons, was decided against him. From his successful opponent, however, he received the chairmanship of the committee on insurance and was named high in the membership of the important and laborious committee on the revision of the statutes. During the long and trying session which followed Mr. McLane was a conspicuous figure in all the deliberations of the house, and he won high commendation for his steadfast position upon questions affecting wide public interests.

In 1891 he came to the state senate from the Sixteenth (the old "Amherst") district, and secured the presidency of that body after a sharp contest with former Congressman Henry M. Baker. In the chair of the upper branch Mr. McLane won new laurels. The session was prolonged beyond the days of any January sitting of the general court; the canvass preceding had been hard fought; the majority in either house was slender; party feeling ran high. It required no small degree of tact and prudence to hold the gavel during such times, but at the close of the session Mr. McLane received the unanimous thanks of his colleagues, together with enduring mementoes of their esteem.

Two years later he was returned to

the senate, an honor won infrequently in our strenuous and ambitious politics, and by a second elevation to the presidency he secured a distinction for nearly half a century unparalleled in New Hampshire annals. At the close of this session Mr. McLane again received the compliments of the senate, accompanied by handsome gifts.

Since 1893 he has held no office, but during all that time, as for many years previously, he has been an active member of the Republican state committee and has taken an earnest part in every campaign. For more than ten years he has been one of Hillsborough county's representatives upon the executive committee of the state committee, and in addition to his counsels he has contributed to party success by frequent appearances upon the stump, where he has made an enviable record as a convincing and popular speaker.

Within the outlines here set forth will be found a true portrait of a man of varied talent and merit; but it is,

nevertheless, incomplete. To depict Mr. McLane as an ambitious youth, a faithful mechanic, a successful business man, a sagacious banker, a man of broad learning, gifted as a speaker, possessed of social graces, dignified in bearing, schooled in public affairs, skilled in political management, and devoted to party principles, would convey only an imperfect idea of his character. It would only be the catalogue of his attainments. Beneath these externals we look for the real man; and we find this one to be sturdy in fiber, courageous in morals, honest in intellect; companionable, of winning personality; touched by all human need, generously sympathetic, rejoicing and rejoiced in a wide circle of loving friendships; charting his life course by deeds of unobtrusive kindness and helpfulness; candid, forceful, true. These are the lasting standards of genuine manhood, of true citizenship, aye, more, of the best public service—and John McLane measures up to them all.



THE TILTON AND NORTHFIELD WOMAN'S CLUB.

By Kate Forrest.

What is a Woman's Club? A meeting ground
For those of purpose great and broad and strong,
Whose aim is toward the stars, who ever long
To make the patient, listening world resound
With sweeter music, purer, nobler tones,
A place where kindly, helpful words are said
And kindlier deeds are done.



OUR great grandmothers knew nothing about women's clubs in their day. Busy lives were theirs, in those primitive times, when nearly all the needs of the household had to be supplied by home industry; when the housewife must spin and weave, make and mend the wearing apparel, the table linen, the bedding, needed by the large family. The loom and the spinning wheel occupied the place of honor in the home, and, during the long winter evenings, a drowsy hum like that of the bees in the clover field on summer afternoons, filled the low-ceiled, old-fashioned kitchen with homely melody. Those were the days before electric lights, and the kitchen was illuminated by home-made tallow candles, the manufacture of which was an accomplishment in itself. Then there was the butter to make, and cheese in its season; the cows to be milked, for this part of the work usually fell to the woman folk—hens to feed, and soft soap to concoct, for there were no soap clubs in those days, and in order to keep her home sweet and clean, the housekeeper must, each spring when the frogs began to peep, get together

the proper ingredients for making her own supply of that cleansing material.

Each season had its own peculiar duties, and there was not much time for idleness in those early homes. Yet the life of the house mother was not wholly without social diversion. Once in a while a neighbor, on hospitality intent, or perhaps inspired with the wish to display some new triumph of her skill in weaving or in cookery, would invite a few select friends for an afternoon visit. Then would the big brick oven be made hot with fiercest heat, and in due time from its capacious interior would be drawn forth such delectable dainties as can be baked in no modern range of even the most improved pattern. Then, presently, the round table would be turned down from the wall, wheeled into the middle of the kitchen and spread with snowy linen. The best china tea service would be brought forth from the parlor closet and soon a circle of appreciative guests would be seated at the hospitable board, giving full meed of praise to the delicious pies and cakes, biscuits, and preserves, the while they discussed with equal relish the interests of their little world.

In the autumn there were paring

bees, and husking frolics, when work and amusement were happily combined, and all the year round there were quilting parties, whenever a prospective bride was getting her "fixing out" or when some thrifty dame having finished a piece of patchwork of gorgeous pattern wished to have it quilted in an intricate design, and so asked her neighbors to come in and enjoy a social chat while they made their fingers fly.

Those were the days of the singing school and the spelling match—delightful institutions of a bygone age—and of the circuit rider, whose coming now and then, to hold a meeting in the schoolhouse at the corners, was an exciting event. With the occasional country wedding and its attendant merriment or the mournful excitement of a country funeral, added to the list of social occasions, our great-grandmothers probably thought they had plenty of amusement, and perhaps even imagined they were leading a very giddy life. If they could open their eyes—our dear, quaint grand dames—upon the world as it is to-day, would they not look with amazement upon the occupations and recreations of their granddaughters? They would scarcely recognize this as the same planet upon which they closed their eyes 100 years ago, so great are the changes which have taken place in that brief space of time—that turn of the hour glass in the hands of the Infinite—which we call a century.

Change sweeps over all things and leaves its traces everywhere. The primeval forest has receded before it, and the hillsides which were formerly clothed in leafy verdure are now adorned with fertile farms and vil-

lages nestle in the valleys beside the shining river. The little hamlet which our grandmothers knew as Sanbornton Bridge has grown into the beautiful village of Tilton, with its broad, shaded streets, its manufactories and stores, its churches, its palatial homes, its school of learning on the hill, its far-famed memorial arch, its well appointed library—and its Woman's club.

The century of which our foremothers saw the beginning was drawing to a close when the Tilton and Northfield Woman's club came into existence. Through the intervening years the ladies had been satisfied, or tried to be, with the diversions which, somewhat modified and refined, had come down to them from their grandmothers; but you "cannot quench the thirst of the spirit with buttermilk even in a cut-glass goblet," and some of the more earnest thinkers, believing in the promise of the twentieth century, whose dawn was even then brightening the sky, began to wish for something more in keeping with the progress of the age. Then some one said, "Why cannot we have a woman's club?" But others demurred a little, for the people of this village, notwithstanding their progressiveness, are withal a bit conservative and do not at once fall in with new ideas. The thought was not allowed to perish, however. Whenever the ladies met in twos and threes, here and there, it was talked over; the work of woman's clubs in other places was studied, and so the idea took shape and grew. Summer passed, with its long sunny hours, so filled with brightness that they needed nothing to enhance their pleasure; September came, bringing mellow

skies and moonlight nights; October filled the vales with gold and crimson glory, and still the Tilton and Northfield Woman's club existed only in the dreams of its projectors.

But when November came, with its gray skies and snow flurries, grim reminders of swift approaching winter, the subject was revived with new vigor. On Tuesday, the 12th of that month, in the year 1895, the records tell us



Congregational Church.

that twelve ladies met at the home of one of their number to consider the advisability of forming a woman's club. Their deliberations have not come down to us in detail, but the record says that when they separated it was with the understanding that they should meet again on the following Saturday and that each should then bring two friends with her. Busy women were the twelve during these intervening days. We can imagine how they hastened to interview their friends and the cunning arguments they employed to induce

others to see, as they themselves saw, the need of a woman's club. Their reasoning must have been conclusive, for when Saturday came there was an enthusiastic gathering at the appointed place and the Tilton and Northfield Woman's club was speedily organized, with thirty-two charter members. Mrs. Frances S. Spencer was chosen president; Mrs. Mary E. Boynton, vice-president; Miss Lizzie M. Page, secretary; Mrs. Sophia T. Rogers, treasurer; Mrs. Kate C. Hill, auditor; Mrs. Georgia L. Young, Mrs. Martha D. R. Baker, Miss Mary M. Emery, directors.

The rapid increase in membership soon made it impracticable to hold the meetings at the homes of the members, and the vestry of the Congregational church became the permanent home of the club. Thither the members wended their way on Saturday afternoons of that winter, which we may believe, did not seem to them as long and wearisome as winters of past years. They had something to look forward to now, with anticipation and interest, and when club day came round it was a cheerful and expectant company which assembled in the spacious meeting place.

A glance at the calendar arranged for the first year shows that the members started in with a full appreciation of their duties and privileges. Several valuable papers were prepared and read by the ladies upon such themes as "The Present Crisis in Turkey," "A Plea for Moral Training," "Types of American Statesmen," "Ancient Rome," "A Comparison of the South in 1848 and 1895." "The Significance of the Lotus in Art and Religion" was the subject of a paper given by the vice-president, whose art-

istic ability well qualified her to illustrate such a theme.

A very pleasant afternoon was that on which Miss Elizabeth A. Herrick of New York was present to speak to the members of the club and their friends. Miss Herrick, who is the daughter of the late Rev. Marcellus A. Herrick, the first rector of Trinity church, is an accomplished artist and teacher of art. She is thoroughly in love with her work, yet it was not as a lover of art but as a lover of children that she spoke upon this occasion. "What shall we do for the children?" was her subject and some of those who listened to her recalled many hours of their childhood days which had been brightened by the fairy tales, quaint legends, and amusing anecdotes told by this young lady in her own charming way.

The first gentlemen's night of the club was held on the evening of the 14th of February—certainly an appropriate date for an event of this kind. Now every club woman knows that gentlemen's night is the most important occurrence of the club year. However interesting the ordinary meetings may be, the greatest degree of enthusiasm centers around the occasion when the husbands, brothers, fathers, and friends are to be entertained. If this is true in a general way it was especially true in this instance, when the club was to make its début, as it were, in social life. The social committee, whose duty it was to plan and execute arrangements for this initial gentlemen's night, was composed of these ladies: Mrs. Jonathan L. Loverin, Mrs. William B. Fellows, Mrs. Elwin H. Proctor, Mrs. Albert C. Muzzey, and Mrs. Charles H. Crockett.

When St. Valentine's evening arrived it was an admiring company of ladies and gentlemen who gathered at the town hall for the reception and concert which formed the opening portion of the event. At the conclusion of the programme, which consisted of singing by a quartette from Laconia, selections on the piano and readings by Mrs. Elizabeth Wilder and Mrs. Mary Packard Cass, members of the club, the assembly adjourned to Loverin hotel and gathered around tables spread



The Arch.

with every appetizing viand. "When the menu had been duly discussed," to quote the reporter, there was a call to order, which caused the clatter of knives and forks and the chatter of merry tongues to cease, and under the direction of the toastmistress, Mrs. Silas W. Davis, a rare "feast of reason" was enjoyed. An address of welcome was given by the president, Mrs. F. S. Spencer. "Our Guests," by Mrs. E. J. Young, was responded to by Rev. Roscoe Sanderson, at that time pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church. Other toasts were "The Woman's Club in Relation to the Home and the Church," Mrs. J. M. Durrell;

"Our Young People," Rev. C. C. Sampson, pastor of the Congregational church; "New Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female College" (now Tilton seminary), Rev. D. C. Knowles, D. D.; "The Woman's Club in Society," Mrs. Frank Hill; "Insurance," Mr. Arthur T. Cass; "The Influence of Art," Miss Cora E. Edgerton; "Our Legal Friends," Mr. C. C. Rogers; "Greetings," President J. M. Durrell, of the seminary. At last, "to all, to each, a fair good night" was said and the lights went out upon a gratified social committee, a triumphant club, and a satisfied party of guests.

When the year closed no question was raised as to the future existence of a Woman's club in Tilton. At the annual meeting the club showed a wisdom beyond its years in choosing its first president for a second term. Mrs. Spencer was one of the earliest promoters of the club, for reading and study had convinced her of the value of such an organization for women, and the preliminary meetings which decided the "to be or not to be" of the club were held at her home. It seemed especially fitting that she should be the first president of the Tilton and Northfield Woman's club, for she is a Tilton and Northfield woman. Although many years of her life have been spent in Tilton she first saw the light in a Northfield farmhouse. It was fitting, too, that the mother of the first president should have been the first honorary member of the club. Hannah Tebbetts Curry was of pioneer stock and possessed those qualities which are the rightful inheritance of those who claim such lineage—courage, self-reliance and executive ability. She brought up a family of ten children,

nine daughters and one son, without the aid of electric lights, steam heat, the sewing machine or the Woman's club. She probably did not feel the lack of these modern conveniences, nor dream when she rocked the little Frances Susan by the fireside in the old farmhouse kitchen, that she was holding in her arms a future club president. But such are the mutations of time. Mrs. Curry passed away a few years ago at the age of eighty-nine years.

Mrs. Spencer, in 1901, went to San Francisco with the Christian Endeavorers, and a few years previous she crossed the ocean for several months of European travel.

The vice-president for this second year was Mrs. Mittie C. Emery; Miss Annie L. Wyatt was secretary; Mrs. Cynthia E. Powers, treasurer, and Mrs. Martha D. R. Baker, auditor.

In the spring of 1897 a new president was chosen, for the third year of the club—Mrs. Alice Freeze Durgin. The vice-president and secretary of the previous year were reelected, Mrs. Maude W. Gilman was chosen treasurer and Mrs. Lucia M. Knowles, auditor. Mrs. Durgin belongs to the noble army of public school teachers. Indeed, it is a somewhat remarkable fact that all of the ladies who have thus far occupied the president's chair in the Tilton and Northfield Woman's club, have been at some period of their lives "school-marms." This is perhaps because the members think that one accustomed to rule over the small empire of the school-room may be better qualified than others to wield the sceptre in the wider domain of the Woman's club, and it can be said that their judgment has not been at fault.

Mrs. Durgin is a native of Tilton—or Sanbornton—and was educated at the seminary, graduating in the class of 1876, a famous class by the way. She commenced teaching immediately after her graduation and became so wedded to the work that even her marriage to Mr. Herbert L. Durgin in 1882 could not divorce her from it. She is at present one of the most popular teachers in the city of Laconia. Mrs. Durgin possesses literary talent also, and besides writing very bright short stories for the various magazines, has contributed articles of merit to educational publications, and has even, to quote her own words, “attempted poetry.”

The president of the club in 1898-'99 was Mrs. Kate C. Hill, who was born in a neighboring town, of the house of Scribner. She is also one of the honored alumnae of Tilton seminary, and after leaving school taught for several years previous to her marriage with Mr. Frank Hill. Her married life has been spent in Tilton and she now lives in one of the handsomest residences in the village, situated on an eminence commanding a beautiful view of the surrounding country. Her husband is a successful grocer in the firm of Philbrick & Hill, and they have two living children, Roger Frank and Myra Pearl. The daughter, a charming and accomplished young lady, is secretary of the club for the current year. Mrs. Hill's associates were: Vice-president, Mrs. Ellen G. Crockett; secretary, Miss Lela G. Durgin; treasurer, Mrs. Ida G. Fellows.

Mrs. Crockett took the logical step in advance the following year and became president. Mrs. Alice W. Sanborn was elected vice-president; Miss

Beulah A. Hoitt, secretary; Miss Georgia E. Page, treasurer; Mrs. Etta F. Plimpton, auditor. Mrs. Crockett's maiden name was Tilton and she was one of the children of a clergyman. She was educated at Colby academy, New London, and was a very successful teacher for several years. Her interest in educational affairs did not cease with her marriage, although that put an end to her work in the school-room. She is filling for the second term of three years the position of member of the board of education of Union school district. Mrs. Crockett has two daughters, Grace, a graduate of Union graded school and at present a student at Tilton seminary, and Ellen Tilton, a charming, chubby, two-years-old baby. Both will doubtless be trained by their mother into good club women.

Mrs. Crockett refused reelection at the annual meeting and Mrs. Georgia Lancaster Young was chosen president. Nine years of Mrs. Young's unmarried life were spent in teaching, and Quincy and Cambridge, in the commonwealth of Massachusetts, were the scenes of her pedagogical efforts. She might have been teaching yet if, as she says, “Mr. Young had not happened along,” but during a year of rest from school work at the home of her father in Northfield, Mr. Young, who was a near neighbor, did “happen along” and succeeded in persuading Miss Lancaster to become Mrs. Young, to exchange the occupation of teaching for that of home-making. If she has ever regretted this step she has successfully concealed the feeling from an inquisitive world. Care certainly sits lightly upon her brow, and at her pleasant home on Park street she has a cheery

welcome for all who come. Mrs. Young's ancestors were patriots and she is an enthusiastic Daughter of the American Revolution, having served as historian of the local chapter for several years.

The most persuasive arguments of her friends could not convince Mrs. Young that it was her duty to continue to administer the affairs of the club for a second term, or if, "convinced against her will," she "was of the same opinion still," and in April, 1901, Mrs. Hannah S. Philbrook was

sizes, from the A B C tots of three or four years up to the "rule of three," and "Algebray" students, often older and generally larger than the teacher; the days when teaching was remunerated by the magnificent salary of one dollar, or possibly nine shillings a week, and when the school-marm "boarded round," faring with the families of her pupils sumptuously or frugally as the case might be. After spending ten years in the school-room, Miss Sanborn felt that she needed rest and change, and gave up her work to



Public Library.

chosen president. The historic old town of Sanbornton claims Mrs. Philbrook as a daughter, and she is one of the large and famous clan from whom the town received its name. She was a member of the second class which graduated from the old New Hampshire Conference seminary, and has always been interested in educational and literary work. She began the work of training the young idea when only fourteen years old—scarcely more than a child herself. Those were the days of the "little red schoolhouse," with its small, battered school-room, crowded with urchins of all ages and

marry the Rev. Nathan Page Philbrook, a fellow-townsmen. As the wife of a Methodist clergyman she doubtless found plenty of "rest" between the moving times, and no lack of "change" in the twenty-two moves which she and Mr. Philbrook made during the period of his active ministry; for those were the old itinerant days when the limit of a pastorate was two, and later, three years. Less than a decade ago they returned to their native town to pass the remainder of their days and are now living in peaceful retirement under their own "vine and fig tree," within the classic shadow



Mrs. Frances S. Spencer.
First President.



Mrs. Alice Freeze Durgin.
Second President.



Mrs. Hannah Tebbetts Curry.
First Honorary Member.



Mrs. Hannah Sanborn Philbrook.
Sixth President.



Miss Georgia E. Page.
President.



Miss Lela G. Durgin.
Vice-President.



Mrs. C. H. Crockett.
Fourth President.



Mrs. Kate C. Hill.
Third President.



Mrs. Georgia L. Young.
Fifth President.



Miss Myra Pearl Hill.
Secretary.



Mrs. Florence Freeze Towie,
Treasurer.

of the seminary on the hill. In the spring of 1901 they celebrated their golden wedding, when a host of friends gathered around them and showered upon them good wishes and golden gifts.

Although Mrs. Philbrook has withdrawn to a certain extent from active participation in the world's work, she is still, in a way, assisting in its progress, for she has four sons and two daughters who are useful and honored workers in the field of life.

Mrs. Philbrook's associate officers for the season of 1901-'02 were Mrs. Annibec Wyman Foster, vice-president; Miss Beulah Hoitt, secretary; Miss Georgia E. Page, treasurer; Mrs. Clara Mrs. Lang, auditor.

The club showed its appreciation of Mrs. Philbrook's ability by reelecting her to the office of president and she entered upon a second auspicious term with Miss Georgia E. Page as vice-president; Mrs. Mabel W. Hill, secretary; Miss Mary E. Foss, treasurer; Mrs. Lang, auditor.

Eight successful years have proved that the Tilton and Northfield Woman's club has an excuse for being. Year by year, as the years have passed, the club has grown in importance as a factor in the lives of its members. As they have gathered from week to week, they have felt the uplifting influence of sympathetic intercourse and exchange of ideas. The horizon of the busy woman, especially the one cumbered with household cares, is apt to be limited because she has not time for reading or for much going abroad to join in the activities and thought interchange of the outside world. She has not had leisure since her school days for the study of his-

tory and biography, for the enjoyment of the noble beauties of Shakespeare, or the sweetness and rhythm of modern poets. Just here the Woman's club comes in to help her. On Saturday afternoons she is given in condensed and interesting form by the member to whom current events is assigned for that meeting, the story of the important occurrences in the world of the present. Papers on the colonial history of New Hampshire, the Revolutionary period of the United States, the eminent men and women of our state and nation, freshen the memories of those who prepare and those who listen to them. Afternoons with Shakespeare, hours with Kipling, Whittier, Emerson, Browning, and other poets make life seem grander and its meaning more clear.

Studies in local history have not been omitted from the club programmes of the different seasons. "Memories and traditions of Sanbornton" and "Some things not generally known in the history of Northfield," have been graphically told by ladies who are fully acquainted with the story of their own well-beloved towns. Under the head of "Bygones," the Northfield annals are appearing in one of our local papers, to the gratification of many readers. Those whose privilege it has been to travel in foreign lands or to visit the distant shores of their own country, have described their journeyings in California, Europe, and Japan for the pleasure of their less fortunate sisters.

To avoid monotony and for the sake of that broadening influence which comes from contact with minds outside our own sphere, some talented ladies and gentlemen, specialists in

their different lines, have been invited from time to time to entertain and instruct the club. Lectures have been listened to upon the "X-Rays," "Liquid Air," "The Wonders of Modern Biology," "New Hampshire Bird-life," "Sanitation and Home Emergencies." "The Political and Commercial Expansion of the United States," by Hon. James O. Lyford, and "The New Congressional Library," by Mrs. Eliza Nelson Blair, have been among the most interesting addresses. Last year an afternoon was devoted to the subject, "What may be done to improve our town," when papers were read by a physician, a minister, the president of the seminary, and the cashier of the bank.

Then, because

"We may live without poetry, music,
and art;

We may live without conscience, and
live without heart;

We may live without friends; we may
live without books;

But civilized man cannot live without
cooks,"

there has been, now and again, a cooking demonstration or talk on domestic science, by ladies who have made a study of the subject; and, while the members of the club do not, of course, need any such lessons—being all notable cooks and housekeepers already—yet they have gained new ideas by which neither they nor their families have been the losers. If some of the experiments have failed when put to the practical test—though we ought not to hint at such a thing—the husbands and fathers have learned anew to prize the every-day cookery of their wives and daughters.

The members of the club have not been selfish with their good things. They have oftentimes invited the "world's people" to go with them into the realms of science, to view with them the scenes of beautiful "Old New England," to visit the land of "Ben Hur," to look upon the "Passion Play," or to listen to the story of "Tony's Hardships," told only recently to a great company of Tilton people by Jacob A. Riis, the great philanthropist and the friend of President Roosevelt.

Once a year comes "Gentlemen's Night," which is now regarded by the village as one of the most important social events of the year. The gentlemen themselves, who are the guests of the occasion, feign entire indifference toward it, but as the time approaches they may be seen haunting haberdashers' shops in search of new neckties and collars of the latest shape and getting out for re-pressing and otherwise rejuvenating the dress suits of their graduation or wedding days. When the evening comes a joyous company gathers, all in festive array, and there is music and feasting and sociability without alloy.

"Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman; woman rules us still."

The gentlemen are constrained to confess on these occasions and they also have to acknowledge then that the bondage is not so unpleasant after all.

Very tuneful afternoons are those which are given up to music, for several of the members are more than ordinarily gifted in that divine art, and they are glad to use their talent for the pleasure of others. An address on

music was given one afternoon by the Rev. Lucius Waterman, D. D., a former rector of Trinity church and one of the most learned musicians in New Hampshire.

Mindful of hospitality, the club frequently invites some neighboring club for an "afternoon visit," when the best tea things are brought out and the most choice entertainment provided, just as in the days of the neighborhood visits of their grandmothers. On "Reciprocity" day the visiting club furnishes the programme.

The Tilton and Northfield Woman's club was admitted to the New Hampshire Federation of Women's clubs in October, 1896, and in November, 1899, had the privilege of listening to a lecture on the subject, "What may the Federation do to advance Educational Interests in New Hampshire," by Mrs. Susan C. Bancroft of Concord, then president of the Federation. Mrs. Sarah A. Blodgett of Franklin, who has since served as the State Federation president, addressed the club on one occasion upon a subject which is very near to her own heart, "Philanthropy in New Hampshire."

Believing that "the more things thou learnest to know and enjoy, the more complete and full will be for thee the delight of living," the club took up for its outside work during the years of Mrs. Young's administration the study of art, and a large number of those interested in the subject met from week to week at the homes of the members. They found a strong fascination in the study of the old masters, and gained a new appreciation and recognition of the best in art. They were greatly assisted in their researches by the valuable reference books on art

which they found in the public library, and which were placed at their disposal by the librarian.

The ninth year of the Tilton and Northfield Woman's club opens with prospects no less bright than those of former years. The new president is Miss Georgia Etta Page, a Northfieldite born and bred, and a graduate of Tilton seminary, class of 1881. She has pursued the club vocation of teaching in her own town and for the past ten years in the public schools of Laconia. Miss Page is the first unmarried president this club has had, but as "marriage is not necessary to salvation," neither is it essential to success as president of a woman's club—a fact which the coming season will no doubt demonstrate.

Miss Lela G. Durgin, the vice-president, belongs to the Tilton side of the river. She is a graduate of St. Mary's school, Concord, and at present has charge of the primary department of Union graded school. She is a descendant of Revolutionary heroes and at the annual meeting of Liberty chapter, D. A. R., held recently at the home of the first club president, Mrs. Spencer, she was reelected secretary of the chapter.

The club secretary is Miss Myra Pearl Hill, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hill, and a Tilton seminary graduate in the class of 1900. Mrs. Florence Freeze Towle, a prominent society lady, is treasurer, and Mrs. Alice Wyman Sanborn, auditor.

An interesting programme has been arranged for the coming season, to include a course of lectures open to the public; an address upon forestry in New Hampshire; a study of the life and works of the great composer, Schu-

bert, and other important topics. The historical subject to be taken up this season is the Louisiana Purchase, and several meetings will be devoted to papers relating to the acquisition by the United States of this vast strip of French territory which has been developed into some of the noblest states of our Union.

The membership of the club is now over 100 of the earnest, ambitious women of Tilton and Northfield, who

are seeking in various ways to make the most of the splendid opportunities of the twentieth century. "Unity in Diversity" is their motto,—“In great things unity, in small things liberty, in all things charity.” In the strength of this motto, under the “red badge of courage,” they are going forward, year by year, to greater attainments, with renewed confidence in the future of the Tilton and Northfield Woman’s club.



THE HOME-DAY SUMMONS.

By N. F. Carter.

As day by day in fleet succession passes,
Rolls into years their linking sands of gold,
Our royal mother calls her lads and lasses,
Gracing her many homes in days of old:

Come home, come home, with shout and waving banners,
O loyal children of the Granite state,
Ten thousand lips shall welcome with hosannas,
As wait they at the open garden gate!

Come home, come home, and bid good-by to sadness,
And toils with their long round of fretting cares,
And make the week a week of restful gladness,
Like that we ask for in our daily prayers!

If greeted with no cannon's peal of thunder,
Our bonfires kindle on a hundred hills,
Bespeaking ties so strong no time can sunder,
Of wakened love that all our being thrills!

Beyond and back of all our uttered speeches,
Emotions, feelings lips can ne'er express,
Stir in the soul, like surf on ocean beaches,
So eager in our round of joy to bless!

Our hearty handclasps, warm with cordial greetings,
Shall whisper of the days of long ago,
When youth gave buoyancy to happy meetings,
And joy held sway in festal overflow.

And still the ring of youth is in our voices,
The well-remembered laughter lingers still,
Our hearts are loyal still to old-time choices,
And love as fondly as they ever will!

Roam if you wish or will the wide world over,
Scan well the broad expanse from sea to sea,
Its waving forests, fields of blushing clover
All honey-laden for the singing bee.

Where find a fairer clime with airs serener,
Full laden with their summer wealth of balm?
Where vales more beautiful, or hilltops greener,
Or finer landscapes adding charm to charm?

The mountains of our homeland, rough and hoary,
Still stand like rock-hewn altars, as of old,
To greet you, red with morning's flush of glory,
Or glowing with the sunset's crimsoned gold!

They bare their summits to the wild winds sweeping
In cleansing majesty the upper air,
In silent might their lonely vigils keeping,
Like watchmen shielding with a guardian care.

They speak of all things high and pure and holy,
As tower they heavenward ever day and night,
Yet look benignly on the low and lowly,
Their pride the pride of firmness for the right!

No Alps or Andes lifts its head more grandly,
Or overlooks more picturesque expanse,
That dallies with the cloud and storm more blandly
Regardless of the pomp of circumstance.

The north winds down their rugged gorges blowing
Are tonic-laden for the weak and worn,
Refreshing far beyond the moment's knowing
With healing balm through all the being borne!

THE HOME-DAY SUMMONS.

The children of ten thousand homes were nourished,
And grew from their life-giving brave and strong,
In the great world of need have wrought and flourished,
And carved them names for golden lines of song!

On that long roll to bless till time is hoary
As age succeeding age shall pass away,
We look with honest pride, as stars of glory
To light the nations to a better day!

Than home, the olden home, no spot is dearer
To scattered sons and daughters roaming far,
No scene of childhood stands in vision clearer,
As memories their secret gates unbar!

Home, home, akin to heaven in holy meaning,
In glad communion born of mated souls,
From life diviner joys together gleaming,
As time the pages of its bliss unrolls.

Then come with bounding hearts, so warmly beating,
Joy for the time shall hold imperial sway,
The old-time story, jest and song repeating,
Till life seems young as in that younger day!

Come test the matin and the ~~vesper~~ breezes,
The waiting visions full of glory see
Where every landscape with its beauty pleases,
And songs of love are anthems of the free!

The old familiar haunts of hill and valley,
The singing birds and many-tinted flowers,
The rippling brooks that out the woodlands sally,—
Invite to celebrate these festal hours.

The old-time church-bell still is in the steeple,
Whose tuneful notes our sainted fathers heard,
Still rings its Sabbath call to all the people,
To seek the House of God to hear God's word.

And though we greatly miss the fathers, mothers,
Who filled with sunshine all these homes of old,
We gladly welcome in their places others
Whose lives are ripening into sheaves of gold!

On them we ask a Heavenly Father's blessing,
That in the richest graces of the saintly soul,
Faith's wooing pathways, ever pressing,
In triumph they may reach the Eden goal!

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Clinedinst, Washington.

Courtesy of "The Youth's Companion."

GENERAL LEONARD WOOD.

Ex-Governor of Cuba.



Original in possession of J. J. Coxeter.

Birthplace of General Leonard Wood.

This is a photograph of the house, taken at about the time of his birth,—a rear view, showing the building in its original condition. The roof was burned off in 1871, and replaced. Mrs. Wood, General Wood's mother, has seen the photograph, and acknowledges it to be of the birthplace. The photo. is a rare one, being kindly loaned by J. J. Coxeter of Newtonville, Mass., who possesses the original, the only one in existence. The other photographs of this set are in the possession of the author. The birthplace is the white building with balcony.

GENERAL WOOD AND HIS BIRTHPLACE.

By Jesse H. Buffum.

THE MAN.



T would be pardonable for the stranger visitor to ask of every community he might visit in New Hampshire, "What great man was born here?" The Granite state has "turned out" so many sons of renown that to have pointed out to him the birthplace of some prominent personage, evokes but little surprise from the visitor; and General Wood, though having passed so small a part of his career in the state, adds another to the already illustrious list of off-spring.

Leonard A. Wood was born in

Winchester, on October 9, 1860. This event took place in a very ordinary, even obscure, room in an unpretentious tenement facing on the main street and which now forms part of a central business block. The building is the same to-day, unchanged in location and but little in outward appearance. It is not noticeable, save when pointed out, and then your only wonder is that it remains in such good preservation.

To sketch in completeness the life of Governor Wood is not possible here, nor is it, indeed, my purpose. Yet I desire to make mention, briefly, of some of the achievements by which he has



Photo. by Jesse H. Buffum.

Forty Years After.

The birthplace as it appears to-day,—a front view. General Wood was born in a room on the second story in the building on the right. The post-office was located on the ground floor at the time. Its postmaster, W. H. Gurnsey, held its office for twenty-five years. He went in under Lincoln, and, on account of his invariable correct accounts, was offered the office again under Harrison. He refused.

risen to his present high station in the political life of the nation.

To the hospitals of Boston, close upon his graduation from Harvard, Dr. Wood was known as a more than ordinarily successful surgeon and physician, in the position of house surgeon in the City hospital. He graduated from college in '84, holding this position before he had completed his medical training.

He was known in Arizona as a man and soldier of rare hardihood and pluck. In 1886, under Miles in those daring campaigns against the unruly Apaches, he won what to the soldier is the most coveted of distinctions, the medal of honor. He was later known to his country as colonel of that famed

regiment, the First United States Volunteer cavalry. No account of the doings of this body of men is attempted here: the archives of American history have on record their heroic achievements.

It is doubtful if the average reader is familiar with the rare service he gave his country during the conflict of '98. He took part in the battle of Las Guasimas on June 24, and in the battle of San Juan, in which, because of General Young's illness, he assumed command of one of the two brigades of General Wheeler's divisions of dismounted cavalry. For conspicuousness of service he was on July 8 made brigadier-general of volunteers. Three days after the surrender of Santiago he was

appointed governor of that city. This was on July 17. In the following October he was made governor of the entire province of Santiago.

He was known to the entire world in this position as a man of unusual ability and resourcefulness, tact, and energy. One cannot quickly grasp the significance of his service in the island of Cuba. He was put in a unique and untried position—a position without precedent—to do an entirely new and peculiar task. And he did it! Everything here was exotic to his former experiences. Yet there was demanded the same thoroughness and justice, the same courage in handling men that he had invariably displayed throughout his preceding career. He had here to deal with a people differing entirely in speech, habit, and creed from his own,

yet his manner of controlling these same people was fortunate beyond comparison. It was Gen. Leonard Wood who fitted the Cuban people for self-government. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says of this work:

“In this capacity, by his firmness, common sense, and moderation, he effected a wondrous improvement in sanitary conditions and in the improvement of order and good government generally.”

That to the War with Spain was due largely the making of more than one man of present national repute is undoubtedly true. And yet, while General Wood's greatest success and achievements and present position in national affairs is traceable to the conditions directly resulting from that conflict, it would be said, I doubt not,



Photo. by Jesse H. Buffum.

The Village Common of To-day.

by President Roosevelt and others of his more intimate friends, that he possessed naturally those qualities which assured him success in whatever line of enterprise he chose to espouse.

Concerning his personal qualities, no words can be more fitting than those



Photo. by French.

Village Common as it Appeared Forty Years Ago.

Viewed from any point the village square would scarcely be recognized to-day by one who had not seen it since General Wood was born in the building which appears in the background through the vista of trees. It is much changed. Buildings have been taken down or moved. Trees have grown up or been destroyed. In some places new structures have been erected,—the schoolhouse with cupola once stood on the spot from which this view was taken.

expressed by one of his most intimate friends, President Roosevelt. In speaking of the friends who helped to organize his regiment of Rough Riders, he said:

“Naval officers came and went and senators were only in the city while the senate was in session; but there was one friend who was steadily in Washington. This was an army surgeon, Dr. Leonard Wood. I only met him after I entered the navy department, but we soon found that we had kindred tastes

and kindred principles. He had served in General Miles' inconceivably harassing campaigns against the Apaches, where he had displayed such courage that he won that most coveted of distinctions, the medal of honor; such extraordinary physical strength and endurance that he grew to be recognized as one of the two or three white men who could stand fatigue and hardship as well as an Apache; and such judgment that toward the close of the campaigns he was given, though a surgeon, the actual command of more than one expedition against the bands of renegade Indians. Like so many of the gallant fighters with whom it was later my good fortune to serve, he combined in a very high degree the qualities of entire manliness with entire uprightness and cleanliness of character. It was a pleasure to deal with a man of high ideals, who scorned everything mean and base and who also possessed those robust and hardy qualities of body and mind, for the lack of which no merely negative virtue can ever atone. He was by nature a soldier of the highest type, and like most natural soldiers, he was, of course, born with a keen longing for adventure; and, though an excellent doctor, what he really desired was the chance to lead men in some kind of hazard. To every possibility of such adventure he paid quick attention. For instance, he had a great desire to get me to go with him on an expedition into the Klondike in mid-winter at the time when it was thought that a relief party would have to be sent there to help the starving miners.”

The citizens of Winchester, the American people, join in the expressions of their chief magistrate, and pay

loving tribute to the man who has honored himself, the place of his birth, and his fellow-countrymen, by his gallant service, his valiant manhood, and loyal performance of his official responsibilities.

HIS HOME.

The visitor to Winchester of a decade ago would not have had pointed out to him, as he does to-day, the birthplace of Brig.-Gen. Leonard A. Wood. The same building is there, practically unchanged outside or in, but the man had not then risen to his present enviable position in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen.

Tucked away down almost in the corner of the state lies the village and town of Winchester. The township, a large one, played its own important part in eighteenth century history. Here were bloody scenes of tragedy. Indian ravages most ghastly made this locality a veritable garden of the infernal. The founding of this settle-



Photo. by French, 1862.

Winchester's Answer to Lincoln's Call.

It was a strange, sad spectacle on this village common, forty years ago, when, at four o'clock on the morning of September 17, 1862, Winchester's quota piled into the omnibuses en route for the great conflict. Five of these were killed, eight were wounded, two died of disease during the war; sixteen have died of disease since the war, and nineteen of the forty-two still survive.



Photo. by French.

Street Scene in the Early Sixties.

View of one of Winchester's beautiful thoroughfares, taken near the birthplace. This beautiful village abounds in scenes of rare picturesqueness. The row of tall pines suggested at the right are veritable old monarchs—old growth trees of great height. A straight row of these giants, about a half score in number, border the river, which at this point runs parallel with the street.

ment involved the hardest hardihood of the bravest men that ever trod New England soil. Like every community in the state, it has its own peculiar record of heroism and daring.

Perhaps you would not contemplate the possibility of these scenes as you view the quiet village of to-day. Yet all that Winchester is or has been is directly traceable to these men who founded her.

The beautiful undulating valley of the Ashuelot seems a fitting place for this quiet village to nestle, undisturbed by a louder clamor than rises from her own manufactories and shops. One may call this a "harbour of the hills," for your first thought, especially if you gaze on the village from the vantage ground of one of the many promontories that surround it, is of some quiet sleeping thing of beauty, tucked away amid the wrinkled folds of the everlasting hills.

But Winchester is not characterized

only by the commonplace features of a commonplace village or town. I care not what your mission or errand may be, if you visit the town, you are constantly brought face to face with something new and pleasing. The antiquarian might revel eternally in



Photo. by French.

The Ashuelot River.

The chief charm of this enchanting valley is the Ashuelot river. It flows o'er many a winding mile, turning, turning ceaselessly the busy wheels of industry, watering the fertile valley which bears its name, giving sport to the frequent angler on its banks, murmuring to the weeping willows that trail in its gliding waters.

things undiscovered or forgotten. The historian would pause bewildered at the wealth of lore suggested in many a site and landmark. The botanist and bird-lover would find a region teeming with opportunities of rarest research, while the geologist would realize keen delight in his endeavors to place the boundaries of that famed lake which in some far and distant past covered the valley region of Winchester.

You may name a thousand delights of the locality and still have to speak the chief charm of the place.

There rises somewhere far up the state the Ashuelot river. It flows o'er many a winding mile, turning here and there a busy water-wheel, and anon watering some pleasant pasture spot. The sportsman tarries idly on its banks. It seems to tire at the merciless churning and rush of noisy Keene, and sluggishly flows on till it reaches the graceful curves and shaded banks of Winchester village. It is a beautiful stretch of water that runs the entire length of the village, dividing it in two. On either bank lie gardens and grass-plots. As you approach the center of the village the banks for a brief space are lined with business blocks, which stand close on the river's bank. Two iron bridges, one of modern construction, span the river at points a half mile apart. The old bridge is located in the business center and crosses the river at a point convenient to the railroad station.

Winchester's post-office is ranked third class, and with modern and elaborate accommodations is doing a large and satisfactory service. Rural delivery routes are being established this summer.

It was Daniel Webster who said that the valley scene of the Ashuelot was one of the most beautiful he had ever beheld. Indeed, we love to imagine that as the Almighty fashioned these hills and leveled this valley, He smiled, and the sensitive earth and rock caught up the radiance and took upon themselves as an everlasting imprint their present outlines of peculiar beauty.

You will be well repaid if, before leaving Winchester, you climb old Mount Michigan, or as it was termed later, Meetinghouse Mountain. This

is a deep-wooded hill of low altitude, rising abruptly up at the rear of the village, in fact, overshadowing it. The older portion of the village was built across its base and of course remains so to-day. From the top of this hill, looking northward and west, is presented a view of the Chesterfield hills, a low, uneven range of country with no especially attractive features, save the vast and variagated stretches of green. Extensive tracts of timber have been taken from this region in the past, leaving an unpleasing monotony of hardwood undergrowth. An almost opposite view—southwest—brings into a single picture the mountains of three states. Mount Monadnock rises fifteen miles away to the east. A most beautiful branch of the valley joins the river here at Winchester and runs away to the south, forming a fertile stretch of meadow and tillage land. An abrupt and magnificent background is formed by Mount Grace, over whose ancient top hangs a legend of Indian devastation, the saddest I ever heard.

The general contour of the village in which General Wood was born has changed but little since the early sixties. A few buildings have been removed, a few added. Most prominent among the latter class stands the Conant library, a truly beautiful structure. The most prominent point in the village is formed by a triangle of streets. Here is a beautiful common, with band stand and water fountain. Facing the square is the long line of business buildings, forming almost one continuous block. These buildings are the ones described as lining the east bank of the river, and facing on Main street. On other sides of the square

is the National bank, town hall, hotel, library, etc.

Winchester has several streets which afford pleasant drives. The rich shade abundant in this vicinity makes this pastime quite popular. Drives of rare beauty and pleasantness abound in several directions. One of the most delightful follows the river down its course to its union with the Connecticut.

A sketch of commercial Winchester would tell you of many successes, of some failures. But such is not the purpose of this article. Men of energy, push, and determination have located or grown up here, and have succeeded or gone elsewhere. Winchester is a representative New Hampshire town—that is all. That a great



River View, with Old Mill and Dam.

man was born here adds nothing to the glory of the place. No locality should ever *boast* of her offspring, as it is an accident, not an achievement. Governor Wood's name and nativity does add, however, to the historic interest of the town, and should give her citizens

a, deep appreciation of the man who has made so much of himself for his country's sake. It should, it seems to me, deepen a love for country and reverence for the state which has given to the world so much of that which is manly and great and true.

General Wood is eager to see the place of his birth. The writer met him in New York a few months ago, and he expressed himself as having many times pictured the place and scenes of his nativity. He declared that, "After this Eastern work" (he was at the time about to depart for the Philippines), he intended to return to Winchester, if possible on some one of her Old Home celebrations, at which, by the way, his name and deeds are es-

pecially recalled. Governor Wood is a man, and as such he cannot but contrast the peculiar charms of old New England with the rude characteristics of daily life among an Eastern people. His longing to come back, and his desire to again refresh himself amid the scenes of his native place, must strike a chord of sympathy in the heart of every true New Englander.

To the inquiry, How may I win the laurels you have won, he probably would reply, "Go and be born in Winchester, or at least in the Granite state, and then serve your country." And we might add—to fulfil the requirements as Governor Wood has done—serve her well, doing your whole duty, and more, at all times.

SONG OF HOME WEEK.

By Frank Walcott Hutt.

What if the Mother shall come, some day,—
 Dear Mother Nature, that loves us all—
 Wistfully looking to either way,
 Faring along through the crowded mall,
 Sorely bewildered to find her sons,—
 All the estranged and the heedless ones.

Shall we not run to her, as of old,
 Glad that the mother-faith seeks us here?
 Shall we, as ingrates, that love withhold,
 Due to the nurture of childhood's year?
 Shall we not rather be kind, and say:
 "Greeting, good Mother to thee, this day."

Come, let us rally, and quick, let's go
 Whither the voices of Nature call;
 Come with the Mother who loves us so
 Past the gray bounds and the orchard wall,
 Over the meadows and through the glen,
 Safe in the circle of home again.

CUPID'S SUMMER OUTING.

By Isabel Ambler Gilman.

Young Cupid arose one July morn
And mused awhile in the early dawn,
 " Vacation! I must be gone!
The city market is dull!" said he,
" I'll make a trip through the north country,
'Mong the hills and lakes there's work for me,
 And the preachers, later on."

He packed his quiver with arrows new
And straight to the mountains north he flew,
 To a large resort hotel,
And when he left there were downcast eyes
And tell-tale blushes and happy sighs,
Congratulations and much surprise:—
 O he knew his business well.

He hovered above a fishing camp
And shot the fisher, a lonely tramp
 With a title o'er the sea.
" Ah, Cupid!" he cried, " What is my fate?"
" A winsome maiden of rich estate,"
Said Cupid. " Old man, draw in your bait!"
 And the fishes danced in glee.

Then gaily circling the lakes around
A summer school near the shore he found.
 " Ha, ha! Now I'll have some fun!
Much learning is apt to cause delay
In heart affairs, so the wise ones say,
I'll change their studies somewhat to-day."
 And he shot them one by one.

Out came the principal in a rage.
" O Cupid! These boys are not of age!
 Dear me! What are you doing?
Don't shoot at random! O please beware!
Some bachelor maids have a camp up there;
For nonsense we have no time to spare.
 Don't send my boys a-wooing!"

Said Cupid, " Don't make so much ado,
I've got an arrow, my friend, for you."
 And then in a cot near by
A dainty spinster he quickly spied.
" Get out of my sight, you imp!" she cried.
" You shot me once and my lover died,
 I'll never marry, not I!"

IN GOLDEN SUMMER DAYS.

"No schoolmaster shall come courting me!"

"Fair madam, all that you want," said he,

"Is a chance to change your mind."

The rascal laughed as the bow he bent
And straight to her heart the arrow went,
She sank with a smile of sweet content.

O Love makes its victims blind.

He peeped in each mansion, camp, and cot.
And scattered sunshine in many a spot

To comfort a heart forlorn;

The maiden forgot her doubts and fears,
The widow looked up and dried her tears,
And the man who hadn't cared for years
Felt a thrill of joy new born.

Wherever he went, 'twas wondrous strange,
In hearts and manners he wrought a change

In most alarming fashion,

And rank and fortune and family pride.
And creeds and customs were all defied
As Cupid's arrows on every side

Kindled the grand old passion.

And the "sweetest story ever told"

Was whispered again by young and old,

The happy blushes bringing.

"Marriage will never be out of style,"

Young Cupid said with a knowing smile.

"Love rules my kingdom and all the while

The wedding bells are ringing."

IN GOLDEN SUMMER DAYS.

By C. C. Lord.

Once a thriving bud expanded in a blossom bright and fair,
And a bird sprang up and warbled with an accent sweet and rare,
And a poet saw and listened to the comfort of despair,

On a golden summer day.

Then the blossom quickly yielded to the purpose to destroy
That subdued the bird in silence, and, for grief without alloy,
Then the poet died in mourning that refused the light of joy,

In a golden summer day.

But the legend proud of ages brought the blossom into mind,
And the lore of time unceasing unto praise the bird consigned,
And the poet lived and flourished in the love that blessed his kind,
Every golden summer day.

SHORELINE SKETCHES.—“ONCE UPON A TIME.”

By H. G. Leslie, M. D.



UCH was the prelude to all those dear, delightful tales and reminiscences, with which the storehouse of memory is filled. As I repeat the words, like as though it were an incantation, comes a vision of a great open fireplace with the serene face of an old grandmother sitting on one side, her fast playing knitting needles catching the flash and flare of burning fagots, until they seemed tipped with the iridescent light of diamonds. Around her gather eager young faces, impatiently awaiting the promised story.

With such scenes and surroundings are these words so linked, that it seems proper to use them only on high occasions and with a spirit of reverence. Nevertheless, I venture to call them from the retreat to which long disuse has consigned them, to express as a fitting introduction to these lines the surprise and gratification with which I received an invitation from Captain Somes to join him in a blueberry picking trip to “Great Swamp.”

I say surprise, for I knew that these expeditions were ordinarily conducted in a solitary, if not exactly a secret, manner. The average Shoreliner seemed to feel that he should leave his bed at a very unseemly hour and like the much quoted Arab, “fold his tent and silently steal away.” Just how this abnormal sentiment originated I

never knew, but certain it was that whenever a man failed to be seen in his accustomed haunts for a day, at this season of the year, it was conjectured that he was blueberrying, but no one ever saw him go. He could return whenever and as openly as he pleased, after the object of his mission was accomplished, without losing caste or being classed with the mercenary individuals who filled their pails for filthy lucre.

The residents of Shoreline had certain days and observances, not marked in the calendar by legislative enactment, but which long custom had decreed to be quite as important and noteworthy as though authorized by legal edict.

When the warm days of March had melted the snows in the distant mountain forest, or the spring rains had sent an added influx of water to the usually placid stream, along whose banks their homes were located, and the waifs and strays of a freshet were floating with the tide, man and boy left their usual avocations, *en masse*, to gather driftwood.

Theoretically, no one argued but what a day's work in the ship yard or boat shops, would be productive of more monetary value than all the salvage a week's freshet could possibly give them. But then there was the excitement, the element of gambling, the possibility that some rich treasure

trove would unexpectedly fall into their hands. Moreover it was an established custom; their fathers had always indulged in the same recreation, and from boyhood to old age there never seemed to come a year when it was quite right to discontinue the habit.

Another red letter day, in their book of recorded events, was when the mackerel or blue fish came into the river. Many a family in the old times had procured a winter's supply of these denizens of the sea in a single day's fishing. In my time, however, the great sweeping seines of the Gloucester fishermen, had so changed conditions that only meager returns could repay their most laborious toil, and the family kits and barrels had long before been broken up for firewood.

Another period of anticipation and recreation was when the high bush blueberries should ripen. The same financial theories and arguments might relate to these excursions to "Great Swamp," as have been previously noted, but they would tell you with much truth that no such fruit could be purchased from the itinerant vender. The value of the recreation was quite as much prized as the loaded baskets.

It is good to leave the regular routine of life now and then and meet nature in her own haunts. She gives us a balm peculiarly her own to soothe and comfort the chafes and bruises of human toil. Whenever we go to her, we return better for her ministrations. So who shall say but that they who pluck the gayly tinted leaves from the tree of life may not be the wiser.

I was gratified at the invitation, as it proved to me that Captain Some

appreciated the interest which I took in his recollections of earlier years, and philosophical disquisitions on men and things in any way connected with Shoreline.

By prearranged agreement, we were up in the early gray of the dawn, and long before the first faint gleam of sunlight tipped the locust trees on the crest of Cromwell's hill were well on our journey.

A peculiar and uncanny feeling comes over one in passing through a city or village at such an hour. The spirit of dreams seems to hover in the air, and the mystery of untold tragedies broods in the silence. The very chimney tops, lacking the dim film of incense from the hearthstones beneath, appear monumental in character. The resonance of stillness is weird and unnatural. We took our way by the slope of the hill, in a path leading by the village cemetery. A look of sadness came over Captain Jared's face as he glanced over the grassy, wave-like mounds marking the resting-place of so many of his old friends.

Life is like unto a forest path, into which we enter where the young trees stand tall and thick, with luxuriant foliage, while the air around them is laden with promise. As we pass on they become more scattered, and lichen and moss gather on their trunks, while every now and then comes a bare, bleak spot, and as we continue to the far edge, only the cheerless irresponsible earth meets our gaze, and the autumn wind, breathing through the broken and decaying stalks of grass, brings a sinister, sibilant note to our ears.

I fancied that it was some such thoughts as these that floated through

the Captain's mind, and gave him an air of preoccupation as we trudged through the irregular lane, leading to the plain beyond. On either side were clumps of sweet elder and sumac, the yellow flowers of the St. Johnswort lifted their heads above the scant vegetation by the roadside, while the yet uncolored tufts of goldenrod gave promise of a brilliant display later in the season. As my eye rested on shrub and bush in their summer holiday garb, I asked, "Why should Nature make such an effort in painting and decorating her face?" The elements of the reproduction of the species could be just as well accomplished, seeds could be formed and distributed quite as well without all this profuse display and apparently wasted energy.

"Well," said Captain Jared, "I expect it is the same sort of a disease as has struck all the girls and young women in Shoreline. These flowers are afraid some bumblebee or butterfly will go by without stopping to give them a kiss. When the girls begin to get along a little beyond the spring-time of life, they begin to feel that they must have ribbons for their necks and roses on their bonnets, for fear some young man will pass by and not notice them.

"Now these flowers haven't a bit more honey in their cups, for all the show they put on, but they are trying to fool the bees and make them think they have. I've seen just as good wives and mothers in my voyages that didn't know a furbelow from a hank of spun yarn, and then when I was a young man you had to find out who would make a good mate in the voyage of life without seeing them prance up and down the street on dress parade."

A little way on we came to the road leading to the beach, better known locally as "Whipping Street"—a memorial to the times when here was planted the post to which offenders of the law were fastened, to offer expiation for their various misdemeanors by a sound beating. The birches, unpruned by legal authority, were growing a little way off in luxurious exuberance. It is a question whether wife beating and cruelty to animals should not receive this personal and public reminder of outraged justice to-day. It is not in every way that we have improved on the methods of the fathers.

After leaving this street and turning toward the irregular border of trees that fringed the broad area of swampy land beyond, I noticed on the right of the pathway a depression in the earth, which, with a few scattered bricks, was the remaining trace of where a house had once stood. Such mementoes are always of pathetic interest. With no strain on the imagination one learns to regard them as the burial places of so many hopes and ambitions, the scene, perhaps, of many unrecorded tragedies. The life of the home is dead and the stunted clumps of lilacs and a few straggling cinnamon roses alone are the memorials over the grave of the past.

"Here in my boyhood," said Captain Jared, "lived a quaint, curious representative of the Celtic race, Quaker Morrison, one of the three Irishmen who thus early made their homes in, or near, Shoreline. Master Walsh, the schoolmaster, Captain Guest, and Abram Morrison, all of them men of more than average ability, but all of them markedly erratic and eccentric.

"The Morrisons were of that Scotch-

Irish colony, which made a home in Londonderry, N. H., then called Nutfield. From there Abram drifted to this place, presumably influenced by a desire to be near a Quaker meeting-house, and to associate with those of a like religious belief. Why this strange, comical, fun-loving Irishman should feel the need of the sober, sedate thoughtfulness, the hours of silent meditation that belongs to this society, as a balm for his soul's good, was always a mystery to me.

"He would probably have been forgotten by most people long before this, had not Mr. Whittier caught the spirit of his boyish fanciful character and preserved the type in one of his sweetest ballads.

"I recollect one winter afternoon when we boys had been sent over into the woods to procure hemlock boughs, with which to make the family brooms—a weekly errand—that as we came back, near nightfall, we stopped to pay a visit to the old Quaker, who by the way, was a great favorite with every boy in these parts. He had a great fund of stories and an inimitable way of telling them, which in those days when children's books were unknown, made him a very desirable friend. On this occasion we found him seated on a box before the great roaring fireplace, sewing. He had a huge sparerib suspended by a string, roasting in front of the fire, and every now and then he gave it a turn, or basted it from the dripping dish beneath. That no time might be lost in his culinary affairs, he had taken off his trousers and was giving them a needed patch. His broad-brimmed hat was shoved far back on his head, a pair of enormous steel-bowed spectacles rested almost on

the tip of his nose, while his thin, cracked voice was trilling the notes of some strange Irish song. A good many years have passed, but that scene is still firmly fixed in my memory.

"No one has or could picture the character of Abram Morrison better than Mr. Whittier. In fact, he told the story with so much truth that some of his relatives were not quite pleased. I learned the lines when they were first published in the *Villager* years ago.

"Half a genius quick to plan,
Blundering like an Irishman,
But with canny shrewdness, lent
By his far-off Scotch descent—
Such was Abram Morrison.'

"One thing which he said is not absolutely true. The Quaker had a local reputation as a poet, and Mr. Whittier says:

"All his words have perished, shame
On the saddle-bags of fame,
That they bring not to our time
One poor couplet of the rhyme
Made by Abram Morrison,'

as I can recall at least one couplet of his rhymes which he recited to a group of us boys. At one period he occupied a part of a shop with Ensign Morrill and to this relates the lines I remember:

"Ensign Morrill and his son
See what wonders they have done.
Poor old Abram down below
Little or nothing for him to do.'

"Just the occasion of this poetic outburst I do not remember.

"He had quite an inventive turn of mind, but all of his machines and designs were marked by the same eccentricity that gave him fame. I well re-

call the interest taken by the neighbors in his perambulating pig pen, so constructed on wheels that the pigs could root it from place to place as pleased their fancy best, but still attached to the house by ropes, so that he could bring them home to feed.

"Midst the men and things which will
Haunt an old man's memory still,
Drollest, quaintest of them all
With a boy's laugh I recall
Good old Abram Morrison.'"

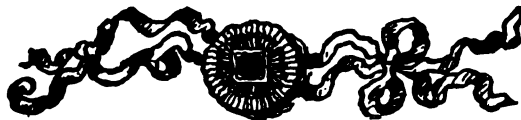
The Captain picked up his basket and bundle which he had placed on the ground while talking and we renewed our journey toward the blueberry bushes a little way beyond. At the edge of the swampy ground he pulled off his ordinary footwear and donned a pair of long rubber boots, and plunged into one of the bosky lanes, on the sides of which grew the coveted prizes.

Thoreau, in one of his most charming books, "The Maine Woods," says that the *Vicuninun Corymbosum* is a habitat of northern Massachusetts and Maine and grows in very moist soil. In this locality at least his botanical observations were verified, for the Captain was wading through nearly a foot of slime and water. To my mind it it seemed a veritable snakes' hole, and as I have a feminine horror for reptiles and creepy things, I had no inclination to follow him. As I peered

into one of the dusky recesses, I saw a huge green frog seated on a tussock of grass. His solemn and meditative air led me to think that he was reflecting on his unappreciated efforts as a musician. I thought to myself that if every man who had made a failure of his cherished hopes and ambitions wore as lugubrious a countenance as this poor Batrachian, smiles would be few indeed. A nest of half fledged crows, in a pine tree near by, kept up an incessant note of complaint. I could hear the slosh and suck of the Captain's boots in the mud and water behind a clump of bushes. That he had marked the slowly forming fruit on this particular group, since the shad bush had lent a sweet perfume to the air, and the strange clumps of blossoms on the button bushes lined the way I knew, now he was securing the reward of patient waiting.

The sun had long since passed its meridian height, and sent long shadows from its westering angle, as we took our way homeward. When we came in sight of the river a freight of salt hay was coming up from the marshes, the rowers swaying with rhythmic motion to their oars, while every now and then across the slow moving tide we caught the refrain of an old river song:

"Baked beans and apple dowdy,
Sing, yell and play the rowdy,
Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho."



MY OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE HOME.

By Fred Myron Colby.

Over many lands I've wandered,
And sailed from sea to sea;
I've seen the sunlight glisten
On the waves of Zuyder Zee;
But 'mid distant scenes and pleasures,
And whereso'er I roam,
There's no place to me so pleasant
As my old New Hampshire Home.

I've dreamed by Scotia's fairy lochs,
In England's stately halls;
I've seen the priceless works of art
On the Louvre's gleaming walls;
But never in hall or castle,
Or 'neath shining spire and dome,
Have I found the sweet contentment
Of my old New Hampshire home.

There's many a lovely prospect
Among the hills of Spain;
And fair are the blooming orchards
Of Normandy and Maine;
But not in cot or homestead
Beyond the swelling foam,
Can you find the cosy comfort
Of my old New Hampshire home.

O bright are the streams of Hellas,
Girt with their woods of pine;
And gay are the Tuscan vineyards
'Neath purple Appenine;
But fairer than the landscapes
You see in pictured tome,
Are the hilltops and the valleys
Of my old New Hampshire home.

They say the sun shines warmly
O'er Bagdat's domes of snow;
And fields of roses scent the air,
Where the Pharpar's waters flow;
But sweeter are the violets
That grow by the brooklet's foam,
And fairer still the sunshine
Of my old New Hampshire home.

New Hampshire! O New Hampshire!
 I love to think of thee;
 As I wander o'er the mountains,
 As I linger by the sea;
 And my heart will always hunger,
 When in foreign lands I roam,
 For the comforts and the blessings
 Of my old New Hampshire home.

RIVERBOW.

By Bela Chapin.

Where all is still beside a hill,
 Where fierce winds never blow,
 In a sunny nook, with a tidy look,
 Is a cottage home I know;
 A country seat, a farmhouse neat
 With ample portico,
 Where woodbines twine and many a vine
 Does grateful shade bestow.

There maple treen with leafy green
 Are standing in a row;
 There tall elms spread their boughs o'erhead,
 And sweetest flowers grow
 Near the riverside where waters glide
 Along in a ceaseless flow.
 O loved retreat, delightful seat!
 What scenes surround it so!

There orchard trees whose fruits that please
 Weigh down the branches low;
 There roses bloom, and rare perfume
 Upon the breezes throw;
 There birds of song their notes prolong,
 And much of gladness show;
 In beauty drest, in brilliant vest,
 They oft fly to and fro.

From such a home afar to roam
 Who would be fain to go?
 In winter time of ice and rime,
 When fields are clothed with snow;
 When spring is there, or summer fair,
 Or autumn colors glow,—
 The whole year round delight is found
 And peace at Riverbow.

EBENEZER HOGG *vs.* JOHN PAUL JONES.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE CASE.

Otis G. Hammond.



THAT John Paul Jones, the George Washington of the United States navy, should ever have been placed under arrest, by civil or any other process, on New Hampshire soil, is a fact little known and much to be regretted by the people of the Granite state. This was the state which not only gave him the *Ranger*, his first command under a United States commission, but also his three lieutenants, master, surgeon, three midshipmen, twenty-three of his crew, and twelve apprentice boys. What wonder, if here in our little, old, hilly state, with an insignificant strip of only eighteen miles of rocky sea-coast, we feel a pride in the brilliant achievements of our first naval hero, and a sense of claim and affection such as we have for our nearest kinsmen!

It was from Portsmouth, our only seaport, that he sailed forth on a career of seven years of conquest, and the oaken planks of his ship, hard as the hills on which they grew, were a fit setting for the indomitable courage and relentless purpose of the man who trod them. But great minds are often troubled by little things, and the king of beasts cannot protect himself from the flea. There is, however, no evidence that this matter was any source of anxiety to Commodore Jones, but it was a worrisome thing to his counsel for a time, until the legislature came to his relief.

We have, here in New Hampshire,

two facts of consolation in this matter. It was not a New Hampshire man who was the cause of annoyance to John Paul Jones, although the warrant was issued by a New Hampshire judge, and served by a New Hampshire sheriff. This was a mere accident due to the fact that when the plaintiff decided to apply the balm of law to his injuries, Commodore Jones was stationed at Portsmouth on a temporary duty under the orders of congress. This necessitated the application to New Hampshire courts. But it was a New Hampshire man who came to his assistance, Gen. John Sullivan, a man who will never be forgotten by the people of his native state, though to his memory no adequate memorial exists save in the hearts of his countrymen. Nor is General Sullivan alone in neglect, for, of all our Revolutionary heroes and patriots, Stark alone is suitably represented in bronze or stone. Where are our statues, busts, monuments of John Langdon, whose private fortune, even to his plate, voluntarily offered for that purpose, enabled New Hampshire to equip the troops sent under Stark to stop Burgoyne and save the new nation of the western world from dismemberment in its infancy, the man whose private purse gave Stark the opportunity which made him famous; of Meshech Weare, chairman of the committee of safety all through the war; of Col. Alexander Scammell, adjutant-general of Washington's army;

of Gen. Enoch Poor, of whom Washington said, "An officer of distinguished merit, who, as a citizen and a soldier, had every claim to the esteem of his country," and of whom Lafayette said, standing by the grave with tears in his eyes, "Ah! That was one of my generals!" To our discredit we must answer, "There are none."

But the deeds of these men are not yet all known. Occasionally an incident comes to the surface of the dust of the past, like the one here written, which but adds lustre to their memory, and shows us the human as well as the heroic in their nature.

Ebenezer Hogg of Boston, mariner, renders an account against John Paul Jones, Esquire, for £21 18 0 due him for services as steward on board the *Bon Homme Richard* from February 15 to July 11, 1779, at fifteen Spanish milled dollars a month as per agreement. The bill is dated L'Orient, July 11, 1779, and is sworn to before Robert Fletcher, clerk of the inferior court in Hillsborough county, N. H., April 4, 1783. An attachment on the estate of John Paul Jones, in the sum of £30 0 0, dated November 5, 1782, was issued by Jonathan Lovewell, one of the justices of the inferior court of Hillsborough county. It was directed to John Parker, sheriff of Rockingham county, for service, and in it Commodore Jones is described as of Portsmouth, N. H. By this document it is alleged "that the said Jones at Portsmouth aforesaid on the first day of October last being indebted to the plaintiff in the sum of twenty one pounds eighteen shillings lawful money according to the account annexed in consideration thereof then and there promised the plaintiff to pay him that

sum on demand And also for that the said Jones there afterwards on the same day in consideration that the plaintiff at the special instance & request of the said Jones had before that time done for him other labour & service such as aforesaid then & there promised the plaintiff to pay him so much money for the last mentioned labour & service as he reasonably deserved to have for the same on demand Now the plaintiff avers that he ought to have another sum of twenty one pounds eighteen shillings like money whereof the said Jones had due notice Yet tho' often requested has not paid either of the afores^d sums but still neglects & refuses so to do"

Sheriff Parker made return November 6, 1782, that he had taken the body of John Paul Jones, and had taken Major-General John Sullivan for bail.

Commodore Jones had been on duty at Portsmouth for about four months, engaged in superintending the launching and fitting out of the ship *America*, which he had been appointed to command. He was out of his element as a naval constructor, and declared that this was the most disagreeable duty of his life. The contests with men and materials in the lumber yard were but a provocation to the spirit that longed for the conquests of the sea. But he persevered in his work, soothed in a measure by the thought that he was building his own ship, then the finest in the navy, by the help of which he might further pursue the career he loved. Then, when his ship was done, and manned with his old and trusted officers and what were left of his former crews on the *Ranger* and the *Bon Homme Richard*, came what was

perhaps the greatest disappointment of his life, a resolve of congress and a letter from Robert Morris directing him to deliver his ship to the Chevalier de Martigne, whose former command, the *Magnifique*, had recently been wrecked at the entrance to Boston harbor. On the 5th of November, 1782, he gave up his ship, and went to Philadelphia the next day.

All these things serve to prove to us the state of mind John Paul Jones must have been in, when, on the day of his departure for Philadelphia, Sheriff Parker touched him on the shoulder at the instance of one Ebenezer Hogg, mariner, of Boston. In his extremity he turned to John Sullivan, who had retired from active service a disappointed man, and resumed the practice of his profession.

The case came up before the inferior court of Hillsborough county, Justices Jonathan Lovewell, James Underwood, Timothy Farrar, and Jeremiah Page sitting, on the first Tuesday of April, 1783. Commodore Jones did not appear to defend himself, for, after placing the matter in General Sullivan's hands, he had gone to Philadelphia in accordance with his orders, and other opportunities of service failing, he was at that time serving as a volunteer officer on the French flag-ship in the West Indies. His counsel did not appear for reasons which he will hereafter relate. Consequently the case went to the plaintiff by default, and Hogg was awarded damages in the sum of £21 18 0, and costs of £3 16 0.

General Sullivan, not being able to produce his principal, found himself liable for the entire amount of damages and costs. This was a serious matter to him, for he was a generous,

improvident man, to whom a dollar in hand was a dollar to spend, and he decided to fight the case out rather than submit to an unjust verdict, and one which reflected such discredit on the state. In his own words he will tell us of the affair, for we have his petition to the legislature for authority to reënter the case and try it on its merits.

To the Honorable the Council and House of Representatives now assembled at Concord within and for the State of New Hampshire on the third Wednesday of December A: D: 1783—

Humbly Shews John Sullivan of Durham in the County of Strafford Esq^r That upon the recall of John Paul Jones Esq^r from Portsmouth where he had been sent by Congress to take charge of the ship *America*; it was communicated to your petitioner in confidence how & in what manner that Gentleman was to be employed, for the advantage of the United States. That on the Day of the said Jones' departure from Portsmouth, he applied to your petitioner & informed him that he was arrested at the suit of one Ebenezer Hogg of Boston, for wages due to him for his services on board A Vessel of War, which the said Jones commanded in the service of the united states. That your petitioner being well Acquainted with the necessity of the said Jones' speedy arrival in Philadelphia, and sensible that it would do no honor to the state to have a Gentleman who had been intrusted with the command of the first ship of the Line constructed in America; arrested & confin'd at the moment of his Intended departure, and being also sensible that by a resolve of your honorable Body,

no person in Actual service was to be arrested or detained, & Learning The uniform practice of the Courts, that no Judgment could be given against any person employed in the army, or Navy of the united states; while they continued in such employment; became Bail for the said Jones; & from a persuasion that no court would suffer Judgment to be entered against said Jones, while employed in the Defence of the united states; neglected to attend at the Inferior Court at Amherst, where the Action was triable; but the Justices of that Court at their session in April Last, notwithstanding it was well known that the said Jones was then in the service of the united states; Entered Judgment against him by default, and issued Execution thereon, by means whereof your petitioner as attorney to said Jones is deprived of the advantage of Trying the merits of the original Action and as Bail is Liable to pay the whole Demand. Wherefore Your petitioner most humbly prays that the said Judgment may be Annulled; & that he as attorney to said Jones may be Let in to dispute the Merits of the original Action; the former Judgment & Execution thereon notwithstanding: and Your petitioner as in Duty bound will pray.

Jn^o Sullivan in behalf of himself and
Jn^o Paul Jones—

Concord June 10th 1783

A hearing on the petition was ordered, and was adjourned from time to time, one party or the other being unable to attend. John Prentice was attorney for the plaintiff, and explains the absence of his principal and him-

self in November in a letter to the speaker of the house.

Londonderry 3rd November 1783—

The Hon^{ble} John Dudley Esq^r
Speaker of the House of Representatives—

Sir I Just rec^d the Inclosed Notification informing that the Petition of the Hon^l General Sullivan respecting Ebenezer Hogg is to be heard on Wednesday next I would inform the Hon^{ble} Assembly that the said Hogg attended all the last Week or on the Day appointed—is now gone to Rhode Island & Cannot be notified—I am obliged to attend the Supreme Court at Salem in the County of Essex & Cannot attend your Hon^{rs} Wherefore in his behalf beg your Hon^{rs} to postpone the hearing to some future Day that Hogg himself may be present & have a fair Trial from your most obedient humble Servant

John Prentice

In his turn the defendant was unable to be present either in person or by counsel in December, and General Sullivan explained his necessary absence to the speaker and submitted some evidence and argument for the granting of the petition. The depositions referred to are not now to be found.

Durham Decem^r 3^d 1783

Sir—As my Journey to Annapolis will prevent my attending the General Court, on the day appointed for the hearing my Petition in behalf of Cap^t Jn^o Paul Jones—I have taken the liberty to send by M^r Ebenezer Smith some Depositions relative to M^r Hoggs Conduct and requested him to answer in my behalf—my only wish is That

Cap^t Jones may have a Trial of the merits as he was defaulted by mistake & in my opinion contrary to the Laws of the State as he was then in actual service—By the Depositions from Philadelphia it will appear that M^r Hogg by desertion forfeited his whole wages but even if that was not the case Cap^t Jones could be no more Liable to such an action than a Commanding officer is to the suits of his soldiers. M^r Hogg pretends that the ship which Cap^t Jones commanded was private property but surely any person in the Least acquainted with the American affairs must be sensible that his assertion has no foundation in truth. I know that she has ever been considered as a vessel of war in the service of the united States, by Congress: & the officers & men had Rank Rations & pay the same as in other of our ships of war—But even if she was a private ship I know of no Law by which a Commander is made Liable for the wages of the mariners unless by special Contract—and even if it was possible for him to prove such agreement it must have been forfeited by M^r Hogg's Desertion, which is fully proved by the Testimonies which M^r Smith will lay before the assembly—I Therefore flatter myself that upon every possible view of the Case the assembly must be satisfied that M^r Hoggs suit is vexatious & that a Recovery against Cap^t Jones would be unjust; & I have too high an opinion of the Justice of our Legislature to suppose that so reasonable a request as that of granting an injured officer a fair tryal will admit of dispute—

I have the honor to be with the most perfect esteem sir

Your most obed^t serv^t

Jn^o Sullivan

Finally the matter was brought to consideration April 2, 1784, and the plaintiff presented his case in a counter-petition which we are fortunate enough to find.

The Honorable the Council & house of Representatives in General Assembly, convened at Exeter on the last Tuesday of March A D 1784—

Humbly shews Ebenezer Hogg of Boston in the County of Suffolk & commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay that upon a Citation from the Honorable General Assembly at Concord convened the last October A D 1783 to Shew cause why the prayer of John Sullivan Esq^r at Durham in the county of Stafford in Behalf of himself & John Paul Jones Esq^r should not be granted: Respecting a Judgment of Court recovered against John Paul Jones Esq^r at Amherst court last April Term, praying the Said Execution to be Annulled, which the Said John Sullivan Esq^r was Returned Bail, & hath availed himself by Reviving his Petition to this Honbl^e Assembly in my Absence, to prevent my taking my remedy against him as Bail; till the year is almost Expired, after which Period the law hath not pointed out any Remedy against the Bail; Your Petitioner begs leave to inform the Honorable council & Assembly that he hath made use of every Legal Measure in the Prosecution of John Paul Jones Esq^r Firstly, Wrote him a letter, afterwards waited on him, Finding no other Alternative, but to prosecute him or Finally lose the Demand; on his Departure he was Arrested to Answer to your Petitioner at Amherst Court in January Term A D 1783 which was continued till April, interim conversed John Sullivan Esq^r

who informed me they did not dispute the Justice of the Demand but the process was Illegal: Your Petitioner Attended at April Term with his Evidence to support his Demand & the Said John Paul Jones Esq^r was Defaulted, & Execution Issued, & your Petitioner hath been prevented of his Remedy ags^t John Sullivan Esq^r by his Frequent Petitions to the Former & present Honbl^e Assembly to Annul your Petitioners Execution; & to restore the Said John Paul Jones Esq^r to law & John Sullivan Esq^r to be let in as Attorney to Dispute the Original Action, Your Petitioner Prays that as he hath given every Legal chance to the Said John Sullivan Esq^r to Defend, & hath been long Detained from his Just Demand, Attended with great Expences, to recover his Right, that he may have immediate Remedy against John Sullivan Esq^r as Bail, Your Petitioners present urgent Business prevents his present Attendance on the Honbl^e Assembly & is Soon going to Depart this Quarter on Business; your Petitioner as in Duty Bound shall Ever pray—

Ebenezer Hogg

April 2^d 1784—

After hearing all that was to be said on both sides the general court granted the request of General Sullivan, and he was authorized to bring in a bill for re-entering the case. This he lost no time in doing, and it was passed into an act April 9, 1784, and approved April 13. During all the time the matter had been before the general court any further action against Jones or Sullivan had been suspended by order. The act authorized Commodore Jones to again enter his case in

the inferior court of common pleas for Hillsborough county at the term to be held at Amherst on the first Tuesday of July, 1784, with full power to try the merits of the case as though no judgment had been rendered, and the former decree of the court was annulled. It was provided, however, that in case the plaintiff should again recover General Sullivan should be held answerable as bail for one year after final judgment, and that the plaintiff should have liberty to tax the costs of both trials should he be successful. The case appeared on the docket of the July term, but was continued from term to term until September, 1785, when it was marked "neither party appeared" and dropped from the docket.

Our state is small and it barely touches the sea, but it has always given of its sons as readily to the navy as to all other professions or walks of life. Six rear-admirals of the United States navy took their first breath of life from the New Hampshire hills, Enoch G. Parrott, George F. Pearson, George W. Storer, Robert H. Wyman, George E. Belknap, and John G. Walker, besides John M. Browne, surgeon-general. And we are related by marriage to Admiral Dewey, for his first wife was a daughter of good old Governor Goodwin, who presided over the destinies of the state in 1859 and 1860. Nor must we forget Capt. James S. Thornton, executive officer of the *Hartford*, and of the *Kearsarge*, another New Hampshire ship, in her conquest of the *Alabama*. And last, but perhaps bravest of them all, Commander Tunis A. McD. Craven, who, with his ship sinking in Mobile bay, met his pilot at the foot of the ladder leading to the

turret, stepped back, saying, "After you, pilot!" and went down with his ship, truly the Sydney of the American navy.

Shipbuilding was once a large and profitable business in New Hampshire, but with the advent of the steamer and

the iron-clad it passed away. But the ship on the stocks still lives on the seal of the state, though the industry which it represents will never return; and the spirit of the old ship-masters of Portsmouth is in the blood of the people from Coös to the sea.

A RETROSPECT.

By Lydia Frances Camp.

From the dim and distant past,
Through the mist that time has cast,
Visions oft before me rise,—
Scenes which met my youthful eyes.
Now the old home place I see,
Peopled as it used to be,—
Parents, children, each and all,
Gathered by some mystic call.

Win'try winds sway branches bare;
Feath'ry flakes flit through the air,
Yet heed they not the storm outside
Clustered 'round the hearthstone wide.
Brightly burns the fire to-night;
Tallow candles add their light,
While mingling shadows rise and fall
Upon the fire-illuminated wall.

Father in a genial mood
Seeks for all the greatest good.
Youngster climbs upon his knees,—
"Tell a story, papa, please,"—
Others nearer draw their chairs,
As he tells them how the bears,
When he was a little boy,
Would their grandpa's crops destroy.

Mother with a constant zeal
Labors for her loved ones' weal.
Out and in the needles flit,
As her busy fingers knit
Stockings, from a bright-hued yarn
Which very soon her hands must darn.
This the picture memory grants,
By a retrospective glance.

THE CHILD AND THE SERMON.

By Annie M. Edgerly.



It was mid-summer: the Child had accompanied his parents to church, according to the custom of the time, and was perched on the extreme edge of the seat in the high, straight-backed, and deeply paneled pew. The choir in the gallery on the left had been joined in the psalm singing by the congregation, and during the long opening prayer the Child had remained in his uncomfortable position of rigidity.

High over his head, behind the pulpit, under the great sounding-board, the good old elder had reached the "Fourthly" in his exposition of the text, and at this point the tender muscles in the weary little body of the Child relaxed ever so slightly. The day was very warm and there were no tall shade trees with overhanging, leafy branches to screen the large two-storied wooden structure from the fervid rays of the sun, but a cool breeze stole softly up into the open windows from the valley below, and the Child gazed far out over the peaceful hills where, in the distance, against a background of pearl-tinted clouds, Mount Teneriffe raised its lofty summit to the sky. His thoughts wandered also, for you all must know that even in a sermon there are many, many things which, when one is only a child, one may not quite understand.

Only the day before he had played on a little rustic bridge with the boy older than he, who, in a frock coat—the Child still wore a spencer—was just now seated in front of him. They had

lingered a long time, listening to the sweet song of the brook as, quivering and sparkling above its rocky bed, it slipped away to seek the deep and quiet shade of the pines. He remembered that his companion of yesterday had told him how, long ago, the great bears from the mountain region used to come down to drink from this very brook. Rattlesnake brook, he had called it, and that near the border of the stream, farther down, the Indians had hollowed several mortars from an immense boulder at a convenient distance from their wigwams. This boy, Augustus, with the rosy cheeks, had said furthermore that it all must be true, for it was according to tradition.

Tradition! He never before had heard that word. There are so many things for a child to learn, and often it is so hard to understand. He would ask his father to explain to him the meaning of this new word. The Child glanced at the end of the pew where his father, clad in a suit of broadcloth, with blue swallow-tailed coat, dove colored vest with gold buttons, high stock, and ruffled shirt bosom, was seated in an attitude that betokened profound meditation.

So deeply absorbed in the parson's discourse did he appear to be, that he seemed totally oblivious of his surroundings; and, in order that his mind might not be distracted by the sight of objects about him, he thoughtfully had closed his eyes. Then the Child, in a very solemn and decorous manner befitting the occasion, slid gently along the edge of the seat until his little soft,

warm body nestled against the shimmering folds of the sprigged silken gown of his mother, with its quaint fan-shaped bodice and voluminous skirt.

The mother of the Child smiled upon him and bent over him her stately head crowned with heavy masses of soft brown hair, arranged in an eminently becoming manner which differed widely from the then prevailing style. From the depths of the black satin pocket that hung from her arm, she extracted a seed-cake and gave it to the Child, who had returned her smile and was now gazing in silent rapture up into that sweet face so delicately fair, yet expressive of a fine dignity.

One little round cheek was pressed lovingly against the flowing bell sleeve with the undersleeve of embroidered mull, and her white silk shawl, deeply bordered and heavily fringed and having a faint scent of lavender, slipping from her shoulders, made a soft pillow

for the curly golden head of her first-born. A moment more, with the gentle swaying of the mother's sandal-wood fan, and with the parson's "Seventhly," there came to the little one the deep sweet sleep of childhood. One chubby fist, that until now had remained tightly clenched, opened slowly and his dear, beautiful golden-brown beetle which he had found that morning under the cinnamon rose bush at home, again knew the light of day, and feasted on the crumbs from the seed-cake as they lay on his little yellow catechism.

The sermon ended, the pastor invoked a blessing from the Divine Presence in behalf of his little flock; and the Child, awakening suddenly and meeting with large questioning blue eyes the luminous dark ones of his mother as he listened to the impressive words, there read clearly the meaning of the benediction. And the Child understood.

LESSON FROM THE FLOWERS.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

With open cup one flower receives
The pearly drops of dew;
More beautiful, afar it breathes
Its fragrance rich and new.

Another blossom closes up,
And so the dewdrops fail
To fill its lovely, tinted cup;
'Twill in the sunlight pale.

Wide as the dew God's goodness rains
Upon the opening heart;
And sweets to others, washed of stains,
It grandly may impart!

THE HOUR OF DREAMS.

By Clark B. Cochrane.

When softly fall the shades of night
Along the hills and valleys fair,
Care folds her dusty robes for flight
And rest is in the quiet air;
'Tis then in some sweet reverie
We dream of years forever fled,
Of friends beyond the hills or sea
Or sleeping with the changeless dead.

Then, Memory, charmer of my soul,
I walk with thee the fields of time—
I feel thy magic touch control
My spirit like a vesper chime;
And while I dream the night away
The friends of old come back to me,
And voices of another day
Breathe in my silent reverie.

How tenderly, how lovingly,
They speak of long departed years—
Friends forever, they seem to me
Now wreathed in smiles, now bathed in tears;
And I am standing once again
Full-statured at my mother's knee,
And feel, in sweet surcease of pain,
Thy thrill of life, O Liberty!

Anew we climb the breezy hills,
Green sloping to the glorious sun,
The music of a thousand rills
Comes floating through my brain as one;
And friends and playmates, scattered wide,
Come sailing o'er the summer seas;
I hear their bounding steps of pride,
Their laughter like a mountain breeze.

Once more I hear my father call
Along the dewey fields at morn:
I walk with him, the loved of all,
Through meadows, by the tasseled corn:
But, lo! The bannered morning comes!
My dreams, they vanish far around,
Like silence, when the martial drums
Confuse the listening air with sound.

My dreams, they fly—and care returns
To make her daily round with strife,
While labor on her altar burns
The flesh and blood and brawn of life.

And, crowned with bays of age sublime,
 My father bends his wearied knee,
 While, from his silent camp, old Time
 Hath stolen another march on me.

No matter. Let our seasons fly!
 God never set them to endure—
 But make our aspirations high
 And let our inmost thoughts be pure.
 Then what comes, let come! God is just,
 He knows our thoughts and what we are;
 Beneath our feet the gaping dust—
 Above us Heaven's resplendent star!



NECROLOGY:

HON. ALFRED T. BATCHELDER.

Alfred Trask Batchelder, born in Sunapee, September 24, 1846, died in Keene, July 10, 1903.

Mr. Batchelder was the son of Nathaniel and Sarah (Trask) Batchelder. He fitted for college at New London and graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1871. He studied law with Hon. W. H. H. Allen at Newport and Hon. Ira Colby of Claremont, was admitted to the bar in 1873 and commenced practice at Claremont with Mr. Colby, removing to Keene in 1877, where he was associated with the late Hon. Francis A. Faulkner, and his son, Francis C. Faulkner, under the firm name of Faulkner & Batchelder, which was for many years, succeeding the old firm of Wheeler & Faulkner, the leading law firm in Cheshire county.

Mr. Batchelder was active in many industrial and business enterprises in Keene, and prominent in Republican politics, serving as mayor of the city in 1885 and 1886, and as a representative in the last four legislatures, in each of which he served with conspicuous ability as chairman of the judiciary of the house. He was also, each year, chairman of the Republican legislative caucus. For several years he was register of bankruptcy under the federal government, succeeding the late Judge Allen in that office.

Mr. Batchelder was a prominent member of the Masonic order, and was an attendant upon the Episcopal church.

April 24, 1879, he united in marriage with Alice H., daughter of the late Peter B. Hayword of Keene, who survives him, with two sons, Nathaniel H. and James H., the former a graduate of Dartmouth of the present year.

HERMAN J. ODELL.

Herman J. Odell, a well-known business man of Franklin, died in that city June 23, 1903.

Mr. Odell was a son of Jacob and Elmira (Aiken) Odell, born in Sanbornton, February 4, 1846. He was educated at the Sanbornton academy and New Hampton institute. In early life he engaged in the dry goods trade in Franklin, was subsequently, for many years, a traveling salesman for the Franklin Woolen company, and later became the general manager of the Concord Land and Water Power company, raising the money for the development of Sewalls falls, and carrying out the project.

He retired from the latter position in 1895, and removed to Laconia, but returned to Franklin in 1897, where he bought the Webster House, and transformed it into a fine modern hotel, The Odell, which he managed, besides being actively interested in many important industrial and business enterprises.

He was a Republican in politics and represented Ward one, Franklin, in the legislature of 1899.

He married June 2, 1869, Miss Lucie H. Fay of Franklin, who survives, with an adopted daughter, Miss Maud Odell.

HON. JOHN W. SANBORN.

Hon. John W. Sanborn, superintendent of the Northern division of the Boston & Maine railroad, died at his home in the town of Wakefield, July 9, 1903.

Mr. Sanborn, who was long one of the most conspicuous and influential citizens of New Hampshire, in public and political affairs as well as in railroad matters, was born in the town where he always lived, and where he died, January 16, 1822, being the son of Daniel Hall and Lydia (Dorr) Sanborn, and a lineal descendant of Lieut. John Sanborn, who, with his two brothers, Stephen and William, came to Hampton from England in 1640. His first American ancestor on the maternal side was Deacon John Hall of Dover, first of the famous Hall family, who came from England in 1650. He was educated in the public schools and Dow academy, taught school in winter for a few terms, and engaged in farming at the family homestead, subsequently engaging in the purchase and sale of cattle and later going extensively into the lumbering business.

Mr. Sanborn became interested in railroad matters early in the seventies, when he began a career which has placed him in the front rank of astute railroad managers. His efforts were first directed toward procuring the extension of the Portsmouth, Great Falls & Conway railroad and the construction of the Wolfborough road. In 1874 he was made superintendent of the Conway division of the Eastern railroad, which afterward became the Northern division of the Boston & Maine, and he has been superintendent of the Northern division ever since. The highest confidence was reposed in him by the managers of the Boston & Maine, who gave him full control in matters pertaining to the division under his charge, his headquarters being at Sanbornville, a village in Wakefield, built up through his enterprise after the advent of the railroad.

Mr. Sanborn, originally a Whig, united with the Democratic party upon the

dissolution of the Whig party, and in 1856 was chosen one of the selectmen of the town. In 1861 and 1862 he was Wakefield's representative in the legislature, and manifested such ability that in 1863 he was made the Democratic candidate for councilor in the fifth district and was elected, becoming the most trusted and influential of Governor Gilmore's executive advisers, and being particularly efficient in looking after the interests of the state in matters pertaining to the prosecution of the war. In 1874 he was elected to the state senate, and again in the following year, when he was made president of that body. He also served in the constitutional conventions of 1876, 1889, and 1902. He was the Democratic candidate for congress against Hon. Joshua G. Hall, in the first district at the time of the reelection of the latter, making an excellent run. For more than thirty years he was an active member of the Democratic state committee and a controlling spirit in the conventions of the party, up to the time of the gold standard defection in 1896, when, with many others theretofore prominent in the party, he broke away and was subsequently allied with the Republicans.

Although active and influential in politics, he was, during the last twenty years of his life, best known as having charge of the interests of the Boston & Maine railroad, in connection with legislative affairs in this state, and largely also before the courts; for, although not a lawyer, such was his judgment and sagacity that he was able to guide the action of lawyers in many ways with consummate skill and success.

Mr. Sanborn had been a trustee of the New Hampshire insane asylum, the State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, and the Wolfeborough savings bank, and was also a director of the Portsmouth, Great Falls & Conway railroad, the Manchester & Lawrence, the Wolfeborough railroad, and the Portsmouth Fire association.

He married, February 24, 1849, Miss Almira J. Chapman, daughter of Thomas and Almira (Robinson) Chapman of Wakefield. They had two children, a son and a daughter, Mrs. Lillian Rogers of Sanbornville. The son died several years ago. Mr. Sanborn was married a second time, about four years ago, to Julia A. Thurston of Freedom, who survives him.

WILLIAM C. TODD.

William Cleaves Todd, born in Atkinson, February 16, 1823, died in that town June 26, 1903.

He was a son of Ebenezer and Betsey Kimball Todd. He prepared for college at Atkinson academy and graduated at Dartmouth in 1844. Mr. Todd earned his entire way through college by teaching district school in vacations. Among his classmates who became distinguished were the late Charles H. Bell, governor of New Hampshire and United States senator; Joseph H. Bradley, district attorney of Suffolk county, Massachusetts; Judge Mellen Chamberlain, librarian of the Boston public library; Dr. Alvah Hovey, president of the Newton Theological institution and Hon. A. A. Ranney, a Massachusetts congressman.

After graduation Mr. Todd taught at Shepherdville, Ky., for about two years, and then visited Europe, hearing Beaconsfield and Lord Russell in parliament. He taught a select school in Candia for a short time; was then principal of Atkin-

son academy for six years, and left there in 1854 to be principal of the Female High school at Newburyport. In this position he continued with memorable success, and the warm regard of every pupil, until 1864, when he resigned and finally left the vocation of teacher in which he had been eminently successful.

Mr. Todd was a man of marked business sagacity and quick to see and act upon opportunities for fortunate investments. He followed his profession but twenty years, never received a salary of more than \$1,000, but was still enabled to retire with a competency. During the Civil war he invested his savings in cotton manufactures, buying shares of a mill which at that time, on account of the unsettled state of the country, was not in operation. After the war the mill resumed, and made Mr. Todd's fortune; a fortune which was increased by judicious investment in Washington real estate.

In 1883 and in 1887 Mr. Todd represented Atkinson in the legislature and in 1889 was its delegate to the constitutional convention. In both bodies he was a useful and influential member. His most intimate associates at Concord were the late Gen. Gilman Marston, of Exeter, and Hon. Harry Bingham, of Littleton. Politically, he was a Republican of marked independent tendencies, and his friends and supporters included many Democrats.

Mr. Todd's benevolences were many and wisely bestowed. To Atkinson he gave a beautiful soldiers' monument and aided its Congregational parsonage. He was a liberal benefactor of its academy, of which he was long a trustee. He endowed a \$1,000 scholarship at Dartmouth. In 1876 he founded and endowed with a gift of \$10,000 the free reading room in the Newburyport public library and later gave \$50,000 for a hospital in that city. A few years since he gave \$50,000 to the Boston public library as a fund, to furnish the leading daily newspapers of the world for public use. He left \$15,000 altogether for the benefit of the New Hampshire Historical society, of which he had been president; made other liberal donations in different directions, and left the residue of his fortune to the Colorado Female college, for the education of worthy young women.

BROOKS K. WEBBER.

Brooks K. Webber, a well-known lawyer of Hillsborough Bridge and a prominent Democrat, died at his home in that place, July 1, 1903.

Mr. Webber was a native of that part of Boscawen now Webster, a son of Maximilian and Clarissa (Sweet) Webber, born August 19, 1837. He was educated in the public schools and New London Academy, studied law in Newport and at Woodstock, Vt., and was admitted to the bar in 1859, opening an office in Antrim. In August, 1862, he enlisted in company I, Sixteenth New Hampshire regiment, and was promoted to the office of first lieutenant. Returning from the war he located in practice at Hillsborough Lower Village, removing in 1872 to Hillsborough Bridge, taking the place of Hon. James F. Briggs, who removed to Manchester, and there remained through life.

He was an earnest Democrat and prominent in public and political affairs. He was a member of the constitutional convention of 1876, and represented his town in the legislature of 1868 and 1869. He was superintendent of schools and a member of the board of education for nearly twenty-one years, also a member of

the board of health, a water commissioner, and supervisor of the check-list for a number of years. He was also for many years a member of the Democratic state committee. He is survived by a widow and five children, Ned D., of Providence, and Clara S., of Ipswich, Winifred T., Henry Max, and Bernard A., of Hillsborough.

GARDNER COOK.

Gardner Cook, one of the most prominent citizens and successful business men of Laconia, died in that city June 16, at the age of seventy-eight years, he having been born in Campton, August 24, 1824.

He was the son of Jacob and Relief (Miller) Cook. He was educated in the common schools of his native town. In early life he worked as a carpenter in Lowell, but in 1849 went to Laconia, then Meredith Bridge, where he was engaged in building for a time, and subsequently in a pail factory. In 1852 he purchased an interest in a lumber mill there, from which ultimately was developed what has long been known as the Cook lumber company, one of the most extensive concerns in this line in central New Hampshire.

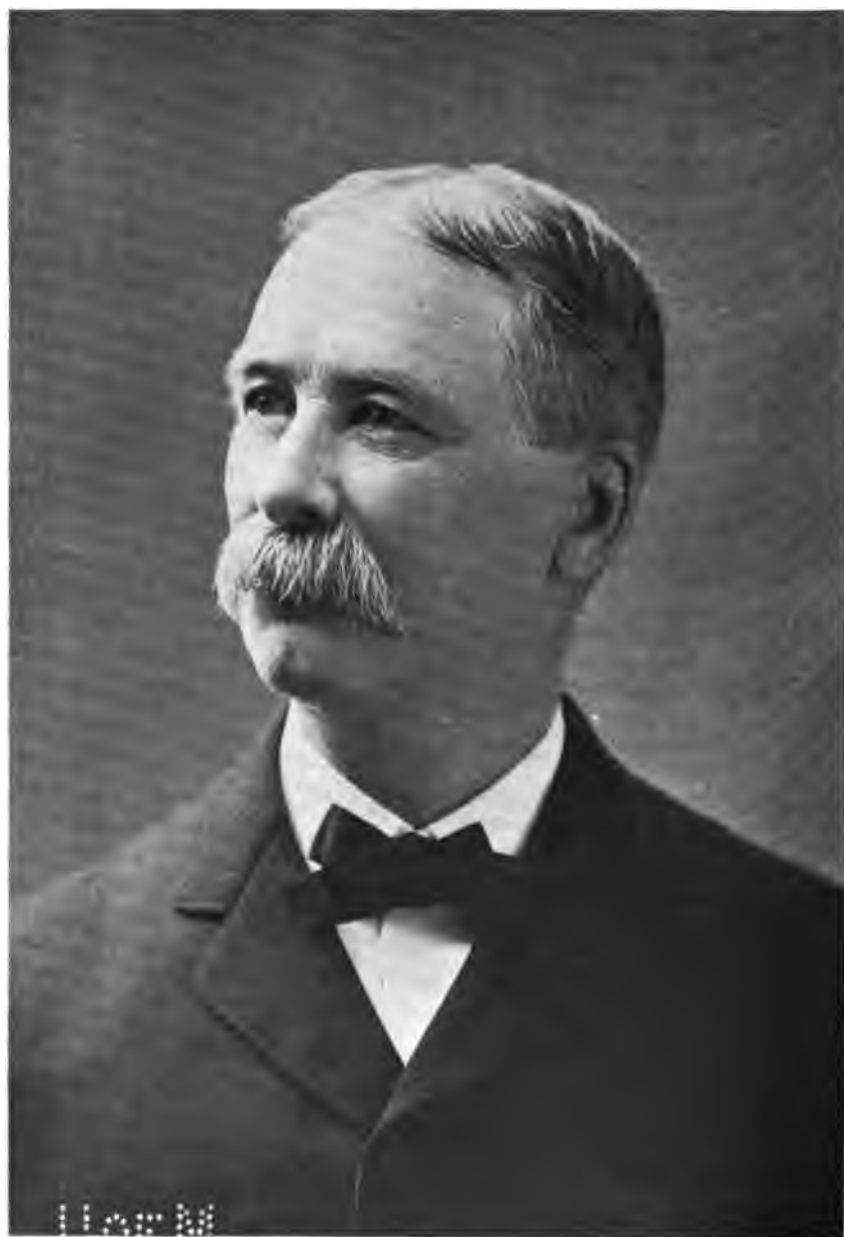
Mr. Cook was quite extensively engaged in building in Laconia, and was prominent in various local enterprises. In politics he was a decided Republican, but never an office seeker. He was a liberal supporter of the South church in Laconia, and a prominent Odd Fellow. He leaves two sons, Frank, of Nashua, and Addison G., of Laconia, his wife having died some years since.

CALEB W. HODGDON.

Caleb Warren Hodgdon, D. D. S., who died on July 4, 1903, at the Cottage hospital, Exeter, was born in Kensington in 1829. He studied the profession of dentistry with the late Dr. Locke of Nashua, and was prominent as a musician in that vicinity.

For several years preceding the Civil war he was located in North Weare, and in 1862 organized Company D, Fourteenth New Hampshire volunteers, of which he served as captain during the war. Soon after the close of the Rebellion, he established an office in Boston where he practised his profession until about three years ago, when, his health failing, he returned to his native town of Kensington, where he had since resided. He was stricken with paralysis of the throat at his home on July 2, 1903. He was a member of Kinsley post, No. 113, G. A. R., and of the Sheridan Veteran association, and was a thirty-second degree Mason, also a member of Aleppo temple, Mystic Shrine. He was master of the local grange, P. of H., at the time of his death, and was president of the Kensington Old Home Week association for two years. He was unmarried and leaves no near relatives, but his generous and kindly disposition and courteous bearing won him many friends by whom he will not soon be forgotten.

1941



ALBERT WHITTIER MARTIN.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXV.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

No. 3.

ALBERT W. MARTIN.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICAN RAILROAD MANAGEMENT.

By G. A. Cheney.



WHEN one recalls the fact that a goodly number of the years of the nineteenth century had been counted off before the first mile of railroad construction had been attempted in the United States, that the close of the first half of that wonderful hundred years saw completed and in operation less than ten thousand miles of such roadways, and that it was not until after the close of the war between the states that the present gigantic systems of railways, which to-day bring the whole country together, as it were, into one vast community, had even their inception, then does one marvel at the mightiness of this single agency, this comparatively new-comer in mankind's material world.

The railroad came and finding civilization, bravely it may have been, yet wearily plodding its way along, picked it up and carried it forward with strides greater in a generation than it had been able to make in a century of its preceding history. It annihilated distances and was alone the one factor that made possible the settlement and development of those mighty American domains westward from the Atlantic seaboard.

The story of American railroad construction, development, equipment, and operation is undoubtedly the most brilliant one in the material history of the world and the source of it all was the genius of American manhood, and genius is simply the genial, courageous, and fearless activity of the mind. Though the idea of the railroad and the adaptation of the locomotive engine were not indigenous to America, yet it is in this country that the railroad and all that pertains to it is to be found in a perfection that is simply incomparable. American genius in its application to railroad building and operation has made it possible to construct a road at a less cost than is done in any other land, even though the cost of labor and material be more; and the patron of American railroads gets his freight handled at a less cost than does the patron of railroads in any other country in the world. The American citizen as he enters an ordinary railroad coach has comforts at his disposal that the average home does not afford, and he speeds along at a rate not attained upon the railways of any other land, and he travels with a degree of safety that is not with him as he walks the streets of town or city, or drives

along a country highway. That all this work in American railroad development, equipment, and operation, could have been accomplished in so short a time as fifty years is closely akin to the miraculous.

That New Hampshire men should have been early alert to see and comprehend the possibilities that the railroad was destined to unfold to American commercial and industrial life was almost as a matter of course. A taste and predilection not unlike that which has led so many a New Hampshire man to seek a career as a hotel manager and like semi-public callings, also led him to become identified with railroading and its allied interests. Besides, the state itself early became threaded with railways and these were unequalled schools for many a young man who later became identified with lines in other states of the Union. Particularly was that line known formerly as the Northern railroad of New Hampshire, a prolific source of trained railroad men, who from time to time went out into the world and attained to positions of trust and responsibility. Notable gifts of the initiative, fertility of resource, self-reliance, and habits of thrift and industry were natural and acquired traits of these men and they led on to success and achievement.

Among the many to enter the employ of the Northern railroad was Isaac Bullock Martin of Grafton, whom the middle-aged and those of maturer years, yet resident in the town and its vicinity, will remember as one of its most active and valued citizens.

He was born in Grafton in 1825 and lived in his native town until 1866. His was a genuine old-fashioned New

England manhood, that type of manhood that from first to last has done so much toward the upbuilding of the nation, and that is so meaningfully described by that old-fashioned term "a capable man." The term meant that such an one was versatile, that he did not fear to lead, that he was resourceful, discerning, and determined. Such a man was Isaac B. Martin.

That part of his railroad career passed in Grafton included service as station agent in Grafton Center and Grafton.

Although he left his native Grafton at the age of forty-one years; his fellow townsmen had even then honored him by electing him town clerk, to the board of selectmen, and to other town offices, and in addition he had served as postmaster. In early manhood he joined the New Hampshire militia and his all-round ability was just as manifest as a soldier as a civilian. He passed from one grade to another, finally terminating his state military service with the rank of colonel. As a youth and young man, he acquired a common school and academic education of the most practical nature. He entered manhood life as a merchant in Grafton and was a willing worker in all phases of the town's life and general affairs.

When William M. Parker, superintendent of the Northern road, accepted in 1866, the management of the old Boston, Hartford & Erie railroad, he prevailed upon Mr. Martin to accept the agency of that line in the town of Southbridge, Mass. The station was one of the largest and most important, outside of the cities, on the line, as the town was the commercial center of a large surrounding country and the

town itself is one of the largest in its section of Massachusetts.

Upon becoming a resident of Southbridge Mr. Martin identified himself with all its established and progressive interests and speedily became one of its foremost citizens through recognition of his worth by his fellow townsmen.

the state legislature and was elected to the session of 1877.

On September 1, 1880, while engaged in the making up of a train in the yard of the Southbridge station he received injuries that within an hour or two proved fatal, thus dying at the age of fifty-five and in the very prime and vigor of his sterling manhood.



Isaac B. Martin.

The people of his adopted town "sized him up," as it were, and with singular unanimity declared he was of the type of man they wanted. He was interested in them and they in him and with both this interest was sincere and genuine. Prevented by his railroad interests from accepting town offices, he did, however, yield to the desires of his friends in his town and district to become the Republican candidate for

An added interest which his former Grafton townsmen and acquaintances have in the memory of Mr. Martin is that she whom he married in January, 1849, was Almira H. M. Haskins, daughter of William Haskins of Grafton. Six children were born of this union, Albert W., George W., Addie M., Myra B., Howard P., and Harold H. All these children, with the exception of Howard P., who died in South-

bridge just as he had entered a most promising manhood, are at present living. Mrs. Martin, ever esteemed at home and abroad for those traits that typify the ideal New England wife and mother, is yet living, making her home with her eldest son.

The predominant purpose of this article is to present to the readers of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* the eldest of these children, Albert Whittier, who was New Hampshire born, and he has proved himself worthy of the Granite state's warmest commendations and sincerest well wishes. He was born in Grafton, December 2, 1851, and it may be of interest in this connection to note that his birth was only fourteen years later than the building of the first mile of railroad in New Hampshire, which was in 1837. Thus his life, young as he is, is practically coeval with that of the railroad in his native state, and it may be added, parenthetically, with its inference obvious, that New Hampshire has come to have in this year of 1903 a greater railroad mileage than any other state in the Union in proportion to the extent of its territory. The one as a railroad state and the other as a railroad man are successes.

The childhood years of Mr. Martin were passed in his native Grafton and no source of pleasure is greater to him than the opportunity to visit his native town, even though it be but for a day, and no absent son of New Hampshire has a deeper and more filial love for her than he.

The career of Mr. Martin and the work he has accomplished are conspicuous more especially for the reason that he has attained his success solely through his ability and proven fitness, and not by the instrumentality of for-

tuitous circumstances or power of influential friends. In June, 1867, when only fifteen years old, he left the Cambridge (Mass.) public schools and began his life-work as a freight clerk in the Southbridge station, and notwithstanding the early age at which he left school he has ever been regarded as one possessing a fine comprehension of all that passes as knowledge and education. His every position in railroad life has been such as to require intelligence, if not education. It was at the Southbridge station that he mastered the details of freight work so thoroughly as to attract the attention of his superiors and then he was advanced to work in the passenger station and in the yard. No feature of railroad work but what early received his attention and learned its every detail. Efficiency came as a matter of course. He became ticket clerk, yard switchman, and, finally, came to be sent as agent at different stations pending the appointment of a permanent agent. As such he worked practically the whole length of the Boston, Hartford & Erie railroad. Not only did he perform every description of station work but every form of train service as well. He was ever one of those men who could be sought out to fill an emergency call and the efficiency with which he filled every need became in very truth a subject of comment among those cognizant of his daily life. It was as if he had been trained to do the particular work of the hour. The ease with which he could take up a line of work and the thoroughness of its accomplishment are matters that became proverbial among his associates and fellow acquaintances.

Upon the death of his father, in 1880, he succeeded to his position as

the Southbridge station agent, and filled the same until May, 1887, when he resigned to become the chief clerk of the Shore Line division of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, with headquarters at New Haven, Conn. His selection for this position shows in itself the estimate placed upon his abilities as a railroad man by the management of what was at the time one of the leading New England railroads.

In 1890 he returned to the New England road, which was the old Boston, Hartford & Erie, as the agent at Fishkill and Newburgh. In 1892 he returned to Southbridge and again became the agent in that town. The return to his home town was the occasion of general rejoicing on the part of his townsmen, for during all his manhood years few of its citizens had been held in greater esteem. His popularity was not of that kind accorded the village buster, but had its source in a recognition of general all-round worthiness, sincerity, and proven merit and ability. This approbation took a practical form in the fall of the same year of his return to Southbridge in his nomination as a candidate for the Massachusetts legislature in the session of 1893. He was the candidate of the Republican party in a Democratic district, but his personal popularity overcame the opposition majority and he was triumphantly elected. A like district in New Hampshire would have chosen eight men in a like election, a fact here stated to show with greater emphasis the distinct honor given Mr. Martin in his election.

At the close of his legislative term he was offered and accepted the position of chief clerk to the general su-

perintendent of the Old Colony system, of the New Haven road, and held the same until July 1, 1898, when he was made secretary to the general manager. On June 15, 1903, he was made assistant general superintendent of the New York, New Haven & Hartford system, with offices in the south terminal station in Boston. The New Haven, as it is called, is one of the greatest railroad systems in the country, having a passenger and freight traffic that is well-nigh beyond the mental grasp of the layman.

While in Southbridge Mr. Martin held nearly all of the town offices; was chairman of the Republican town committee for a number of years, and one of the selectmen in 1892 and 1893. His home paper, the *Southbridge Press*, in referring to his promotion, says that "it is a matter in which every Southbridge man takes a just pride, for it was in this town that Mr. Martin passed most of his life and where he started on his career as a railroad man, and not only that, but he was beyond doubt the most popular citizen of his time here, and was repeatedly honored by election to the highest offices the people of this town have in their gift, and chosen to represent them on most important special committees. He finally represented them in the legislature and paused at that point, of his own choice and not because the people did not wish to continue honoring him. He found that his growing duties with the railroad company no longer permitted him time for side issues, so he applied himself with his characteristic diligence to railway matters."

The *Boston Herald*, in referring to his appointment as assistant general superintendent of the New Haven road,

with headquarters at Boston, said: "Mr. Martin, who was chief clerk of General Manager Chamberlain up to the time when his office was removed to New Haven, recently received the appointment of general superintendent of the Worcester & Connecticut Street railway, and had located in Putnam, Conn. In selecting him for the important position of assistant general superintendent of the New Haven system, the management, it is said, took into consideration his wide knowledge of the operating department, his extensive acquaintance at this end of the line, and his popularity among all classes of employes. The executive officials took into account also the influence of Mr. Martin's appointment on the entire working force of the company, as it indicated a disposition to make promotions from the ranks, and to show that

there is now a chance of reward for meritorious services."

Mr. Martin was married September 9, 1874, to Miss Jennie McKinstry, daughter of Hon. John O. McKinstry of Southbridge, and they have five children, a daughter, Ethel (now Mrs. John A. Hall of Southbridge, Mass.), and four sons, Robert Batcheller with the Employers' Liability Assurance company, Boston; Stuart Fenno, with Hayden & Stone, bankers and brokers, Boston; and John Otis and Philip Lincoln, who are still in the school-boy age.

As already said, Mr. Martin has a decidedly warm place in his heart for New Hampshire and her people, and it is his ardent hope to some day own a snug little estate somewhere within the state that he can call his own.

A MEMORY.

By Samuel Hoyt.

Because two little arms were twined
About my neck in other days,
I love all childhood's pleading ways,
Nor to its smile am ever blind.

Because two little, tender eyes
Were lifted to the gaze of mine,
I hold all childhood-eyes divine,—
All good and true and pure and wise.

Because two little, busy feet
Once pattered in this dreary hall,
The children's footsteps first of all
I hear along the village street.

Because two little lips once blessed
My own with love's responsive kiss,
I have not deemed it all amiss
If other little lips I pressed.

WANDERINGS.

By Dr. C. E. Boynton.

I stood on the top of a mountain and looked into the distance away,
Just as the first shadows of evening were cast o'er the margins of day;
And afar off beheld the blue ocean and forests of pine stretching wide—
And rivers and lakes in the distance and a town by the mountain side.—
Then I said I will journey always and the world I will traverse o'er
On the land from city to city; on the ocean from shore to shore.

I stood at topmast in mid-ocean, as the sun had sunk down in the sea;
And the sky with the ocean's blue water seemed broad as eternity.
As northward our sails were bending, so already the Borean blast
Had frozen the sleet to the rigging and frozen the yards to the mast.
But I said, I will journey always, and the world I will traverse o'er
From the frozen zone of the Arctic, to the drear Antarctic shore.

I stood on the Western prairie, where fifty years ago
Was heard the whoop of the Indian and the tramp of the buffalo—
But to the very horizon, where the sky and prairies meet
Were seen the homes of farmers and their waving fields of wheat;
And the blast of a locomotive, with her headlight's eye of fire
Came flashing over the gleaming rails, by the side of the lightning's wire.
Then I boarded the flying city, away and away went we
Over the Rocky Mountains, down to the silver sea.

I stood in a jungle solitude, by Lake Nyanza's shore
And heard the wild hyena's cry and the Afric lion's roar.
In the sky the stars were shining and looking through the night;
The Dipper and the Southern Cross, with Orion lent their light;
And in the clear blue above me, as night's twelve hours went by,
All of the constellations beamed out of the cloudless sky,
And I said, it is worth the seeing, so like Arabs we fold our tent,
And wend our way in the tropic wilds of earth's dark continent.

I stood on the sands of a desert, the dark tropic sky overhead;
'Mid the stones of an ancient city that told of a nation dead.
The day was hot and sultry and parched with thirst were we.
When lo! there appeared in the distance a sight we craved to see,
A lake of limpid water, bright as the twinkling stars—
But, alas! the sight deceived us; 'twas only the light's mirage.

Thus still we must journey onward to the oasis far away
To seek for the water and travel—travel by night and day.
Weary and weak with the journey, burned by the simoon's blast—
An Eden we find in the desert and drink of the water, at last.
Refreshed by the crystal fountain, onward the word and we
Will journey the miles before us, over the sandy sea.

Oh! why will man live and loiter, bound down to his childhood's home
When a world of many wonders beckons him forth to roam?
Greater and wiser and better a man will feel, when he
Has trodden the soil of nations and traversed the billowy sea;
Has sailed on the ship of the desert; on the steam kings of land and wave,
And has filled his mind with the wonders, unseen by the home-bound slave.



THOMPSON HALL—MAIN BUILDING.



New Agricultural Building—Morrill Hall.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE AND ITS FACULTY.

By Lucien Thompson.



IN the old town of Durham, on the line of the Boston and Maine railroad, six miles from Dover, is located an institution, which, it is hoped and believed by those who have the welfare of the state at heart, is destined, in the not distant future, to become an important factor in the educational system of New Hampshire. This is the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, commonly known as the "Agricultural College" from the fact that it is one of those institutions the primary provision for which was made by the Congress of the United States in the act of 1862, making a grant of public land for each of the states which should establish and maintain a college for instruction in agriculture and the mechanic arts under certain conditions, in the enactment of which Congressman—afterwards Senator—Morrill of Vermont, one of the strongest friends of the cause of agriculture who ever occupied a seat in either branch of the

national legislature, was largely instrumental, and the main purpose of which measure, as was generally understood by those who followed the discussion in congress and the comments of the newspaper press, was to further the interests of agriculture, the great fundamental industry of the country, by providing means for the better education of those engaging therein.

The land granted by the general government—150,000 acres—was sold for \$80,000, though had it remained for twenty years several times that amount might undoubtedly have been realized.

In 1868 the projected institution was established at Hanover, in connection with Dartmouth college, as the income from the fund realized was entirely inadequate to carry on an independent establishment, and Dartmouth had, meanwhile, come into possession of an estate, devised by the Hon. Daniel Culver of Lyme for the purpose of providing agricultural instruction at that institution. Twenty-five thou-



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM MAIN BUILDING.



The President's Residence.

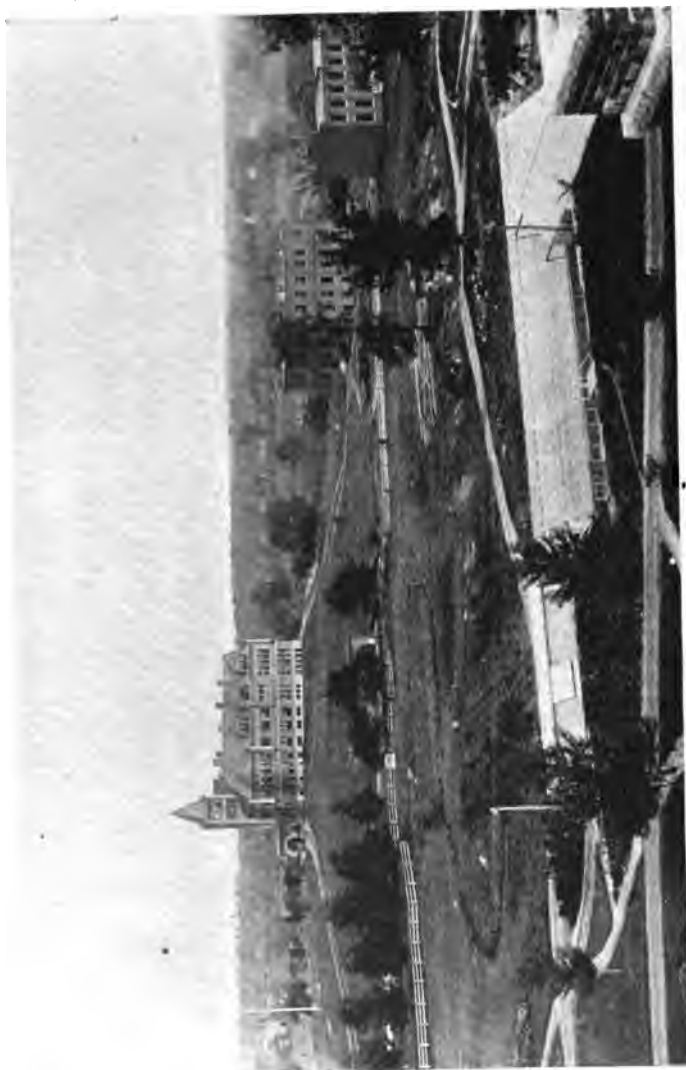
sand dollars was appropriated from the Culver fund toward the erection of a building for recitation rooms and other necessary purposes, the state legislature having voted \$15,000 for the same purpose; and what was known as Culver hall was erected, the work being commenced in 1869 and completed in June, 1871.

Meanwhile Hon. John Conant of Jaffrey, another strong friend of agriculture, had taken an interest in the cause and donated to the college an adjacent farm, which he had purchased for the purpose. He also contributed \$5,000 toward the erection of a building designed for the purpose of furnishing rooms and board for the students, the balance of the cost, amounting to over \$20,000, being furnished by the state. This building, which was completed and opened for use in 1874, was named "Conant Hall." Subsequently Mr. Conant made further con-

tributions in aid of the college, adding largely to the farm and establishing numerous scholarships, including one for each town in the county of Cheshire with two for the town of Jaffrey, the conditions being such that if not taken advantage of by students from such towns they may be otherwise distributed.

The available funds not being sufficient to properly maintain the college and carry on its work, the state legislature was called upon for assistance, and, in 1877, made an appropriation of \$3,000 per annum, for six years for such purpose. Another appropriation of \$2,000 per annum for two years was made in 1883 and in 1885 a perpetual appropriation of \$3,000 per annum was provided for.

In 1887 congress passed an act making a perpetual grant of \$15,000 per annum to each of the states which had accepted the provisions of the act of



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM EXPERIMENT STATION.



Creamery.

1862, for the establishment and maintenance of agricultural experiment stations, which, being accepted by New Hampshire, and the station being established in connection with the college, greatly enhanced the facilities enjoyed for promoting thorough work in scientific and practical agriculture; and the "Morrill bill," so called, passed by congress in 1890, and becoming a law August 30 of that year, which appropriated \$15,000 the first year, the same being increased by \$1,000 each year, until the sum of \$25,000 should be reached, and continuing permanently at the latter figure, vastly increased the means for carrying on the general work of the institution.

By the will of Benjamin Thompson, a successful farmer and prominent citizen of the town of Durham, who died January 30, 1890, the state of New Hampshire, upon compliance with certain conditions, came in possession of his farm in that town, with money and securities to the amount of \$363,000, the conditions being that a college of agriculture, in which the mechanic arts might also be taught, be established and maintained on the farm, and

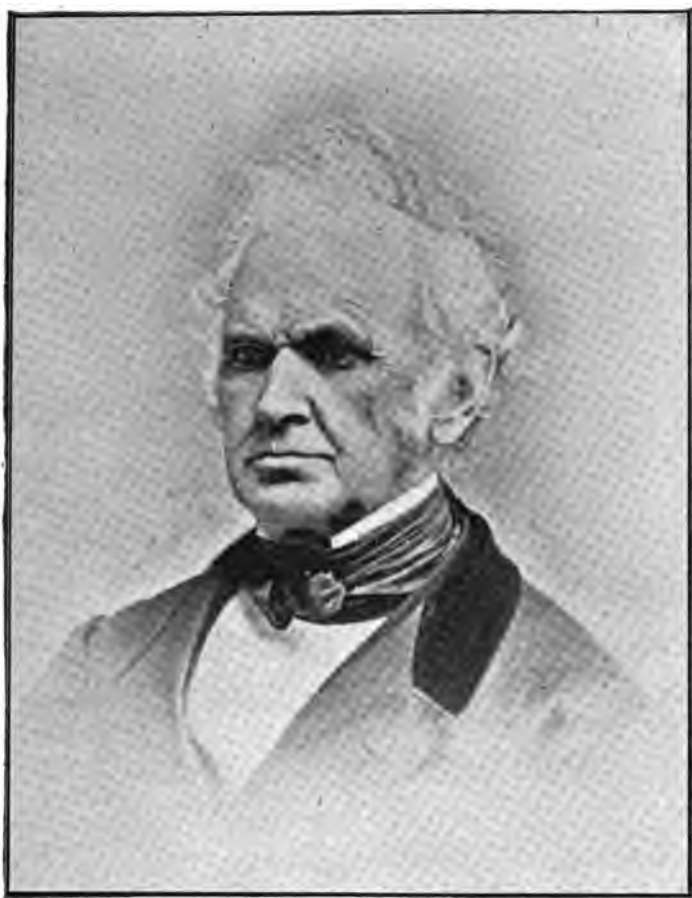
that the funds be invested at four per cent. for twenty years before becoming available for use in support of the institution. The legislature accepted the gift in behalf of the state, and as it had been for some time felt that the college would do better work and attain greater success if separated entirely from Dartmouth college, and removed to some other location, it was determined to remove the Hanover establishment to Durham. Arrangements were accordingly made to that end. The college buildings at Hanover were disposed of to Dartmouth, the other real estate sold, and with the proceeds, and an appropriation of \$100,000, made



Kappa Sigma Society Building.



MILITARY SQUAD.



Judge George W. Nesmith.

by the legislature for the purpose, the work of providing suitable buildings and equipments on the Durham location was actively entered upon in 1892, and rapidly pushed to completion.

The buildings include "Thompson Hall," the main college building, an elegant and substantial structure of brick and granite, 128 by 93 feet, including the offices, library, reading and reference rooms, laboratories, recitation rooms and large auditorium; "Nesmith Hall," a fine two-story brick building, erected for the agricultural

experiment station, and named in honor of the late Hon. George W. Nesmith of Franklin, a warm friend of the college and many years president of the board of trustees; "Conant Hall," otherwise known as the "science building," also a large and substantial brick edifice, containing the laboratories and lecture rooms for instruction in chemistry, physics, and electrical engineering; "Morrill Hall," a handsome new building provided for by the legislature of 1901, and just completed, devoted especially to the agricultural and horticultural depart-



IN THE COLLEGE WOODS.

ments; also substantial work-shops, barns, greenhouses, dairy buildings and other necessary equipments.

Superior heating and lighting plants have been installed, and the water sup-

within two or three minutes' walk of the Durham station.

The courses of study which have been established at this institution include four years' courses in agricul-



Conant Hall—Science Building.
Power Station and Shops.
NeSmith Hall—Experiment Station.

ply is not surpassed. The location is pleasant and healthy, in one of the most attractive sections of the state, and of exceedingly convenient access, being on the main line of the Boston & Maine railroad, and all the buildings

ture, mechanical engineering, electrical engineering, technical chemistry and a general course, the latter originally arranged to meet the demand for the education of women, and which has been broadened and improved till

it now offers the youth of either sex "a liberal education upon a scientific basis," comparing favorably with that obtained in the scientific departments of the best New England colleges.

All students completing either of the four years' courses, and successfully passing the examinations, receive the degree of Bachelor of Science.

A two years' course in agriculture has also been arranged, in compliance with an act of the legislature, passed in 1895, devoted to the study of practical and theoretical agriculture and the natural sciences closely related to successful farming. This course was provided for the benefit, especially, of such young people from the country towns as have not had the advantages of a high school training (the equivalent of which is necessary to admission to the four years' course), or who cannot afford the time to pursue the latter. Admission to this course is open to such as have a fair common school education, or are able to pass "a fair and reasonable examination in reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, English grammar and the geography and history of the United States." Each student completing this course receives a certificate.

Short courses have also been provided, including a ten weeks' winter course in agriculture, and a ten weeks' course in dairying, open to students of any age, and for which no examination is required, though it is desirable that a common school education at least be possessed by those pursuing these courses, which may profitably be taken by almost any farmer, though he may have attained middle life.

The expense attendant upon the pursuit of a college course at this institu-

tion is less than at almost any other college in the country. The tuition is \$60 per annum, and board may be had at a very moderate figure, while the incidental expenses are very light. There are also a large number of scholarships available in the agricultural courses, which provide for the tuition of those securing the same.

This college offers special inducements for the young women of New Hampshire seeking a collegiate education, since it is the only college in the state which opens its doors to women, Dartmouth being accessible to men only. Moreover, the expense attendant upon a course here is less than at most of the female or co-educational colleges of the country, and the instruction furnished is equal to any. When the course in domestic science, now in contemplation, is provided for, the attractions for young lady students will be superior to those of most other institutions.

The supervisory control of this college is in the hands of a board of trustees, consisting of thirteen members, the governor of the state and the president of the college being trustees *ex officio*, one member being chosen by the alumni, and ten being appointed by the governor and council, in such manner that each councilor district in the state shall have at least one representative on the board, and neither political party shall have more than five, the term of each being three years from the date of appointment. The board as now constituted consists of:

His Excellency Nahum J. Bachel-
der, *ex officio*.

William D. Gibbs, M. S., president,
ex officio.

Hon. George A. Wason, New Boston, president of board.

Charles W. Stone, A. M., East Andover.

Hon. Lucien Thompson, Durham, secretary.

Hon. John G. Tallant, Pembroke.

Frederick P. Comings, B. S., Lee, alumni trustee.

George B. Williams, Walpole.

Hon. Warren Brown, Hampton Falls.

Rosecrans W. Pillsbury, Londonderry.

Hon. Richard M. Scammon, Stratham.

Walter Drew, Colebrook.

Hon. George B. Chandler, Manchester.

The college faculty, or board of instruction, as at present constituted, consists of the following:

William D. Gibbs, M. S., president and director.

Charles H. Pettee, A. M., C. E., dean and professor of mathematics and civil engineering.

Clarence W. Scott, A. M., professor of history and political economy.

Fred W. Morse, M. S., professor of organic chemistry.

Charles L. Parsons, B. S., professor of general and analytical chemistry.

Clarence M. Weed, D. Sc., professor of zoölogy and entomology.

Frank William Rane, B. Ag., M. S., professor of horticulture and forestry.

Carleton A. Read, S. B., professor of mechanical engineering.

Vernon A. Caldwell, captain, U. S. Army, professor of military science and tactics.

F. W. Taylor, B. S., professor of agriculture.

Arthur F. Nesbit, S. B., A. M., associate professor of physics and electrical engineering.

Joseph H. Hawes, associate professor of drawing.

Richard Whoriskey, Jr., A. B., associate professor of modern languages.

E. L. Shaw, B. S., assistant professor of agriculture.

WILLIAM D. GIBBS, M. S.

President and Director of the Experiment Station.

William D. Gibbs, M. S., president of the college and director of the experiment station, who was unanimously elected by the trustees, August 1, upon the recommendation of the special committee appointed to recommend a successor to Dr. Charles S. Murkland, who resigned last spring after a ten years' incumbency, is a native of Illinois, and graduated from the University of Illinois, after taking a four years' course in agriculture, in 1893. He held a fellowship in the university the following year, teaching bacteriology, stock feeding, and stock breeding, and taking the degree of M. S.

He spent one year at the University of Wisconsin as a special student in soil physics, under the noted specialist, Professor F. H. King. In 1895 he was expert assistant in the division of soils in the United States department of agriculture, under Professor Whitney. In September of the same year he became assistant professor of agriculture at the Ohio State university, afterwards associate professor, and then full professor.

In the fall of 1901 he was tendered the position of professor of agriculture at the New Hampshire college. President Thompson of the Ohio State university and Prof. Thomas F. Hunt,



William D. Gibbs, M. S.

dean of the College of Agriculture, desired him to remain and offered him special inducements to that end. The New Hampshire college then tendered him the position of director of the experiment station, in addition to that of professor of agriculture, with a salary exceeded only by the president of the college. The offer was accepted and Professor Gibbs began his duties January 1, 1902. At Durham his strong power and influence was manifest to all, and when he resigned the following August to enter a larger field in the Empire state of Texas, with a much larger salary, the faculty, students, and citizens realized that his departure was a great loss to the college, and are now greatly pleased to learn that he will

return as the head of the college and station.

President Gibbs is about thirty-four years of age, a good speaker, popular as an instructor, an authority on soil physics, and fond of scientific research.

He was highly recommended for the presidency of this college by Dr. A. C. True, director of the United States experiment stations, Washington, D. C., who said, "He is without doubt among the most promising young men engaged in agricultural education in this country." Dr. Eugene Davenport, dean and director of the College of Agriculture and director of the experiment station of Illinois, said: "He is a man of broad views, and good judgment. He believes in himself enough

to be able to make and execute plans, and is modest enough to forget himself in their success. He is of good presence, agreeable in his relations, and tireless in his energy. He is a farmer

love for his work and desire to be of service.

While in Texas he held the positions of dean of the department of agriculture, director of experiment stations,



Charles H. Pettee, A. M., C. E.

by birth and by training and is destined to be widely known as an organizer."

While in Durham, Professor Gibbs spoke before many agricultural institutes, dairymen's meetings, and granges, and always impressed his audiences with his intellectual strength,

director of the state farmers' institutes, and secretary and treasurer of the farmers' congress.

In a country town like Durham, the wife of the president of the college exerts a great influence socially with the students, and Mrs. Gibbs, who is a re-

financed and educated woman, can easily fill the position of social and literary leader among the ladies of the town. In Ohio she filled with great success the chair of domestic science in the State university. She will be a great addition to the several literary clubs in the town.

With President Gibbs at the head of this institution, with the agricultural people of the state working with him, and he, working in hearty sympathy with them, determined to make the agricultural course a popular one; upheld by trustees and faculty, we may look for rapid increase in the attendance during the next two years.

CHARLES H. PETTEE, A. M., C. E.

Dean and Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering.

Professor Pettee was born in Manchester, N. H., February 2, 1853. He prepared for college in the Manchester public schools and graduated from Dartmouth in 1874, taking second honors and giving the salutatory oration at Commencement.

In 1876 he graduated from the Thayer School of Civil Engineering and at once became instructor in that school, and also in the Agricultural college, then located at Hanover. In 1877 he was elected professor of mathematics and civil engineering, which position he still holds. In 1887 he was made dean, and up to the time of a resident president, in 1893, he had practical oversight of the college.

May 1, 1903, Professor Pettee became acting president of the college and performed the duties of the office to the satisfaction of all until Prof. W. D. Gibbs became resident president. He is the oldest professor in actual ser-

vice in the college. He has been very influential in church and grange work, as well as in all matters of public interest. He owns a business block, a dormitory, several houses, a water supply plant, and considerable real estate and has great faith in the future of the college and of the town.

Professor Pettee married Miss Luella E. Swett of Hanover, and is the father of four children. His oldest daughter is a graduate of the New Hampshire college and has attended Columbia college for two years past. His son, Horace J. Pettee, is a junior in the New Hampshire college and prominent in college work.

CLARENCE W. SCOTT, A. M.

Professor of History and Political Economy.

Professor Scott was born in Plymouth, Vt. He prepared for college at Kimball Union academy, Meriden, N. H., spending the winters in teaching and entering Dartmouth college in 1870, teaching three winters during his college course and graduating in 1874.

Professor Scott was the librarian of Dartmouth college from 1874 to 1878. In 1876 he began teaching mathematics and rhetoric in the New Hampshire college. In 1879 he was admitted to the bar in Windsor county, Vermont. In 1878 he was made instructor in English and political science. In 1881 he was made professor of English language and literature, the chair including history and political science. In 1894 the title was changed to that of professor of history and political economy, and he continues to give instruction in American literature, which he has made a special study. Professor Scott is the college



Clarence W. Scott, A. M.

librarian, and to him is due much credit for the rapid increase of the college library, and for improved library facilities. Professor Scott has been a director of the Durham Library association for the past ten years and a trustee of the Durham public library for the same period. He is also a trustee of the Congregational society in Durham and a member of Scammell grange.

Professor Scott is a member of the American Historical association. He

has been connected with the college for the past twenty-seven years and is popular with the faculty and students.

While living in Hanover, Professor Scott was married to Miss Harriet C. Field of Duluth, Minn., and they have one son and two daughters.

FRED W. MORSE, M. S.
Professor of Organic Chemistry and Vice-Director of the Experiment Station.

Professor Morse graduated from the Worcester Polytechnic institute in 1887, receiving the degree of Bachelor

of Science. He entered the laboratory of the Massachusetts state experiment station as an assistant chemist in August and remained until May 1, 1888.

He was appointed assistant chemist of the New Hampshire experiment station and entered upon the duties of the position May 15, 1888, and on the first day of the following March he was appointed chemist. In April he became instructor in chemistry in the New Hampshire college, and in the following June was elected professor of chemistry. In 1891 the title was changed to professor of organic chemistry. In 1896 he was appointed vice-director of the experiment station. Here he had charge of the work of the station, the president of the college be-

many college bulletins and is a popular lecturer before the farmers' institutes, held by the state board of agriculture.

He was given the degree of master of science by the Worcester Polytechnic institute in 1900, for a thesis on "The Phosphates of the Island of Redonda, West Indies." He has been a trustee of the Durham public library since 1893, and is the president of the board, and is also a member of Scammell grange. Professor Morse is married and has one son.

CHARLES LATHROP PARSONS, B. S.

Professor of General and Analytical Chemistry.

Professor Parsons was born in New Marlboro, Mass., March 23, 1867. He graduated from the chemical course of Cornell university in 1888. He became assistant chemist at the New Hampshire experiment station in 1888, instructor in the New Hampshire college in 1890, professor of general and analytical chemistry in 1892.

When the college was about to be removed from Hanover to Durham he planned and supervised the erection and equipment of the chemical laboratories in the Science building. To his push and ability is due the fact that his department received better equipments than any other department.

Professor Parsons is a member of the American Chemical society and was elected councilor of the same in 1902. He is a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and the secretary of its chemical section, 1903-1908; reporter on Nitrogen Associations of Official Agricultural Chemists, 1903; member of the Deutsche Chemische Gesellschaft (German Chemical society); author of many scientific papers, embodying original



Fred W. Morse, M. S.

ing acting director. He performed the duties of the position with great care and impressed everyone with his accuracy.

Professor Morse is the author of

research, published in chemical journals, and joint author with Dr. A. J. Moses of Columbia university of a treatise on "Mineralogy, Crystallography, and Blowpipe Analysis," which is more

Parsons entertain in royal style. He has five children.

The results from the graduates of the course in chemistry have been very flattering. They are received by all the leading American and foreign universities on a par with their own for post-graduate study and are obtaining good situations at good salaries. At present the demand for graduates of this course exceeds the supply.



Charles Lathrop Parsons, B. S.

largely and generally used as a textbook than any other work on the subject and is now entering on its third edition.

Professor Parsons has been abroad several times and investigated the work of his department in foreign lands. He is interested in historical matters and recently delivered an exhaustive address before the New Hampshire Historical society upon the capture of Fort William and Mary, December 14 and 15, 1774. He holds the office of deputy governor of the General Society of Colonial Wars. Since he came to Durham he has purchased a very desirable homestead in the village and thoroughly remodeled the house, making it one of the most attractive houses in the town where the professor and Mrs.

CLARENCE MOORES WEED, D. SC.

Professor of Zoölogy and Entomology.

Dr. Weed was born thirty-eight years ago in Toledo, Ohio, and moved to Lansing, Mich., at an early date, where he was educated. He has received the following degrees: B. Sc.,



Clarence Moores Weed, D. Sc.

Michigan Agricultural college, 1883; M. Sc., 1884; D. Sc., Ohio State university. After graduating he was associated with Orange Judd on the *Prairie Farmer*, in Chicago, for two

years, then became assistant state entomologist of Illinois for three or four years; then entomologist at the Ohio experiment station until called to New Hampshire in 1891, as professor of zoölogy and entomology at the New Hampshire college. He was appointed state nursery inspector in 1903.

Dr. Weed is the author of many bulletins from the Ohio and New Hampshire experiment stations, has contributed many interesting articles for various leading magazines, and is the author of a dozen books, including "Insects and Insecticides," "Spraying Crops," "The Flower Beautiful," "Nature Biographies," "Life Histories of American Insects," "Stories of Insect Life," etc.

Dr. Weed and Ned Dearborn, D. Sc., assistant curator, department of birds, Field Columbian Museum, Chicago, have just published "Birds in their Relation to Man" (380 pages, illustrated). This work will ever be an authority on the subject and used as a text-book in the schools and colleges. Dr. Dearborn received his degree, D. Sc., for post-graduate work at the New Hampshire college, under Dr. Weed.

He is the author of a monograph on "Harvest Spiders," published by the Smithsonian institute, Washington, D. C. He was chairman of the school board in Durham the past year and unanimously reëlected last March for a term of three years. He has specialized in the subject of nature study in the schools of the state and recently issued four nature study leaflets. He was chairman of the committee that prepared the "Outline of Nature Study for New Hampshire Schools," adopted in 1902 by the State Teachers' association. Dr. Weed is in charge of the de-

partment of nature study in Martha's Vineyard Summer institute, and for the past two years has been instructor in nature study in the New Hampshire Summer institute. He has been president of the Cambridge Entomological club, and is now vice-president of the National Association of Economic Entomologists, and has been for many years editor of the entomological department of the *American Naturalist*. He is married and has three children.

Students under Dr. Weed have received good positions. One of the first special students was W. E. Britton, now state entomologist of Connecticut; another is managing editor of *Everywhere*; a post-graduate student, previously mentioned, is Dr. Ned Dearborn of the Field Museum, Chicago. Many others are teachers. In educational circles and as an author, Dr. Weed is probably the best known throughout the country of any member of the faculty.

FRANK WILLIAM RANE, B. AG., M. S.

Professor of Horticulture and Forestry.

Professor Rane was born December 11, 1868, at Whitmore Lake, Mich.; educated at Ann Arbor High school, '86; Ohio State university, B. Agr., '91; Cornell university, M. S., '92; elected horticulturist and microscopist to the West Virginia agricultural experiment station in the fall of '92; elected professor of agriculture and horticulture in the West Virginia university, '93; elected professor of agriculture and horticulture in the New Hampshire college, and agriculturist and horticulturist to the New Hampshire experiment station, '95; elected professor of horticulture and horticulturist to the New Hampshire experi-

ment station, '98; elected professor of horticulture and forestry, 1900.

He was organizer and secretary of the West Virginia State Horticultural science, '94; member of the Society of for the Promotion of Agricultural Science, '94; member the Society of Economic Entomologists of America, '93; member of the American Pomological society, '94; member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, '92, and fellow of the



Frank William Rane, B. Ag., M. S.

same, '98; lecturer Massachusetts board of agriculture since 1900; lecturer before the Massachusetts State Horticultural society, session 1902; lecturer before the Rhode Island state board of agriculture, 1902; lecturer before the Maine state board of agriculture, 1901; lecturer Maine State Pomological society, 1902 and 1903; lecturer New Hampshire state board of agriculture and State Horticultural society since 1895; Pomologist New Hampshire State Horticultural society since '95;

member of the American Forestry association and the Society for the Protection of the New Hampshire Forests; member of the Phi Delta Theta () college fraternity, and the Alpha Zeta (A Z) agricultural honorary college fraternity; member of the grange, Free Masons, and the Congregational church. He is the author of many experiment station bulletins and other articles on agriculture, horticultural and forestry subjects. He married in 1893 Elizabeth M. Bailey (University of Michigan). They have three children, two girls and a boy.

Professor Rane was prominent in athletics while in college, winning the all-round gold medal at the Ohio State university in '91, and lowering the Cornell university 100 yards dash record in '92, and holding the same for ten years. He played, also, on baseball and football teams and was president of the athletic and oratorical associations when in college.

CARLETON ALLEN READ, S. B.

Professor of Mechanical Engineering.

Professor Read was born in North Hanover, Mass., and received his early education in the public schools and at Worcester academy. He graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, department of mechanical engineering, in 1891.

From 1891 to 1899 he was assistant and instructor in mechanical engineering in the laboratories of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Since 1899 Professor Read has been at the head of the department of mechanical engineering and in charge of the shops and the power and service department at the New Hampshire college. He is a member of the American Society of



Carleton Allen Read, S. B.

Mechanical Engineers, the Society of Arts, and National Association of Stationary Engineers. He is licensed in Massachusetts as a first-class engineer.

Professor Read from time to time has been engaged in boiler and engine testing and in designing and inspecting heating and ventilating systems. He has written papers published in the transactions of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the *Technology Quarterly* and other engineering papers. He is a member of Scammell grange and secretary of the Durham Village Improvement society; is married and has two children.

Students taking the mechanical engineering courses are holding excellent positions and receiving good salaries.

ARTHUR F. NESBIT, S. B., A. M.

Associate Professor of Physics and Electrical Engineering.

Professor Nesbit was born at Milton, Pa., in 1870. He graduated from

Lafayette college, Easton, Pa., from which institution he received the degree A. B., in 1892. During the years 1892-'95 he attended the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston, where he spent three years in the electrical engineering course, and consequently repeated nearly all of the mathematics and all the physics, two foundation subjects required in the course, graduating with the degree of S. B. in electrical engineering in 1895.

Professor Nesbit the same year was given the honorary degree of A. M. by Lafayette college in recognition of his work at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

In June, 1895, Professor Nesbit was chosen to take charge of the department of physics and electrical engineering, and he has built up his department by hard and persistent work. His faithful services received recognition at the last meeting of the board of trustees, by an increase in salary and prom-



Arthur F. Nesbit, S. B., A. M.

ise of an assistant in his department.

Professor Nesbit belongs to the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, and to the Congregational church, of which he is an influential member.

JOSEPH H. HAWES.

Associate Professor of Drawing.

Joseph Henry Hawes was born in South Weymouth, Mass., March 10,



Joseph H. Hawes.

1869. He attended the Weymouth schools, graduating from the South High in 1886. August 30 of the same year he accepted a position as book-keeper with C. A. Hunt (afterwards Hunt & Elwell), of South Weymouth, continuing with them until the partnership was dissolved, a little over five years in all. During the winter of 1890-'91, the business having been removed to Boston, he attended the Boston evening drawing school, then at Tennyson street, George Jepson, principal, taking the machine drawing

course. This course was continued the following year and a position of book-keeper to the Brooks Banknote and Lithographic Co., Roxbury, Mass., was filled from November, 1891, to January, 1892. Professor Hawes was draftsman for the Golden Gate Concentration Works, then of High street, Boston, from February to June, 1892, and entered the Massachusetts Normal Art school, Boston, in October, 1892, and at the same time accepted a position as instructor of the machine drawing classes in the Waltham (Mass.) evening drawing school, which position was held for four years. In 1894 he graduated from classes A and C at the M. N. A. S. Class A is elementary free-hand and mechanical drawing. Class C includes machine, architectural, and ship drafting. In 1894-'95, a year at the M. N. A. S. was spent on the work of class B, on charcoal drawing and water and oil painting, artistic anatomy, and history of art. From December, 1895, to August, 1896, he was draftsman in the office of the Boston Transit commission, working on design and drawings of the Boston subway. In September, 1894, he qualified for a position as instructor in instrumental drawing for the Boston evening drawing schools, and in October, 1895, received an appointment as assistant in the school held at Mechanic Arts High school building, serving through the year of 1895-'96. He also had private practice in drawing and instruction.

In August, 1896, he resigned the position as draftsman with B. T. C., also positions as instructor in the Boston and Waltham evenings schools to accept a position at the New Hampshire college as instructor of drawing. He

has been associate professor of drawing since 1899. He has been a member of the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education since 1900. He is a member of Scammell grange, is married and has one child.

RICHARD WHORISKEY, JR., A. B.
Associate Professor of Modern Languages.

Professor Whoriskey was born December 2, 1875, in Cambridge, Mass.



Richard Whoriskey, Jr., A. B.

He was graduated at Cambridge Latin school in the class of 1893. He entered Harvard university and received the degree of A. B. in 1897. During the years 1897-'98 and 1898-'99 he was a student in pedagogy in the graduate school of Harvard university, during which period he was student-teacher at Medford High school and Cambridge evening schools.

In the summer of 1899 he studied at Bonn, Germany, with Professor Hofner of the University of Giessen. In the summer of 1901 he studied in Paris.

He spent the summer of the present year, 1903, as a student in Russia, under Professor Wiener at the Harvard summer school.

In January, 1899, he was appointed instructor in modern languages at the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts. The following year he was made assistant professor of modern languages at that institution, and in September, 1902, he became associate professor.

He is a member of the Harvard union, the Athletic association of Harvard graduates, the Harvard Teachers' association, the National Educational association, and is treasurer of the gymnasium fund of the New Hampshire College Athletic association. He is an unusually good instructor in the classroom and popular with the students.

INSTRUCTORS.

Mr. John N. Brown has for many years been the efficient instructor in machine work.

Mr. Ivan C. Weld is the instructor in dairying. He received practical instruction under the late Prof. C. H. Waterhouse. Mr. Weld has recently returned from a foreign trip, where he has been studying dairy methods.

Mr. Edward H. Hancock, B. S., is the instructor in mechanism and woodwork. He is a graduate of the New Hampshire college.

Mr. Harry F. Hall, assistant in horticulture, has proved to be a valuable man in developing the practical work in the horticultural operations of the farm and greenhouse. His horticultural exhibits at the various fairs for many years have attracted attention.

Mr. Percy A. Campbell, a senior in the New Hampshire college, is the farm

superintendent, and during the summer vacation has shown that he is a practical farmer. He is assisted in the care of the barn and stock by Dana I. Page.

Among the new men who will commence their duties with the New Hampshire college this fall are the following: Mr. H. B. Pulsifer of Lebanon, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1903, who has been elected instructor in chemistry; Mr. H. V. Hendricks of Holden, Mass., a graduate of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, has been elected assistant in physics and electrical engineering. He was second honor man in the general science course, specializing in electrical engineering and physics.

Mr. Ernest R. Groves of Rochester, instructor in English and philosophy. Mr. Groves is a graduate of Dartmouth, '03, and was the only member of his class who won the honor in this branch expressed by the term "*summa cum laude*." He had been offered a chance to take a post-graduate course in philosophy at Dartmouth, and to act as assistant to Professor Campbell, but naturally preferred this position. He will take the classes in instruction that had been assigned to President Murkland in previous years.

Mr. Harold H. Scudder of Washington, D. C., has been chosen assistant chemist at the experiment station and is already here. He was graduated from Dartmouth last June, and has had practical experience in the line of work that he has undertaken, through having worked during his vacation in the department at Washington, under the chief chemist, Professor Wiley, and by whom he was most strongly recommended.

F. W. TAYLOR, B. S.

Professor of Agriculture.

Professor Taylor was born on a farm and has always been associated with farm work. He graduated from the High school at Wooster, Ohio, in 1893, and afterwards took a literary course at the University of Wooster. In the fall of 1897 he entered the agricultural course at the Ohio State university, where he graduated in 1900.

He spent eight summer vacations and the whole of the first year out of college at the Ohio experiment station.

In July, 1901, he entered the bureau of soils at Washington, where he has been engaged up to the present time. He has been engaged in soil survey work in New Jersey, Mississippi, South Carolina, and California. Since the first of last January Professor Taylor has had charge of a field party investigating the chemical and physical properties of certain soils in New Jersey and southern Maryland.

Mr. Whitney, chief of the bureau of soils, recommends him very highly and is sorry to lose him from the force, but has granted him indefinite leave of absence, and Professor Taylor can at any time return to Washington if he so desires. The agricultural department at Washington has every disposition to help the New Hampshire station and college, and doubtless some lines of work will be taken up here in coöperation with the national department.

Professor Taylor takes up his work at the New Hampshire college September 1, 1903, where he will hold the position of professor of agriculture, and also agriculturist at the experiment station. He will teach agronomy, and his assistant professor, E. L. Shaw, will teach the animal industry studies.

Professor Shaw graduated from the same institution two years later than Professor Taylor. Professor Shaw has taught animal industry at the Missouri State college the past year with great success.

securing so good professors for the agricultural department, and this department is better equipped in every way than ever before. The farmers should improve the opportunity now offered them for the education of their sons.

President Gibbs is much elated on

MY BOYHOOD HOME.*

By Charles W. Millen.

I love it still, my boyhood home,
I love its fields and hills to roam,
To hunt its woods, to fish its brooks,
And rest within its shady nooks;
With joy I watch on sunny day,
The shadows on the mountains play,
Or hear, at eve, both clear and shrill,
The plaintive notes of whippoorwill.

Some new delight, at every turn,
Or pleasing sight, wakes fresh concern;
On yonder hill the feeding herd,
On tree near by, a singing bird,
A woodchuck shying in the grass,
Along the road a tripping lass,
Or hen, just cackling from her nest,
With all the brood's approving zest.

Such landscape spreads before my eyes,
As nowhere else beneath the skies;
To picture which, I vainly ask,
Ah, who is equal to the task?
Of scenes less grand, skilled bards have sung
In choicest phrase of human tongue,
And heaven and earth full tribute paid
To Fancy's royal accolade.

And what is left? The birds that fly—
That skim the ground and cleave the sky—
No more observe, nor higher soar,
Than keen-eyed, swift-winged birds of yore.
Have Homer, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Scott,
A legend, fable, myth forgot?
The splendors of Aurora play
O'er themes and scenes which they portray.

*The author's early home is a hill farm situated two miles south of the village of Littleton, and one mile east of the Ammonoosuc river. It commands a view of the Ammonoosuc valley for a distance of fifteen miles, and the range of the White Mountains from Mt. Washington on the north to Moosilauke on the south, a distance of thirty miles.

Could my full soul its rapture pour,
My muse to heights Olympic soar,
I still, like beggar at the gate,
In silent awe and hope would wait
If I some mystic pen might find,
Deep-dipped in rainbow hues combined,
Or rather, power supreme, to write
This vision, dear to human sight.

'Twere vain to wait for tongue of fire,
For breath divine, or magic lyre;
Yet lover's heart would surely break,
If he could not expression make
Of passions that his soul consume;
And, with this plea, I dare presume
To let my heart its fondness speak,
Though fancy halt and words be weak.

This hallowed spot, in Littleton,
Looks out on lofty Madison;
Proud Lafayette is plain to view,
With Adams and Moosehillock, too;
While just beyond fair Eustis' sheen,
Famed Agioochook's† crown is seen,
And, late in June, its white cap shows
The weight of surly winter's snows.

Those "Crystal Hills" that pierce the sky,
Oft veil themselves, like maidens shy;
Of changeful aspect, varying mood,
By guests they are not understood;
Remote, reserved, and sensitive,
They do not quick acquaintance give,
But slowly yield their subtle charms
To waiting eyes and outstretched arms.

We see them hail the morning sun,
Their glory view when day is done;
We watch warm vapors kiss their cheeks,
Or somber clouds above their peaks,
Wind-borne, their moving shadows cast;
We see them when the rain falls fast,
Till seam and gorge and gulf run o'er
And on the vales their largess pour.

We see them breast the hurricane,
And fancy they must feel keen pain,
As, down their bare or verdured sides,
Too oft occur terrific slides;

† Agioochook—the Indian name of Mt. Washington, the highest peak of the White Mountain range.

We see them when fierce lightnings flash,
And awful thunders roll and crash,
As if grim Pluto's breath of fire
Had brought destruction swift and dire.

Beyond their panoramic view
Of combinations ever new,
The hills of strength and firmness preach,
And facts for daily use they teach;
As weather-bureau, they inform
The dwellers 'round of coming storm;
Barometers, that never fail,
They augur sunshine, rain or gale.

How sweet the breath of mountain air!
How cool the showers from summits bare!
Those hills do not stern giants stand,
But gracious angels in the land.
We know them and fond friendship feel,
As they their character reveal;
And, turning toward them reverent gaze,
We shout their Maker's lofty praise.

There, Ammonoosuc's winding stream—
A silver ribbon's sunlit gleam—
Flows calm through grassy meads and dales,
More fruitful than Arcadian vales.
Along the meadow's margin neat,
Rise homes and church and learning's seat;
In plain simplicity they stand,
The moral bulwarks of our land.

The habits, forms, and hues divine—
The face of this fair scene—are mine;
Men own the forests and the farms,
But hold no deed to Nature's charms;
And theirs the mills beside the stream,
But not the river's radiant gleam,
For God reserves the landscape gay,
To those who feel its magic sway.

If fleeting days do utter speech,
And awesome nights fair knowledge teach;
If joyful stars of morning sung,
Then all the works of God have tongue;
To Him a worship pure goes up
From every flowret's incense cup,
And trees and hills glad paeans raise,
Though men forget to voice His praise.

Between the vales that smiling lie,
And mountain altars near the sky,
Stretch wondrous vistas, picturesque
As quaintest gems of arabesque;
Here, toilsome slopes, there, restful bowers,
And yonder, rugged cliffs and towers,
Suggesting how the earnest soul
May seek, in hope, Ambition's goal.

How dear the carols of the thrush,
The linnet's song in hedge and bush,
The warble of the bluebird gay,
And bobolink's pleasing roundelay!
The numerous minstrels of sweet song
Still to my early home belong;
And murmurs of the hills and trees
Are yet celestial symphonies.

The clover blushing in the field,
The orchard-bloom and flowers, all yield
A perfume sweeter far to me,
Than odorous plants of Araby.
The brook that flows beneath the hill,
More charm contains than classic rill
Of Helicon; yon bowers of pine,
More sacred than Dodona's shrine.

For stream and grove and field and flowers
Beguiled my boyhood's happy hours;
And memories weave a potent spell
Beyond the power of tongue to tell;
And hither manhood's steps return,
To each blest spot, withal, to learn
What change full fifty years have wrought,
What wisdom gained from lessons taught.

Ah, happy hills and pleasing shades!
Ah, fruitful fields and wooded glades!
The fragrant winds that from you blow,
New strength, new life, new bliss bestow;
Once more with boyhood's eyes I see,
And feel my boyhood's painless glee;
'To kindred, friends, to all—'tis plain—
I live my boyhood o'er again.



GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, LAKE WENTWORTH. (ISLAND POND)

NOTE.—The writer of this paper is greatly indebted for the historical facts to the researches of William Hill, Esq., of Plaistow, the "History of Hampstead," by Miss Harretta Noyes, and Currier's "History of Old Newbury."

By George Roby Bennette.



F the many lakes that help to make beautiful the landscape of southern New Hampshire, there are perhaps none that for beauty of surroundings and the richness of its historical interest can compare with the so-called Island Pond (christened Lake Wentworth), situated in the southern part of Rockingham county, between and forming a part of the towns of Derry, Salem, and Hampstead, and covering, with its many islands, some nine hundred acres.

From time immemorial its shores and peaceful waters have been the resort of the fisherman and pleasure-seeker, and the arrow-heads and many rude weapons and other articles of Indian manufacture, found on its shores, go to show that the original owners of the waters knew and appreciated its many beauties and advantages.

Its shores are beautifully diversified by wood and field, and within a few years the numerous camps that have been built along its sides, and beneath the shelter of its murmuring pines, have brought many pilgrims from the neighboring cities to enjoy its health-giving airs and its charming scenery.

Numerous islands dot its placid bosom, and the somber pine and graceful birch vie with the stately elm and dark spreading evergreen in forming

one of those quiet cloisters of nature, where the tired competitor in the busy marts of life may come, and, leaving care behind, enjoy her, face to face.

The two largest islands are Escambuet, so called from an Indian chief of that name, said to have had his wigwam there beneath the shelter of its trees, and Governor's island, named for one of its first owners.

Local tradition has it that Escambuet was the stopping-place of the northern Indians the night before their historical raid on Haverhill, where Hannah Dustin was carried into captivity.

With the exception, perhaps, of some of the seaboard towns, no place in southern New Hampshire has been more intimately associated with the names and lives of men who helped to make New England what it is than Governor's island, the largest of the group. It is said that there is an acre in it for every day in the year, though the old survey gives it five hundred.

Its first single owner was the Hon. Richard Saltonstall of Haverhill in the colony of Massachusetts, who received it from the proprietors of Haverhill, of which it then formed a part, as a partial compensation for the valuable services he gave that town in the spring of 1731.

Saltonstall was born in Haverhill,

June 24, 1703; graduated from Harvard in 1722, was commissioned as colonel in 1726, judge of the superior court in 1736, and was for several years one of the council of his majesty George the Second. He died in 1756. Saltonstall sold the island in 1734 to Jonathan Eastman, and his uncle, Peter Green, who sold it to Benning Wentworth.

dragged through the woods for weeks, until they reached Canada, when she made her escape by the help of a kind-hearted French woman who secreted her in her own house for three years, where her husband found her and led her back through the wilderness to Haverhill, where they lived for many years, and became the progenitors of a long line of men and women who have



"The chimney still standing . . . The high, massive walls of stones picked from the fields."

Jonathan Eastman was a son of Jonathan Eastman and his wife, Hannah (Green) Eastman. The latter was called by the Indians "Fat Hannah" and was taken by them from Haverhill in 1704 and carried to Canada. At the time of the assault on the garrison house she was in bed with a young daughter, only eight days old. After seeing the infant's brains dashed out by the inhuman foe, she was forced to rise, and, in her scanty clothing, was

made their mark on the nation's record.

In April of 1741 the island was purchased by Benning Wentworth of Portsmouth, the recently appointed governor of the province of New Hampshire, for whom it was named and in whose possession it remained until his death in 1770, twenty-two years.

Benning Wentworth was born in Portsmouth in 1695, the oldest son of



"The skeletons of old trees."

Lieut.-Gov. John Wentworth, and graduated from Harvard in 1715. He served in his father's counting house for some years, but afterwards went to sea, where he soon became captain of one of the company's ships. After the appointment of John as governor, Benning left the sea and took charge of the business of the family.

He was chosen to represent his native town in the assembly in 1730, and was appointed councilor for the king in 1734, when he made several trips to England and is said to have had his lodgings in Hampstead, near London. Upon the removal of Governor Belcher, in 1741, he was appointed to his place. He died in 1770, the most popular governor of New Hampshire under provincial rule.

There are no records of any improvements on the island during its ownership by Saltonstall, though on

its southern end are the traces of old cellars, of which there is no history. Old people who lived a hundred years ago could give no account of them, or of those who had lived there; but under Wentworth the wilderness blossomed and bore fruit.

On a high, rocky bluff, extending into the lake at the northern end of the island, he built a hunting lodge and farmhouse, with ample barns and out-houses, enclosed by massive stone walls, most of them still standing. They were constructed of the rough stones near at hand and their thickness and height (some of them at least ten feet) seem to prove that they were built for protection as well as for an enclosure. The lodge was burned somewhere in the fifties, and the farmhouse, later on, was taken down and rebuilt on the mainland.

The big chimney, still standing with

the foundations of barns and other buildings, the vegetable cellar, built into the ground on the side of the bluff and arched with stone, as was the fashion in those days, together with the skeletons of fruit trees that show the marks of a century's struggle with the elements scattered about the island, show that at one time farming must have been carried on extensively.

Entrance is obtained to the island by boat, and also by a narrow causeway at the south end, called the Red Gate. On the Derry side, a long pier of huge boulders, running into the water, shows where an effort was made to bridge the lake on that side, they having evidently been moved on to the ice in winter and allowed to sink into place with the return of spring.

After the governor's death the island became the property of his widow,

the fair Amy Wentworth, of Whittier's poem, and tradition tells of letters wherein are written tales of pleasant journeys on horseback through the half-settled country between Portsmouth and Birch Farm (the name by which it was then known), and of happy hours passed beneath its sylvan shades.

In 1780 the fair widow sold the island to Tristram Dalton of Newburyport, by no means the least noteworthy of the many who have been its owners. He was born in Newbury in 1728, son of Capt. Michael Dalton, and his wife, Mary Little. He graduated from Harvard in 1755, and in law a few years later. In 1774 he was elected delegate to the provincial congress, and in 1776 representative to the general court. During the Revolutionary war he was a strong sup-



"Willows along the shore."

porter of the Continental government, and was a member of the constitutional convention. He was elected by Massachusetts as one of the two senators to the First congress. He died in Boston in 1817.

Dalton sold the island in 1799 to Jonathan Wright; Wright's heirs to Thomas Huse in 1802; Huse to Isaac Colby in 1810; Colby to Gov. Edward Everett, whose brother Frank lived on the farm and died there in 1815.

Isaac Colby bought the island of Thomas Huse for forty-five hundred dollars. (It is now valued at fifteen thousand.) He had three sons born there. Nathaniel Berry, for many years master carpenter and bridge inspector for the Boston and Worcester railroad, Allen Colby, roadmaster for the Portland and Kennebec railroad, and James Knight Colby, principal for years of the St. Johnsbury (Vermont) academy, and father of James Fair-

banks Colby, professor of law at Dartmouth college.

Everett sold it to Nathaniel Gilman of Exeter, a man well known in New Hampshire's history. In 1864 it was bought by Tappan Carter of Hampstead, father of the irrepressible Hosea B., who after clearing it of the magnificent growth of timber at its southern end sold it to the Littles of West Newbury, by whom it is now owned.

Today its lonely woodland shades and wide, deserted fields shelter only the grazing kine. In its peaceful, winding paths the rabbit plays with its young, and the wily fox steals silently on its prey. Deep in its heart the bluebird sings, and the robin whistles its cheerful tune. Along its shores the water murmurs to the whispering pines old tales of the vanished years, and over all hangs the soft sweet glamor of the long ago.

LAKE WENTWORTH.

On fair Lake Wentworth's silvery tide,
The water lilies blow;
The wild ducks through the rushes
glide,
That close along its wooded side,
In rank profusion grow.

The smiling fields that girt it round,
In softest beauty swell;
With shady grove and sunny mound,
Where many a modest flower is found,
And many a ferny dell.

Its leaping waters rippling flow,
By soft, green islands fair;
While glancing bird forms come and
go,
Through all the hours to and fro,
Within the perfumed air.

The Indian, in his light canoe,
Once glided o'er its waves;
Its wooded shores his war-whoop knew,
As through the air his arrows flew,
The welcome of the braves.

How often on its glassy breast
We've pulled the laboring oar,
While floating echoes from the crest
Of "Eagle Cliff" our songs confessed
To all the listening shore.

From "Pleasant point" by "Marble's
cove,"
We passed "Old Governor's isle,"
Through "Peaty bog" to "Chase's
grove,"
O'er banks where finny legions rove,
The sportsman to beguile.

The "Lone Pine" stands in stately pride,
 Close by its gushing spring;
 While "Blackstone" answers as a guide
 By which to reach "Old Boston's" side,
 "Twin island's" rocky ring.

Where "Hundred Islands" sylvan bright,
 Lie sleeping in the evening's light,
 Reflected in the "Bay."

The "Red Gate's" toilsome "strait" is past
 With many a weary sigh,
 And soon we find ourselves at last
 Safe back again with anchor cast,
 "Point Pleasant" lying nigh.

By "Escambuet's" wooded height,
 We next will take our way;

THE THROAT-DISTEMPER.—HOPKINTON'S GREAT EPIDEMIC.

By C. C. Lord.



THE town of Hopkinton, a grant in 1736, a corporation in 1765, and a municipality to this day, has known its trials and perils. It has seen social commotions, warlike dangers, and diseased afflictions. Yet it has never experienced a more fearful distress than that caused by the throat-distemper, which visited the locality about the year 1820. Tradition says this disease killed seventy-two children of the town. The public records of disease and death of the time are incomplete. Yet enough is recorded to attest the cause of the deadly alarm and distress that then afflicted the local community. In the perusal of the existing records, one is not surprised that even to this day the history of the direful visit of the throat-distemper is still potently active in the minds of the oldest inhabitants.

The throat-distemper was present in Hopkinton in 1821. It claims, at least, one victim as late as 1832. Most of the patients were young children, in whose favor medical skill very often

failed. The disease was so deadly that parents forecast the fate of their offspring in blank despair. Even before its attack upon a household the distemper was apprehended and expected, and the result of its assailing force conceived to be as deadly as it was sure. In our later time of increased scientific knowledge, advanced medical practice and legal cognizance of epidemic disease, we have little comprehension of social and domestic affliction as it was in Hopkinton when the great epidemic of throat-distemper was here.

What was the "throat-distemper?" We do not know. If we were to ask almost any physician of the present day, he would likely enough say "diphtheria." We have no right to pronounce the answer incorrect. The disease now known as diphtheria was detected and described by Dr. Josiah Bartlett, of Kingston, long before 1800. Yet we are writing an historical article, and history is entitled to its opinions as well as its facts. In the earlier medical nomenclature of

New England, there is no such term as "diphtheria." In consulting the medical literature of a century ago, one will be likely to find descriptions of "quinsy," "putrid sore throat," "canker-rash," not to mention "throat-distemper," and each and all of them were often fatal to children; but he will discover no mention of "diphtheria," a name of relatively modern adoption for something that affects the throat. Yet we will introduce a professional opinion of an earlier day. The late Dr. Alexander Rogers, of Hopkinton, was born in 1815 and died in 1886. He held a diploma of the allopathic school of medicine. He lived in a time which brought him into close association with the old physicians who saw and treated "throat-distemper," if he did not himself prescribe for one or more cases. We once asked Dr. Rogers if the "throat-distemper," which was evident in the great Hopkinton epidemic, was identical with "diphtheria." He promptly and positively said it was not. Entering upon the history of the affirmed two diseases, he said that "diphtheria" is constitutional in its complete manifestations, while the "throat-distemper" was essentially local. His description of "throat-distemper" was of a "malignant quinsy." It incurred local irritation, inflammation, swelling, and suffocation. Doubtless these were incidental symptoms he did not mention. Dr. Rogers was either right or wrong. Upon our own authority, we shall not attempt to say which.

Yet there are traditional reasons for thinking that Dr. Rogers may have been right. There were at least two physicians that successfully treated the "throat-distemper" in Hopkinton.

One of these was a resident and the other a non-resident of the town. We will first speak of the resident one. He was Dr. Stephen Currier.

Dr. Stephen Currier was born in 1775 and died in 1862. He practised medicine in Hopkinton both before and after the great epidemic we have under historic consideration. In the progress of this popular affliction, among several other physicians in town, he had his share of cases. He lost only one patient, a child in a distressingly poor family, and who was devoid of proper care and nursing. Mr. George W. Currier, son of Dr. Stephen Currier, was born in 1816 and is now living. Mr. Currier is a man of superior intelligence and culture. He is an old-time teacher of schools, public official, and general man of affairs. He is in an eminent sense an informed man. His opinions are worth attention. He remembers the incidents of his father's long professional career and says that the "throat-distemper" was not the disease now called "diphtheria." In part he recollects his father's practice in contention with it. A poultice of malt was applied to the neck. An unremembered specific was exhibited internally. We regret ignorance of this specific. Thus we pass to the consideration of the non-resident physician.

Dr. Michael Tubbs lived in Deering. His wife was a sister of Ruth Chase, the second wife of John Hubbard, who lived in Hopkinton at the time of the great epidemic. Mrs. Hubbard, in apprehension and despair, had also in imagination buried all her young children exposed to the dread distemper. Yet Dr. Tubbs, the husband of her sister, said that, if called in season he could cure every case as certain as

water would quench fire. Consequently, when Sarah, the youngest daughter in the Hubbard family, was taken ill, complaining that her "neck ached," Dr. Tubbs was summoned from Deering in haste. Sarah was saved, and so were all of the eighteen children that he treated in Hopkinton. He refused to treat one child, who he said was already dying.

What did Dr. Tubbs do? Two very simple things. First, he put around the neck a bandage of wool, saturated with a solution of common salt in vinegar; second, he gave balsam of fir internally. This was all there was of it. Still we must think that Dr. Stephen Currier and Dr. Michael Tubbs had a like conception of the nature of the disease with which they were dealing. We must infer that they conceived that the malady was essentially local. They apparently administered true, allopathic treatment. The essence of allopathy is counter-irritation. An exciting, stimulating, fomenting, or irritating application to the neck tends to relieve irritation, congestion, swelling, and suffocation in the throat. An internal specific that promotes perspiration in the skin, laxness of the bowels, and action by the kidneys, is a signal help in such a case. Balsam of fir affords just this help. We must think that Dr. Currier, in "throat-distemper" exhibited balsam of fir or something else just as good.

In considering the great epidemic under discussion, we have no right to say that no patients were saved except those of Dr. Stephen Currier and Dr. Michael Tubbs. Yet what of the traditional seventy-two children that were not saved by any one? Ignoring the case that Dr. Currier lost, and the one

that Dr. Tubbs refused to treat, there are seventy fatal cases subject to the speculative consideration of the present mind. We shall not attempt the discussion of the minutiae of this matter. In the existence of a great epidemic of disease, there are various causes that make one patient liable to die and another one likely to live. Yet, in Hopkinton's great epidemic, what conditions of professional judgment gave Dr. Currier and Dr. Tubbs their special ability to save their cases? Tradition gives to no other local physician equal success. Doubtless, in Hopkinton, at that time, there was as much or even more classical medical culture in other physicians who practiced in the town. We must believe, however, that Dr. Currier and Dr. Tubbs possessed an inherent instinct of correct diagnosis. They were natural doctors. The true physician, like the real artist and actual poet, is born, not made; and no amount of mere classical culture can produce him. Educated, authoritative, professional knowledge is good. The more there is of it, the better. Yet inborn common sense is the basis of the success of the practical physician. Dr. Stephen Currier, of Hopkinton, and Dr. Michael Tubbs, of Deering, appear to have been largely endowed with it.

We have given the traditional number of deaths in Hopkinton during the great epidemic. We have no means of ascertaining the exact truth. That the stated number of deaths is warranted we have no doubt. There is no adequate record of deaths of that dreadful time. The only approach to an adequate record is found on the pages of the First Congregational church in Hopkinton. We have no as-

surance that the church record includes all the deaths. We know that it does not cite all the causes of death. Neither does it give the ages of all who died. Such as it is, we compile from this record a series of data, representing only instances of the assertion of "throat-distemper" as the cause of death, with our own remarks, as follows:

1821.

- Dec. 16. Jonathan French, son of
Grover and Lydia Dodge²
Child of Mr. Wheeler....
Elizabeth, daughter of
Timothy Colby.....10

In the absence of positive information, we naturally infer that the epidemic broke out near the close of the year.

1822.

- Jan. 6. John Potter at J. Pach's.10
Child of Mr. Davis..... 2
Feb. 13. Lydia Dodge, daughter of
Josiah and Betsey Patch 3
Mar. 17. Harry, son of Nathaniel
Patch 6
Mar. 19. Child of Nathaniel Patch 4
Apr. 14. Elizabeth, daughter of
Benjamin French..... 3
Apr. 16. Eleanor, daughter of
same11
Apr. 23. Mary Eliza Calef (?),
daughter of Andrew
Ahu (?)11
May 3. Emily, daughter of Jacob
Kimball 6
May 18. Adeline, daughter of same 3
May 30. Rebecca Fifield.....
June 26. Child of Mr. Wheeler...
June 29. Enoch, son of I. Long..
July 3. Child of Mr. Libby....
Aug. 9. George, son of Mr.
Church 6
Aug. 26. Child of Mr. Flagg..... 5

- Sept. 15. Sewell, son of David Al-
len 6
Sept. 23. Child of Mr. Burbank... 3
Sept. 26. Mary, daughter of Wid-
ow Brown 7
Oct. 5. Joseph, son of William
Wiggin 4
Oct. John Kimball12
Oct. 12. Child of Jonathan Bur-
bank
Oct. Moore, adopted child of
Thomas Williams 3
Oct. 17. Mary Ann, daughter of
Nathan Kelley14
Oct. 19. John, son of Aaron Ray. 3
Oct. 19. Harriet, daughter of Na-
than Kelley 9
Oct. 20. Martha, daughter of Moses
Gould12
Oct. 24. Child of Rufus Putnam.. 3
Oct. 31. Charles C., son of Moses
Gould 9
Nov. 10. Samuel, son of Simpson. 5
Nov. 10. Child of Elijah Adams.. 3
Nov. 15. Mary Ann, daughter of
Andrew Leach '
Nov. 23. Child of Josiah Chandler 8
Dec. 23. Hannah, daughter of Jo-
seph Eastman 8

The child of Mr. Church, deceased August 9, appears to have been the patient lost by Dr. Stephen Currier. The adopted child of Thomas Williams, deceased in October, appears to have been Francis R. Moore. His gravestone, in the village old cemetery, asserts his death to have occurred on October 16, and that his age was 4 years. The following is the unique epitaph of this unfortunate child:

"He tasted of life's bitter cup,
Refused to drink the portion up,
But turned his little head aside,
Disgusted with the taste, and died."

1823.

| | | |
|----------|--|----|
| Feb. 7. | Child of Mr. Flanders... | 14 |
| Feb. 8. | Maria, daughter of Moses Chandler | 16 |
| Feb. 28. | Child of Mr. Flanders... | |
| Mar. 31. | Child of Jacob Silver... | 11 |
| Apr. 3. | Child of Jacob Silver... | 5 |
| Apr. 9. | Child of J. Silver | |
| June 15. | Child of Ichabod Eaton. | |
| June 22. | Child of Ichabod Eaton. | |
| June 28. | Mr. Savory..... | |
| June 28. | Child of Ichabod Eaton. | |
| Oct. 27. | Jonathan Emerson..... | |

In the immediately foregoing data the deaths of three children of Ichabod Eaton are noted. If one now visits the ancient cemetery on Putney's hill, in Hopkinton, and enters it by the gate, he will observe three small, unmarked graves at the right of the entrance. These are the graves of the Eaton children. To the informed observer these three lowly mounds are perpetual reminders of the great and direful epidemic that furnishes the subject of this article. The names of these Eaton children were Charles, Elizabeth, and Rebecca.

The great epidemic apparently dated at the close of 1823. We in all note fifty-three deaths ascribed to it. Indications seem to warrant the belief that the complements of the tradition at seventy-two actually occurred. In 1824 one mention of the distemper is found recorded on the church book. It specifies the case of Aurora F. West, adopted child of Dea. Thomas Farwell, who died October 10, aged 9 years. No other record of death by throat-distemper appear till January 4, 1827, when a child of John Quimby died, aged 2. In 1831, April 1, two children died—one of Samuel Palmer, 2

years, and the other of William Ordway. In 1832, in March, a child of Morrill Clement died, and one annotation of the church record stops.

Hopkinton's great epidemic has passed into history. There is no present probability that its like will occur again in the same locality. It is now proper to consider the cause of the great epidemic we have described. Upon this point our ideas are largely, and of necessity, speculative. The "throat-distemper" was doubtless contagious. Adopting the modern theory of the predisposing causes of contagious, epidemic disease, we have conceptions worth present announcement.

Assuming that imperfect drainage is a potent factor in the cumulative results of epidemic disease, we have a deductive reason for the great epidemic in Hopkinton. This popular affliction occurred when the general mind of society had little knowledge of the laws by which communicable disease is propagated. At that time people located dwellings, wells, sinks, drains, sties, hovels, etc., paying little or no attention to their proximity or polluting liabilities. More than this, in the village of Hopkinton, where the great epidemic may (or may not) have begun, there was a peculiar and scientifically apprehensive situation. The northerly and easterly portion of this village is geographically of a sandy formation of great depth. Early wells were very deep and must have been infected with surface drainage. The southerly and westerly part is more rocky and less absorptive, while close to the heart of the village, in a natural depression of the surface, was a morass, destitute of an outlet, of never-failing water, the site of which is known as

the Frog pond to this day. How could the village of Hopkinton be a healthful locality? This question apparently forced itself on the village residents. A sanitary change came. From 1835 to 1838, Col. Stephen H. Long, U. S. A., lived in Hopkinton village. His house is now "Elmhurst," the home of Robert R. Kimball. This residence is on the South road and faces the Frog pond. During his location here, Colonel Long affected the drainage of the pond. This was the beginning of more healthful prospects. Yet another work was logically demanded. The water of those old, deep wells was unsafe. Hon. Horace Chase projected the Village Aqueduct association, incorporated in 1840, and by which the village is supplied with soft, pure water from copious springs on the easterly and southerly slope of Putney's hill. In 1884, in consequence of the defects of the old one, a new drain

was constructed for the Frog pond. The sanitary necessity for this act was attested at a hearing by the selectmen of the town on July 26 of that year. Medical authority was represented by Dr. Irving A. Watson, secretary of the state board of health, and by Dr. Alexander Rogers and Dr. George H. Powers, of Hopkinton, all of whom emphatically affirmed the dangerous character of the pond, filled as it was with stagnant water.

There is more than one way by which contagious or infectious disease can be communicated. Yet all modern scientific authority points to the correction of the deductions we herein present in reference to the historic, great epidemic of "throat-distemper" in Hopkinton. If it is hardly probable that another like it will ever happen again, the public can thank the later social and civil knowledge that affords the sure precautions in prevention of it.

POEM.

[Written by Fred Myron Colby, and read at the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument at Warner, New Hampshire, July 2, 1903.]

In Rome's proud Forum, in the days gone by,
 Sublimely towering 'neath Italia's sky,
 There stood a monument of plastic art
 Endeared by ages to the Roman heart.
 Calmly it gazed in palpitating air
 Upon the Forum's noisy stir and blare.
 The statue of a hero wrought in brass,
 A hero far above the common mass—
 Horatius—he who kept the bridge of old,
 Whose daring deed has been for ages told.
 And ever, looking at the hero's face,
 The world-crowned victors gloried in their race.
 That god-like figure towering bright and fair
 Incited them to deeds of glory rare;

And while Horatius stood, no Roman knee
In homage bent to despot's tyranny.

Lo! here beneath our own New Hampshire skies
Another hero towers before our eyes.
Among these hills he grew to manhood's age
And dreamed of glory and of wisdom sage.
In later fields he won a high renown
And made his name an honor to our town.
A man of stately presence, god-like, tall,
A warrior at the nation's battle call;
His voice it was cheered marching soldiers on;
His sword was drenched in many honors won;
His arm was lifted in its towering might
To shield the Union and defend the Right:
And when at last the Victory was achieved,
The laurel leaves a statesman's forehead wreathed.
In lasting bronze he stands with us to-day,
A silent witness of this brave display.
His life-like statue tells what may be done
By those who dare; what honors may be won
By honest purpose and determined will.
Gazing upon these features calm and still,
We feel what 'tis to breathe in Freedom's air,
And to recall from History's pages fair
The deeds of those who risked their lives to save
The flag and break the shackles of the slave.
Majestic, noble heart! Lead on once more
New Hampshire's sons as in the days of yore.
And long as bronze shall live and granite stand
Will Faith and Freedom flourish in our land.

* * * * *

Soldiers of the grand old army, here to-day I speak to you,—
You who bore the brunt of battle—gallant boys in Union Blue.
On the tide of Memory lifted, comes to us a vision grand
Of the mustering of heroes to defend our well-loved land.
I can see your columns marching, I can hear the bugles play,
As you bore the Starry Banner which our breezes kiss to-day.
Sturdy tramp of Union soldiers, kindling all our veins with fire,
Marching at the call of Freedom, youth and hoary-headed sire.
Southward rolled that human deluge of two million men or more.
And the thunder of your cannon shook our land from shore to shore.
From the East and West you gathered, when the Nation's fight was on,
And your cohorts *never wavered* till the bloody field was won.
Four long cruel years of conflict—years that crimsoned land and sea—
Till at last "Old Glory" floated o'er a nation of the free.

Comrades, do you not remember? Still it seems but scarce a day
Since your gallant hosts assembled and the squadrons marched away.

It shall never be forgotten what you suffered in the strife;
How you gave up home and kindred, all you valued most in life;
How your comrades died around you: on a hundred fields they fell;
You can hear their groans of anguish rising o'er the rebel yell.
Ay, and you have not forgotten all your longing dreams of home,
As you slept by gleaming campfires under heaven's azure dome.
Oh, the long and weary marches as you followed drum and fife,
Dreary watches, lingering sieges and the deadly crimsoned strife;
And the blood you shed like water that our country's flag might wave
O'er an undivided nation, filling many a hero's grace.
By the waters of Potomac, 'mongst the hills of Tennessee,
All along the trail of battle from Atlanta to the sea,
And the grassy graves of thousands of our gallant boys in blue,
Sleeping there by swamp and bayou 'neath the Southern sun and dew.

Veterans, in your grim, bronzed faces, like a volume's open page,
I can read the hard campaignings that have grizzled you with age.
Year by year a lessening number gather on Memorial day,
Year by year your slower footsteps tell the progress of decay.
Soon shall Sons of Veterans marching to yon graveyard by the hill
Wreath your grassy mounds in springtime where you slumber calm and still.
But your ringing deeds of valor, they shall never be forgot.
Carved in stone and writ on vellum, lo, your names shall perish not.
In a nation's grateful heart-throbs shall endure for many a day
Memory of our Union heroes, conquerors of the men in gray.
So to-day we rear this granite, rising grandly to the sky;
Setting forth the ancient legend how brave deeds can never die;
Strong and sturdy as the heroes when they marched a million grand
To preserve our banner stainless and to save our fatherland.
Yours the proudest record written upon History's storied page;
And you leave to future ages a most glorious heritage.
In your honor, noble heroes, we have reared this costly stone,
And it will outlive in grandeur Guelf or Hohenzollern throne.
Dearer than the proudest trophy won by kings in olden time
Is this granite shaft of glory standing 'neath this church tower chime.
Here your children's children pausing shall extol each hero's name,
And these hills shall gaze forever on this tribute to your fame.



SHORELINE SKETCHES.—BOATING.

By H. G. Leslie, M. D.



FROM the cradle to the grave" is a quotation supposed to mark the most important epochs of human existence—the entrance and exit from the stage of life. Secondary to these and of scarcely less importance are the events which are the filling to the biographical warp. Among these to the youth of Shoreline was that day when they for the first time were allowed the full management and sailing of a boat. In infancy, when other children, in other localities, were being trundled up and down the sidewalk in abbreviated carriages, the youthful Shoreliner received his sanitary installments of fresh air in a dory. His infantile eyes saw no pink and white conception of silk and lace, but rather the coarse fabric of a fisherman sail. In place of the rough jounce and rattle of wheels on the irregular pavements, his ears heard the soft swish of the water, and he was soothed by a smooth and rhythmic motion. With this preliminary training, was it a matter of wonder that when, after having donned the distinctive sex habiliments, it seemed an important occasion when his apprenticeship ended and he was entrusted with ever so much abbreviated sail, to handle the sheet and rudder untrammelled by supervision.

Holmes says of a horse, that "At his best he is an amiable idiot, and at his worst an irresponsible maniac." In the hands of an amateur, a fisherman's dory is an exceedingly treacherous and

unsatisfactory piece of mechanism. Every square inch of its smooth, sweeping sides seems endowed with perversity, and a wicked desire to drown its unwary occupant. The Chinese paint eyes on the bows of their boats, that they may see. The dory has no need for eyes. By some insensible means of communication with the wind god, it seems to have notice of every coming squall, and long before the unwary novice realizes its proximity, the craft is going through a series of antics, sufficient to terrify its occupant into a state of utter imbecility. When once it feels the grasp of oar and twist of sheet, known only to expert hands, it becomes the most docile of servants.

From childhood to old age the dweller on the banks of the river is so intimately associated with his boat that he seems to become a part of it, in a way, like those strange creatures, described by old writers, half horse and half man. It is the means always at hand for an hour's pleasure excursion; it conveys him on his various business trips up and down river, to the fishing grounds, to the clam flats, and, in fact, is almost a constant companion. Under his skilful guidance no waves are too rough, or no winds too uncertain.

From time to time Captain Some invited me to accompany him on his various trips. His absolute mastery of his boat, the ease and surety with which he met the variable conditions of wind and water, made it a constant pleasure for me to watch him. A slip of the sheet, a turn of the oar, that

seemed instinctive, met every varying requirement, and I felt a sense of absolute safety while in his care.

At varying intervals of time Captain *Somes* indulged in what might safely be termed culinary eccentricities. The old spirit of the sea seemed to rise up and dominate his being.

I do not suppose he felt that he was offering sacrifice to any particular deity, when he placated his longing for blue water and flowing sail, by compounding those indigestible monstrosities known to seafaring men as *lob sauce* and *plum duff*, but to any ordinary individual they would furnish an excellent preparatory course were he called on to pose in the character of the "Dying Gladiator."

For some weeks I had known that the Captain was developing one of his periodic attacks. At the various meals prepared by *Mrs. *Somes**, instead of expressing his appreciation, which he might very justly have done, he alluded to the gastronomic excellence of the strange and curious compounds which he had eaten in various parts of the world. *Cod's head muddle* suggested itself in his bill of fare, as a particularly appetizing combination, but he finally settled upon the fact that nothing in this world was quite as delectable as *squel*, and he assured us that as soon as he could procure the proper materials we should enjoy a dish, not to be forgotten to our dying day. According to his description it was necessary to have a very excellent quality of corn meal, with which to prepare the preliminary mush or hasty pudding. After this was cold, a square was to be cut from the center and this cavity filled with nice pork scraps, and the whole to be placed in an oven to bake

for an hour. Such was the bare description, but words seemed lacking to describe its excellence.

The preliminary act was to procure the corn meal and for this purpose it became necessary to visit an old tide mill, situated some two miles away on the opposite shore. On this trip I had an invitation to accompany him.

The wind was light and the dory crept silently up the stream, with little or no apparent need for guidance. "Did you ever," said Captain *Jared*, "read of some literary fellars near Boston, that bought a farm and all went to live together like a Sunday school picnic? Every one turned in what he had in a common stock, and every one did just what they had a mind to do, work or play, sing or preach, and no boss over them. I never understood rightly what they expected to get out of it. The school-master that boarded with me last winter had a book that told a good deal about it, but at any rate *Silas Foster*, that owns the mill where we are going, was one of those chaps. He's a nice old man but an awful odd stick. Now perhaps he won't hardly speak while we are there—just look after the mill and seem to be thinking all the time. Then again perhaps he will talk, and when he does *Parson Sawyer* can't hold a candle to him. Why he can preach more of a sermon in ten minutes than any other man you ever saw."

I had little difficulty in recognizing the fact that the book of which Captain *Jared* spoke was Hawthorne's "*Blithedale Romance*," in which *Silas Foster* figured in the character of the farmer.

While we were talking the boat crept into the little harbor at the mouth of

the creek, and a scene which for picturesque beauty met my eye, such as one might paint in fancy, but never expect to see in reality. Great massive elms bent over and were mirrored in the placid water; the long sloping roof of the grey old mill, half embowered in trees and vines furnished a picture that could not but appeal to the artistic sense. The sweeping shore was dotted here and there with graceful white birches, and one could hardly suggest a single feature that could add to its attractiveness.

I followed the Captain as he carried his bag of corn to the mill door, and realized more than ever Hawthorne's wonderful powers of word painting, as I looked upon the grey, grizzled farmer of Blithedale.

The Captain's grist soon filled the hopper, and as the mill gate was raised, the stones moaned and groaned their protest at their enforced servitude.

This form of mechanical device is but one step removed from the primitive hand-mill. I think I quoted that passage of Scripture relating to the two women grinding, when one was taken and the other left. This seemed to act as a letter of introduction to the old miller and at the same time furnish him with a text on which to hang his strange, fanciful ideas. I will not attempt to repeat all that he said, but the introduction was to say the least startling. He seated himself on a box near me and said, "I am God Almighty." I suppose I looked surprised; at any rate theories of insanity were straying through my mind. He paused a moment and then added, "At least an integral part of Him. I have faith in Him, His goodness, His wisdom, His omnipotence, and He has faith in me or

He would never have placed me here with a mind capable of thought and presented to my gaze the pages of His handiwork. That mill yonder is not simply a mass of cogs and wheels. It is a brain or a part of the brain of the man who built it. He could not fashion a mechanism like that, and leave it simply a mass of wood and iron. A certain something of himself was left behind. Intangible perhaps, but so is the odor of the violet; still it exists, unseen by the microscope, undemonstrated by chemical agents. I am a machine, made by Supreme hands, and I feel within me the breath that blew the fires when the ingot was cast. I see yonder flower by the pathway and recognize its beauty and purity. I see more. I see that those qualities are but an infinitesimal part of the Great Whole, the soul, the center of all beauty and purity. Why do I recognize this? Because He who formed me, left invisible strands, finer than the warp and woof of the spider's gossamer web, binding me to all those qualities and attributes that go to make a perfect whole.

Within me are the possibilities of all things. I may not be an artist, but I have somewhere in my brain substance, an art cell, dormant now, but capable of development under proper conditions. I may not be a musician, but had I not the possibilities of one, I could not appreciate the song of bird or strain of Beethoven. So all the thought of the wide, wide world is mine; all that ever has been, all that ever will be is mine if I but grasp it. Plato and Aristotle have lived and they still live in me. I am a part of them, and a part of all that brain will produce in the eons yet to come. Noth-

ing is lost; the air is full of men's thoughts."

A jar and a creak of the mill stones told that the yellow grains of corn were no longer falling from the hopper, and the miller made haste to close the gate. I followed the Captain as he bore his bag of meal down to the boat.

There was no formal leave taking, and each seemed busy with his own thoughts. As the dory drifted out into the stream, the Captain lighted his pipe and turned for a final glance at the fast fading mill.

"Well I'll be jiggered."

This explosion in a certain way appeared to cover the repugnance of forty years' Rocky Hill sermons to these pantheistic ideas.

It is not easy to know just what suggests a thought at all times, or just where it will lead. To me the picture and surroundings recalled a night in a little Vermont village, many years be-

fore, when I heard John G. Saxe repeat those beautiful lines of his own, then unpublished:

"Beneath the hill, you may see the mill,
Of wasting wood, and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry the miller is dead and gone."

We seemed to sail through enchanted waters. Years before an exile from France, when his eyes beheld the same view, exclaimed, "God never made a fairer spot than this pleasant valley." Pleasant Valley it still remains. Perhaps the lone tree that now marks Goodale's Hill, might then have had many fellows, but the same sun kisses the river to blushes, when its long slant rays of summer afternoons touch its surface now as then.

THE PANTHEIST.

To Madison Cawein.

By Frank Herbert Magoon.

This was and is the highest creed of men
To worship God as seen in brooks and trees,
To lay song offerings on the summer breeze,
And raise, Amphion-like, altars in each glen.
The least blue flag that grows within the fen,
The tiniest daisy on a thousand leas,
The smallest leaflet the wood wanderer sees,
Is worth more temples than the mind can ken.

Who sings to-day the old, the Grecian creed,
Whose scroll shall flourish though forgot of man?
The priest of song whose singing is our need,
Who plays the pipes of an ennobled Pan;
Kentucky claims him who our steps doth lead
Back to the gardens where the world began.

THE LOOM OF ETERNITY.

By William Ruthven Flint.



IN the night-time, as I lay sleeping, there came and stood by me One, who called me and bade me come forth. And as I arose and followed, he threw over me a mantle, and, of a sudden, the mist of mortality, that which, as a veil, hides the immortal from the mortal, was dispelled and mine eyes were unsealed.

I stood upon an exceeding great height, and it was dark night. Mine eyes could pierce the gloom no whither. But presently, before me, in the far-distant East, a faint glow began to spread along the horizon, and to rise up higher into the heavens. It seemed like the first glimmer of dawn upon the earth, but its light was more mystic and more lovely.

Gleaming brighter and brighter with wonderful blinding, yet contrasting, of tints, the glow became gradually a glorious light of such beauty and brilliancy as blinded the feeble sight of the wondering watcher.

At the same time was heard a symphony of sound such as mortal ears can never hear. At first low and soft, as though infinitely remote, it increased with the growing light. All the melodies of the universe seemed woven into one transcendent harmony.

Fuller and sweeter it swelled, keeping pace with the matchless dawn, then burst forth in a magnificent climax. Up from the horizon sprang a sun in-

comparable in majesty and glory. It was full day.

Overwhelmed by the mystery of sight and sound, I fell in amaze. But the One, who stood by me, touched mine eyes and breathed upon mine ears and again I saw and heard. And I looked and behold there was spread out before me, beyond where the sunrise light still lingered upon the hilltops, as it were, a tapestry of boundless extent, woven in a loom, surpassingly fine in texture and exceedingly fair in design. Innumerable patterns were interwoven upon it, of grace and beauty unspeakable, and I marveled much at what it might mean.

Then the One beside me spoke and said unto me: "Lo, there lieth before thee all the Infinity of the Past, not as it seemeth to men, but as God and the angels behold it. Every thread in the tapestry thou seest in a soul whose life is depicted therein. Some have been woven into the patterns and others into the groundwork, but none has a beginning, for, as God is immortal, so also is the soul of Man."

And gazing upon the wonder and mystery of the sight, mine eyes were darkened by the brightness of its glory, and for a space I saw no more. But ever within mine ears was heard the matchless music though I could not tell whence it came.

But again the One touched me and plucked me by the arm and said unto

me, "Behold!" And once more I looked and saw, as it were, a mighty loom, ceaselessly weaving, and I was in the midst of it. But what it should mean I knew not.

Then I turned and asked, "What meaneth this great loom with its ceaseless weaving?" And the One beside me answered me, saying, "Behold, this is the loom of eternity. This it is which hath woven together the life-threads into the tapestry thou has seen. God is its Maker and Mover. His Hand it is which guides the shuttle to and fro. His Law and Ordinances are expressed therein, never changing and never failing. Thou art looking upon the Present. Every thread hath its appointed place, whether in pattern or in background. None is ever broken; nor ever doth the loom cease its weaving."

Then I looked closer upon the tapestry as it came forth from the loom, and I saw that Good and Evil, Joy and Sorrow were there. For some of the threads were coarser and rougher and some were finer and more delicate. Some patterns were woven of the fine threads and were marvels of gracefulness. But other threads, of coarser texture, formed the shadows and groundwork. Yet neither was complete without the other, for where is sunshine, there too must be shadow. And so it was that the Tapestry seemed yet more beautiful because of the darkness which contrasted with the light.

And as I pondered, methought the One beside me grasped me by the shoulder and turned me about and said unto me, "Open thine eyes and

look before thee." And suddenly, as I looked, I saw the loom no more, but again were we standing upon the height, with our faces turned towards the West, whither the sun was wending its ray. Then the heavens opened and from where we stood, through the gates, there seemed to pass countless strands, golden and silvery, shining bright in the light of the setting sun, and stretching on into infinity.

And yet again, as I began to be amazed at this wondrous thing, the One beside me spoke and said, "Be not amazed, nor fear, for thou art beholding the Infinite Future.

"As the life-threads thou hast seen have no beginning, so also have they no ending, but continue on forever. And as time goes on, the loom, in its incessant weaving, binds together these shining strands into the tapestry; but for what end thou canst not now understand. Yet know of a certainty, for this much it is given to thee to understand, that there is a purpose, and that one day thou shalt fully comprehend what now is all doubt and mystery."

And on a sudden, as I stood gazing, it seemed to me to be sunset. The bright strands gathered themselves together into clouds, illuminated by the golden light. And, while the glory of the setting sun grew dim and dull, the varied tints merging into the sombre shades of twilight, the heavenly music died away fainter and fainter, until both light and sound had vanished, and again it was dark and voiceless night, And in the bright morning I awoke and knew that I had dreamed a dream.



AGAIN.

By C. C. Lord.

The scene is soft. How gently flow
The heart's emotions! 'Neath the dome
The voices of the day breathe low,
And thought in silence dwells on home,
Eternal, happy, fain to roam
In fancy's blissful fields—and then
The sad wind sighs again.

It is the waning time, the end
Of summer vanishing in gloom,
And all the soul's reactions blend
To one presentment, fraught with doom,
The world's procession to the tomb,
In solemn pace behold—and then
The bright land flames again.

Faint nature's accents feebly rise
And fall; its varied aspects shift
And flee; tis o'er; the richness dies.
Through barren wastes the snowflakes drift,
And life forsaken cons its shrift
For woe and wretchedness—and then
The sweet spring smiles again.

A PLEA FOR THE INSANE.

By Alice R. Rich.



HERE are a great many people who do not begin to realize the sufferings of the insane. Many who are confined in sanatoriums and asylums might, if properly cared for, be restored to reason. Often they are entirely separated from those who belong to them, and who, in any ordinary physical illness, would see to it that

they had every care and attention. In an asylum they are at the mercy of strangers; and often young girls, without training, or inadequate, take charge of them. Naturally there is great opportunity for cruelty and injustice. While in some institutions the general law may be kindness, in many, alas! it is force!

One often sees in such places those

who might be taken care of at home, but who, on account of age, accompanied by some physical infirmity are "put away."

They are to be pitied and with most of them the great fear is that they will have to end their days in an "insane asylum." Their one plea when friends visit them is to be taken home to die.

What sadder sight than to see a hearse at the door of the asylum, waiting to convey the body, from which the poor, suffering spirit has been released, to those who refused to care for it in life!

Sometimes it happens that a patient recovers—the brain is clear again—and once more the attempt is made, when taken away, to resume the old duties and responsibilities. It is hard to realize what it means to "live down" the humiliation of having been in such a place. Such institutions should be under the direction of wise and humane people, and equipped in every way to battle mental disease.

The tendency of the age is in this direction, but the good work proceeds too slowly. People who endow hospitals and visit them, "fight shy" of the asylum. The insane are under a "ban." Every little peculiarity is exaggerated. Often the idea seems to be with physicians and friends to keep

them in confinement rather than to dismiss them.

Some patients who realize this, lose hope and courage and, feeling that there is little or nothing to live for, attempt suicide, when perhaps in a normal, cheerful atmosphere outside, surrounded by loved ones, a useful, happy life might be lived. The mother, separated from her children, is one to be pitied, and particularly so under such conditions. The old and infirm try to be reconciled to their lot and struggle to say, "Thy will be done."

As a rule the food is not suitable for invalids. The very best should be provided.

There are sanatoriums and state institutions that are conducted properly and where kind nurses and good physicians are employed, but there are others which need investigation and exposure.

People are slow to act in such matters as it is hard to get at the truth. The statements of nurses and physicians are taken too much for granted by friends against the patients.

In closing we must do credit to those who are trying to help those afflicted people.

Infinite patience and kindness is required and often under very trying conditions. The physicians and nurses who are really endeavoring to help deserve a great deal of praise.



NECROLOGY:

HON. ELLERY A. HIBBARD.

Ellery A. Hibbard, born in St. Johnsbury, Vt., July 31, 1826, died in Laconia, July 24, 1903.

Judge Hibbard was educated at the Derby (Vt) academy, and studied law with the late Nathan B. Felton and Charles R. Morrison of Haverhill, and Judge Henry F. French of Exeter. He was admitted to the bar in July, 1849, and commenced practice at Plymouth, where he remained till January, 1853, when he located in Laconia, which was ever after his home, and where he obtained a measure of success, and a degree of eminence in his chosen profession surpassed by none and equaled by few practitioners in Belknap county.

In politics Judge Hibbard was always a decided Democrat, and was not only active in local affairs, but prominent in the councils of his party. He served Laconia as moderator from 1862 to 1873, inclusive, was assistant clerk and clerk of the house of representatives in the state legislature; represented the town in the general court twice, and was a member of the house in the forty-second congress, at Washington. Judge Hibbard was a strong and convincing speaker, and did considerable service for the Democrats at various times as a campaign orator. In the great campaign of 1856, the hardest fought of all the national campaigns which the country has known so far as stump speaking is concerned, he was engaged with two other young lawyers of Laconia in the Pennsylvania campaign, that state then holding October elections, and the national result in November admittedly depending upon the outcome of the Pennsylvania state election, so that both parties turned their entire available speaking force into that state. The other two young lawyers alluded to were the afterwards noted Col. "Tom" Whipple and George W. Stevens, both of whom, as well as Judge Hibbard, afterwards became eminent at the bar, but died several years ago.

In March, 1873, he was appointed an associate justice of the supreme court, holding the position until the partisan overturn of 1876, when with other members of the court he went out of office, a change in the judiciary system having been effected.

Judge Hibbard was always active in local enterprises and affairs of a public nature. He was a member of the original board of directors of the Laconia National bank, and retained his connection with that institution until failing health compelled his retirement. He was also a trustee of the Laconia Savings bank for many years; served at different times on the board of education in the old town of Laconia, and held positions of trust and responsibility in numerous

local enterprises. He was at his death the oldest member of the Belknap county bar, and was for several years its president.

He was married December 5, 1853, to Mary, daughter of Jacob Bell of Haverhill, who survives, together with three children, Charles B., Laura B., and Jennie Olive, wife of O. T. Lougee, all of Laconia.

CHARLES H. BOYNTON, M. D.

Dr. Charles Hart Boynton, born in Meredith, September 20, 1826, died at Lisbon, August 16, 1903.

He was a son of Ebenezer and Betsey (Hart) Boynton, and passed the time largely, until eighteen years of age, at work upon his father's farm, enjoying limited school privileges. In 1844 he purchased his "time" of his father for \$100, and went to work to pay for the same and to earn means for obtaining an education. He subsequently attended the New Hampshire Conference seminary for two years, and afterwards took up the study of medicine with Dr. W. D. Buck of Manchester. He attended lectures at Woodstock (Vt.) Medical college and at Berkshire Medical college at Pittsfield, Mass., and was graduated at the latter institution in the fall of 1853. During the same winter he supplemented his education by attendance at the Harvard Medical school.

He located in practice at Alexandria in 1854, but removed to Lisbon in 1858, where he ever after continued in practice, meeting with much success. He was a member of the White Mountain Medical society and for many years one of its officers, for two years being its president. He was a member of the New Hampshire Medical society, and was examining surgeon for invalid pensioners from 1863 to 1871. He belonged to Kane lodge, No. 64, F. and A. M., and Franklin chapter No. 5, both of Lisbon. He served seven consecutive years on the Lisbon board of education, took great interest in the public schools, and was one of the originators of the Lisbon library. In politics he was a Republican, and represented Lisbon in the legislature in 1868 and 1869. At the time of his death he was president of the Lisbon Light and Power company, president of the Lisbon Building association, and a director in the Parker & Young company. He was also a trustee of the New Hampshire state hospital.

He married, in October, 1854, Miss Mary H. Cummings of Lisbon, who died in July, 1876. He leaves one daughter, Alice, the wife of W. W. Oliver, who, with her husband, resided with him; also one brother, Dr. Oren H. Boynton of Lisbon.

RUFUS COOK.

Rufus Cook, a pioneer business man of Minneapolis, Minn., a native of New Hampshire, died in that city July 12, 1903.

Mr. Cook was a native of the town of Campton, a son of John and Hannah (Clark) Cook, born March 18, 1826. He was educated in the district school and New Hampton and Meriden academies. He afterward took up the study of civil engineering in Boston, where he was later for some time engaged in that profession till he removed to Minneapolis. Subsequently he came East, and was for a time located at Plymouth, where he surveyed the route of the Pemigewasset Valley railroad. Returning to Minneapolis, he continued in his profession as an engineer

there until his death. He compiled and published the first map of Hennepin county, in 1858, and in recent years he has frequently been called upon to correct and relocate boundary lines in city and county.

Mr. Cook was a member of the First Free Baptist church of Minneapolis, and for the past ~~eighteen~~ years had been a deacon of the church. He first married Miss Ann Dillingham of Brewster, Mass., who died in St. Paul in 1863. His second wife, Mary H. Flanders, died in West Newton, Mass., in 1870. His third wife, who survives her husband, was Mary E. Bower of Boston. The children, all of whom are living, are Frederick D. Cook of Boston, Edward W. Cook of Milwaukee, Herbert Cook of West Newton, Mass., Rev. John Cook of New York city, and Mary E. and Anna DeWitt Cook of Minneapolis.

AMOS F. ROWELL.

Amos Fremont Rowell, editor and proprietor of the *Lancaster Gazette*, died at his home in that town August 3, 1903.

He was a native of Lancaster, the eldest son of William L. and Martha (Legro) Rowell, born February 1, 1857. He attended the public schools and Lancaster academy, and at twenty years of age commenced work in a printing office at St. Johnsbury, Vt. He was afterward for a time with I. W. Quimby in the *Gazette* office. Later, in company with Cyrus Bachelder, he bought the *Cool's Republican*, conducting the same about six years. Thirteen years ago, in company with Charles R. Bailey, he purchased the *Gazette*, which they conducted together for six years, after which, until his death, he was the sole proprietor.

Mr. Rowell was prominent in Masonry, having received the Knights Templar and Scottish rite degrees, and was a devoted member of the fraternity.

MORRIS E. KIMBALL.

Morris Eben Kimball, born in Haverhill, October 24, 1843, died in that town July 13, 1903.

He was one of five sons of Charles and Hannah Kimball, was educated in the town schools, and commenced active life as a clerk in a country store at North Haverhill, of which he subsequently became the proprietor and conducted with success till his death. He was a life-long Republican, and held the position of postmaster for more than twenty years. He was also a member of the legislature in 1899. He leaves a wife (formerly Miss Gazilda Moran), and three children, a daughter and two sons, the eldest of the latter, Louis, being a graduate of Dartmouth college of the class of 1902.

HON. CHARLES W. MOORE.

Hon. Charles W. Moore, a native of New Hampshire, born in Canterbury in 1845, died at Detroit, Mich., where he had resided since 1880, August 15, 1903.

He was educated in the Concord schools, and in youth went to New York city, where he soon engaged in the insurance business. He was afterward located in Concord, but in March, 1880, went to Detroit as the Michigan manager of the New York Life Insurance company, in which capacity he was eminently successful. He also took an active interest in politics as a Republican, serving with distinction

in both branches of the Michigan legislature. He was also for a time comptroller of the city of Detroit.

JOHN HUMPHREY.

John Humphrey, a native of Lyndon, Vt., born October 12, 1834, died in Keene, where he had long been engaged in business, August 24, 1903.

He was manager of the Humphrey Machine company of Keene, a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and was well known throughout New England as the inventor of water-wheels and wood and iron working machinery. Among other things devised and improved by him is a lumberman's log caliper for computing the contents in logs in cord or board measure.

CHARLES F. HILDRETH, M. D.

Dr. Charles F. Hildreth, born in Boston, Mass., December 12, 1831, died in Manchester, August 18, 1903.

Dr. Hildreth was a graduate of the Harvard Medical school, and located in practice in Concord several years before the Civil War, when he was associated with the late Dr. Charles B. Gage, and was also physician at the state prison. In the early part of the war he was an assistant surgeon in the navy and later surgeon of the Fortieth Massachusetts regiment.

After the war he resumed practice in Concord, and later engaged in business as a druggist at Suncook, where he was also prominent in public affairs, serving two terms in the legislature, and also as treasurer of Merrimack county. He was also president of the China Savings bank at Suncook. Some years ago he removed to Connecticut, but of late had resided with his brother, Clifton B. Hildreth of Manchester.

HON. JACOB B. WHITEMORE.

Hon. Jacob B. Whittemore of Hillsborough died at the state hospital in Concord, August 18, 1903, aged fifty-one years.

He was a native and life-long resident of Hillsborough, educated at Phillips Exeter academy, and prominent in public affairs, having served as superintendent of schools and a member of the school board for several years, representing the town in the legislature of 1882, and being a member of the senate in 1891. He served as a post-office inspector under the first administration of President Cleveland, and as a Chinese inspector under the second, and at the time of his death was deputy collector of customs at West Stewartstown.

He was a Free Mason, and a member of Mt. Horeb commandery, K. T., of Concord.

1991



"At the crest of the common is the church, flanked by the town house and schoolhouse."

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXV.

OCTOBER, 1903.

No. 4.



"Bald Gates mountain, near the town's southeastern boundary."

THE RETURN TO NEW HAMPSHIRE HILL TOWNS.

By Mabel Wood Johnson.

“**T**HE hills, the hills are home” is as true to-day as it ever has been. The lover of nature is not always content in the valley. New treasures are being discovered in our hilltop towns.

The early settlers cleared the crests and crowning slopes of the hills and their bridle paths climbed ever to the summit. These pioneers found the same exhilarating tonic in this breadth of breathing room and freedom of outlook which repays the climber of to-day.

Among the fairest of New Hamp-

shire hill towns is Acworth. Leave the Connecticut river at Charlestown and climb eastward seven miles; on the southern slope of a hill, nearly fourteen hundred feet above sea level, is the ideal country village, the heart of Acworth town.

At a common center is the meeting of the roads, six streets lined with homes of white or of brick, and a spacious common stretching between. At the crest of the common, as though guarding the homes, is the church, flanked by the town house and the schoolhouse, the three bulwarks of our national life. Whichever way the traveler approaches,



"With vistas of gardens and orchards beyond."

like a beacon towers the church, a landmark for miles around. The village breathes hospitality: the broad yards stretching back from the shaded streets, with vistas of garden and orchards beyond; the houses of colonial architecture, with their wide doors and paneled side-lights; the arching open sheds with glimpses of a year's supply of wood, bespeaking good cheer and defiance to winter's cold; all have the general air of thrift and plenty which makes the stranger welcome. .

Beyond the village stretch the farm lands, on the hills and in the valleys. Here and there on the hillsides tower stately elms, now singly, now in pairs, their presence revealing where the farm homes are located. Every farm has its "sugar house" and "sugar orchard" for now, as in years past, Acworth is the banner maple sugar town of the state. To the west

of the village is Derry Hill, the fertile farming section of the town. From here the view is uninterrupted, from Ascutney on the north and the Monadnock on the south, almost around the circle; while across the Connecticut valley, range upon range of Green mountains are silhouetted against the afternoon sky. To the east is Grout hill, and bald Gates mountain near the town's southeastern boundary. Over the crest of the village lies "Black North," rich in beauties of woodland and stretches of distant mountains separated by farm-dotted valleys. Between Perry's mountain at the west and Coffin hill at the east are seemingly unexplored tracts, where the deer might graze and the bear go untracked, but those days are of the past.

Cold pond, at the northeastern corner of the town, has that which many larger lakes have lost, shores

thickly wooded down to the water's edge. A few hours spent here will store the mind with fair pictures, though you may go home without a full fish basket. Winding its way from Cold pond is Cold river, a mad torrent at snow melting, a stony bed in midsummer. Follow the stream, as it rushes here and spreads leisurely there, by the winding river road, through the villages of East and South Acworth, by Beryl mountain with its world famous crystals, and you are in easy access, though twelve miles distant, to Bellows Falls and the Connecticut.

In 1766 was signed the charter granting the land under the name of Acworth. In 1767 the first clearing was made on the thickly wooded hill-sides. Slowly the settlers came, but came to stay, and by 1800 the hills

were dotted with comfortable homes surrounded by tilled fields, which had but lately been wrested from the rugged wilds.

Acworth had many other industries than farming in those days. The people not only raised food for themselves and their cattle, but they manufactured their own clothing as well. Acworth linen was celebrated for its fineness. Linen, tow, and woolen goods were exported, also horse rakes, spinning wheels, silk hats, stoves, plows, nails, clothespins, barrels, shoe-pegs, boots and shoes. On every stream was a little mill. The men were mechanics as well as farmers, and the women were manufacturers too, for the spinning wheel, flax wheel, and loom were in every home. In the winter, produce was carried to market on sleds, and



"Cold river, a mad torrent at snow melting, a stony bed in midsummer."



"A spacious common stretching between."

the merchants used to make more than one journey to Boston with loaded sledges, returning equally laden.

As early as 1814, there is a record of emigration from Acworth to Vermont, New York, and Ohio, and from that time to the present the tide has been away from the hills to the larger towns and cities and the waiting West. Thus, following close upon the wave of immigration that settled the town, came the long ebb and flow of emigration, sapping the town's young life, but not exhausting its reserve strength.

With the dawning twentieth century comes a renewed appreciation of the charm of country life and the satisfaction that Nature alone can give. Every summer finds new homes made, which are regretfully left when summer is over. But true knowledge of country life is not gained by living there only one season. The hill-town in winter is as beautiful as under June skies, although only the lover of the country knows this. The isolation, in spite of daily mails and telephones, develops the best in the community. Each season has a charm of its own.



"Cold pond—its shores thickly wooded down to the water's edge."

The hurrying springtime and the lingering autumn will not woo many times in vain. Play-time here has a zest not felt elsewhere. The huskings, lyceums, sociables, "bees," sleighing parties, and picnics are genuine holidays, although not down on the calendar.

Love of the country is inborn. Those whose ancestors were reared

on the granite hills will not be satisfied to live their lives long without some taste of the life of the country town. Back to New Hampshire's hills are coming the children and grandchildren of her sons and daughters, who through the years have kept warm the love of their old hill-top homes.



Mrs. G. Waldo Browne.

OLD HOME DAY GREETING.

By Nellie M. Browne.

Written for Old Home Day and read by the author at the observance in Nottingham, on August 18. This poem was a pleasing feature of the occasion. Mrs. Browne, whose readings have been widely enjoyed, belongs to an old and respected family of Massachusetts, but has her home in Manchester this state, being the wife of G. Waldo Browne, the author.

In the grand state of New Hampshire,
With her wealth of vine-clad hills;
Where the breezes whisper softly
To the murmur of the rills,

OLD HOME DAY GREETING.

Stands this old, historic township,
Dear to many hearts to-day,
Who have wandered far from Homeland,
But are welcomed back alway.

You have sent the tidings outward,
With your loving words of cheer :
"Come, you absent sons and daughters,
Come and tarry with us here,

While we talk of old-time memories,
And we listen to the songs,
That now help to swell the chorus,
As in days gone by so long."

Are we thinking of the changes
That anon have taken place,
As we look with hope expectant
Into each and every face?

We have all grown old together—
Time has waited not for one !
But our hearts are just as buoyant
As in days when we were young.

Are there those oppressed and weary
Who would lay life's cares away ?
Let them work their unknown missions
With a cheerful heart each day.

Let us say a word of comfort,—
Wait and hope, the time draws near,
When we all shall reap the harvest
For what we have suffered here.

Every morn new strength is given—
What a hope to calm our fears ;
Let us strive and help some other
To roll back the burdened years.

Life is like a path that's winding
Through the future's misty day ;—
Noble thoughts and deeds remembered
Are our milestones by the way.

Time may change and dear ones leave us,
But He still this message sends :
"Fear not ; Heaven is nearer to us
Than what we may think, dear friends."

CATAMOUNT.

By Laura Garland Carr.

While autumn's days were long and bright,
With fields and forests at their best,
We climbed Old Catamount's fair height
To see the world from its broad crest.

Who said "a long and tedious climb?"
What, with that wealth of sun and shade!
With light clouds floating all the time,
In changing lights, o'er hill and glade!

With dancing brooks and laughing falls
And rocks that showed enticing lines!
With blackberry bushes by the walls
Pushing ripe clusters through the vines!

With those delightful rests and talks,
Wherever fancy chose a place,
When classics, mushrooms, bugs, and stocks
Were handled with such learned grace!

Yet, had it been a longer way
More wearying in its upward trend;
Would we have shunned its toils that day
And lost the grandeur at the end?

O Catamount! Enchanted ground!
Old as the world yet always new!
What pleasure on thy rocks we found!
What inspiration in thy view!

Thy name, wherever heard, recalls
Two perfect days of pure delight;
Thy pictures, hung on memory's walls,
Will make all coming days more bright.

How is it with you in the snow?
How when the storm is at its height?
We long thy loneliness to know—
The solemn stillness of thy night.

Again and yet again we hope—
Like ancient pilgrims to a shrine,
To mount thy peaceful, grassy slope
And feel the thrill from thy air wine.



Gen. Henry Dearborn, M. D.

In military dress during the War of 1812.

THE PHYSICIAN GENERAL OF TWO WARS.

A STURDY OAK OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE.

(Made a Freemason under marching orders.)

By Gilbert Patten Brown.

Author of "The Massacre of York," "Memories of Martinique," "The Tory's Daughter," etc.



IN the old and renowned state of New Hampshire are many interesting spots to the curious student of American history. The ancient town of Hampton is rural and furnishes much material for the ardent historian. Among its early settlers was the distinguished name of Dearborn. Godfrey Dearborn was born in Exeter, in the county of Do-

ver, in England, and when arriving in America settled in Exeter. He was one of the thirty-five men to sign the constitution for the government of Exeter, in 1739. In 1749 he moved to Hampton, where he died February 4, 1786. From that sturdy oak of New England life the subject of this memoir descended. He is none other than Henry Dearborn, born at Hampton, February 23, 1751, son of

Simon and Sarah (Marston) Dearborn.

The early education of Henry Dearborn was obtained at the district school of his native town, and his course in medicine was under the tuition of Dr. Hall Jackson, of Portsmouth. In 1772 Dr. Dearborn settled as a physician at Nottingham Square, and had a good practice at the breaking out of the American Revolution. In Portsmouth was old "St. John's Lodge No. 1" of Free Masons. The leading men of the town were members of that sturdy body, and the young physician of rural Nottingham wished to learn the mysteries of Freemasonry. He received the first and second degrees March 3, 1774 (in company with Maj. Andrew McClary, who was killed by a cannon ball at Bunker Hill). Dr. Dearborn did not receive the third, or Master Mason's, degree until April 6, 1777. His diploma is the property of "St. John's Lodge No. 1." It reads:

Our Honorable Brother

Henry Dearborn, was made a Mason in the first and second degree the 3d day of March 1774, and was raised to the degree of Master April 6, 1777 in St John's lodge of Portsmouth as per records; Clement Storer Master Edw'd St Leo Livermore, St Warden, Abel Harris Ju Warden, John P Pason Secretary.

This rare and unique document was found in 1901 among some rubbish at an auction sale at Saco, Maine. Chandler M. Hayford, Esq., the present secretary, has it in his possession; of it he is justly proud.

Soon after settling in Nottingham, and anticipating trouble with the mother country, Dr. Dearborn organized a military company and was elected its captain. When the news of Concord and Lexington reached the town, he, with Joseph Cilley and

Thomas Bartlett, reorganized the little command, and at the head of sixty men marched Captain Dearborn on the morning of April 20, 1775, towards Cambridge, Mass. In less than twenty-four hours those farmer volunteers marched a distance of fifty-five miles. After remaining there several days they returned home. A regiment was at once organized, commanded by Col. John Stark, of Londonderry, and Dr. Dearborn was on April 23, 1775, commissioned a captain. His company arrived at Medford, Mass., May 15, and in a few days was engaged in a skirmish on Hog island. He had been sent by the colonel to prevent the stock from being carried away by the British, and a few days later took part in an engagement with an armed vessel, near Winnesimmet ferry. The following letter by Colonel Stark is self-explanatory:



Winter Scene on Nottingham Square.

Behind the barn, marked, was located the house in which General Dearborn lived. The field below still called the "Dearborn field."



Section of Highway leading from Nottingham to Epping.

Medford, June 8, 1775.

Captain Henry Dearborn,—You are required to go with one seargent and twenty men to relieve the guards at Winter Hill and Templ's tomorrow morning at nine o'clock, and there to take their places and orders, but first to parade before New Hampshire Chambers (Billing's Tavern).

John Stark, Col.

Captain Dearborn endorsed the order by writing on the back: "First time I ever mounted guard."

Early on the 17th of June Colonel Stark's regiment marched to Bunker Hill. Captain Dearborn's company was the flank guard of the regiment. In the thickest of the fray was Dearborn and his men. He took with him his small medicine case, which he lashed together with his sword to his coat, and did one man's part in using the old king's arm upon the forces of England. In the following September he volunteered and joined the expedition of Gen. Benedict Arnold through the wilderness to Quebec, where on December 31, 1775, he was

taken prisoner, and the commanding officer, Gen. Richard Montgomery, was killed. He was not exchanged until March 10, 1777, and nine days later he was made major Third N. H. regiment, to rank from November 8, 1776. Col. Alexander Scammel (another member of "St. John's Lodge, No. 1") commanded that regiment of veterans. At Stillwater he fought bravely, and on September 19, 1777, was commissioned a lieutenant-colonel and transferred to the First regiment of New Hampshire continental troops, commanded by Col. Joseph Cilley (who had on June 15, 1775, been made a Mason in St. John's Lodge, No. 1, "gratis," "for his good service in the defence of his country"). At the battle of Monmouth the First N. H. regiment fought bravely, and both Colonels Ciley and Dearborn "attracted particularly the attention of the commander-in-chief."

It was after General Lee's blunder, that Washington ordered Colonel Cilley's regiment to attack a body of the British crack troops. As they passed through an orchard Lieutenant-Colonel Dearborn played a most daring and important feat. After the British had been beaten off, Colonel Cilley dispatched his lieutenant-colonel to General Washington to ask what further service was required before taking refreshments. The little doctor-soldier's face was black from smoke of battle. He saluted the general, who cried out, "What troops are those?" Dearborn replied: "Full-blooded Yankees from New Hampshire, sir." "Your men, sir, have done gallant service, fall back and refresh yourselves," quickly replied Washington. The following day General Washington in his general orders showed the highest commendation on the exploit of that regiment. Here General Washington learns that Lieutenant-Colonel Dearborn is a member

of the Masonic institution and is popular in the cloth of the craft.

In 1779 he accompanied Maj.-Gen. John Sullivan on his noted expedition against the Tories and Indians, and took an active part in the action of August 29 at Newburn. In 1781 he was appointed deputy quartermaster-general, with the rank of colonel, and served with General Washington's army in Virginia. He could be trusted at all times. He served until March 5, 1782, when he retired to private life. In 1784 he moved from New Hampshire to Kennebec, in the district of Maine. In 1787 he was elected brigadier-general of militia, and later, was appointed a major-general. In 1790 Washington appointed him marshal for the district of Maine. He was twice elected a representative from rural Kennebec county to congress. On March 5, 1801, he was appointed by President Jefferson secretary of war, which office he held with credit to himself until



View on the Common at Nottingham Square—Homes of Judge Bartlett and Thomas Fernald.

March 7, 1809, when he resigned and was appointed collector for the port of Boston. On January 27, 1812, he was appointed and commissioned as senior major-general in the United States army.

His military bearing was of the best; he was popular with his men and loved by his fellow officers. The one failure of General William Hull at Detroit had a deep effect upon the plans of General Dearborn. Commodore Isaac Chauncey and General Morgan Lewis (both Masons) worked in perfect harmony with General Dearborn in all his plans. On the force march to "Four Mile Creek," the hospital surgeon of the army, Dr. James Mann, said to General Dearborn: "I apprehend you do not intend to embark with the army?" The general replied: "I apprehend nothing, sir, I go into battle or perish in the attempt." The little engagements of the War of 1812 were tame to him compared with some of the hard battles of the Revolution he had participated in. He was honorably discharged from the army June 15, 1815. In 1822 he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to Portugal, and after two years returned to America at his own request. The hard service in the two wars of his country had broken down his health.

He was a member of that distinguished American body, "The Society of the Cincinnati," and became one of its general officers. Never was any of his undertakings a failure.

The sturdy Anglo-Saxon ancestry of General Dearborn was plainly seen in him.

He first married, 1771, Mary Bartlett; second, 1780, Dorcas (Osgood) Marble; third, 1813, Sarah Bowdoin. His son, Henry Alexander Scammel Dearborn, was born March 3, 1783, and died July 29, 1851.

Gen. Henry Dearborn possessed that rare jewel of mental aristocracy which has been common in almost every age and country. Dr. Dearborn would have been a valuable man in the medical department of the continental army, but knew where he would do the best service to human kind. The careful and curious student of the War of 1812 finds no officer of more value to the American cause than Maj.-Gen. Henry Dearborn. He died at Roxbury, Mass., June 6, 1829, and was buried at Mount Auburn cemetery with full civil, military, and Masonic honors, where a suitable stone, bearing a touching epitaph, marks his tomb. His achievements were vast for American liberty, and we find he has not proper space on history's page. The writer is a young man, and considers it his duty to contribute to literature this article, that generations yet unborn may read of the life of the physician-general of Americas two wars with England. Masonic writers have failed to record his name among those of the craft who served their country in the war against British despotism.



THE EVENING LIGHT.

By Mrs. O. S. Baketel.

Transcendently beautiful the orb of night,
The pale, soft light of the moon ;
Transversing through the heavens above,
And passing away too soon.

Not the strength of power the sun doth give,
As he rides with triumph by ;
Brilliantly shedding his rays of light
And heat, from a splendid sky.

But a softer light, as a babe asleep,
So innocent, pure, and sweet,
That we fain would change the lovely light,
For the luminous one replete.

THE VANDAL'S HAND.

By Sumner F. Clafin.

Among the sun-kissed summits,
Of the mountains that I love,
The vandal's hand its dastard work has done.
The same are all the sky tints,
In cloud-land just above,
But the forests as they used to be are gone !

Like a moth-eaten garment
Seem the breasts that once were green,
Those broad shoulders that pressed against the sky.
Where axe and fire has bared them
Their nakedness is seen !
In brokenness and ashes there they lie !

Oh ! Years of rain and sunshine,
Come, hide these ghastly stones
Beneath another covering of green.
The poet, yea, and nature
And all creation groans
Until Time's softer hand shall intervene.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE COVENANT OF 1774.

By Joseph B. Walker.



AMONG the papers of Judge Timothy Walker of Concord (b. 1737, d. 1822) is one of ancient foolscap size, somewhat faded and time worn, endorsed in his handwriting, "Covenant, 1774." This "covenant," which is all printed from old-fashioned English type, except a short blank space in which is written the word "Concord," occupies about two thirds of the first page. Upon the remainder of this and upon the second, are the autographs of seventy-two substantial citizens of Concord, and of Hannah Osgood, better known as "Mother Osgood," the landlady of Concord's popular inn¹ during the Revolutionary period. Fifty-two of these same persons, two years later, signed the Association Test, and thereby exposed their estates to confiscation and their necks to the halter.

What was the origin and purpose of this ancient document, now awakened from a sleep of three generations and introducing us to these Concord worthies of 1774? It bears no internal date. Who sent it for adoption to Concord? Were its provisions also adopted by the citizens of other New Hampshire towns? What, in short, was its "*raison d'être*"? To such questions its unexpected appearance gives rise. A careful perusal of

its contents, as here presented in facsimile, will answer them in part:

We the Subscribers, Inhabitants of the Town of Concord, having taken into our serious Consideration, the precarious State of the LIBERTIES of NORTH-AMERICA, and more especially the present distressed Condition of our Sister Colony of Massachusetts-Bay, embarrassed as it is by several Acts of the British Parliament, tending to the entire Subversion of their natural and Charter Rights; among which is the *Act for blocking up the Harbour of BOSTON*; And being fully sensible of our indispensable Duty to lay hold on every Means in our Power to preserve and recover the much injured Constitution of our Country; and conscious at the same Time of no Alternative between the Horrors of Slavery, or the Carnage and Desolation of a civil War, and a Suspension of all commercial Intercourse with the Island of Great-Britain, DO, in the Presence of GOD, solemnly and in good Faith, covenant and engage with each other.

1. That from henceforth we will suspend all commercial Intercourse with the said Island of Great-Britain, until the Parliament shall cease to enact Laws imposing Taxes upon the Colonies, without their Consent, or until the pretended Right of Taxing is dropped. And

2. That there may be less Temptation to others to continue in the said now dangerous Commerce; and in order to promote Industry, Oeconomy, Arts and Manufactures among ourselves, which are of the last Importance to the Welfare and Well-being of a Community; we do, in like Manner, solemnly covenant, that we will not buy, purchase or consume, or suffer any Person, by, for, or under us, to purchase, nor will we use in our Families in any Manner whatever, any Goods, Wares or Merchandise which shall arrive in America from Great-Britain aforesaid, from and after the last Day of August next ensuing (except only such Articles as shall be judged absolutely necessary by the Majority of Signers hereof)—and as much as in us lies, to prevent our being interrupted and defeated in this only peaceable Measure entered into for the Recovery and Preservation of our Rights, and the Rights of our Brethren in

¹ This stood near the south corner of Main and Depot streets.

our Sister Colonies, We agree to break off all Trade and Commerce, with all Persons, who preferring their private Interest to the Salvation of their now almost perishing Country, who shall still continue to import Goods from Great-Britain, or shall purchase of those who import after the said last Day of August, until the aforesaid pretended Right of Taxing the Colonies shall be given up or dropped.

3. As a Refusal to come into any Agreement which promises Deliverance of our Country from the Calamities it now feels, and which, like a Torrent, are rushing upon it with increasing Violence, must, in our Opinion, evidence a Disposition enimical to, or criminally negligent of the common Safety:— It is agreed, that all such ought to be considered, and shall by us be esteemed, as Encouragers of contumacious Importers.

Lastly, We hereby further engage, that we will use every Method in our Power, to encourage and promote the Production of Manufactures among ourselves, that this Covenant and Engagement may be as little detrimental to ourselves and Fellow Countrymen as possible.

| | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| Philip Eastman | Moses Abbott |
| Peter Green, Jr. | Reuben Kimball |
| Reuben Abbott | Lemuel Tucker |
| Jabez Abbot | Nathan Abbot |
| John Chase | Chandler Lovejoy |
| Benjamin Sweat | William Coffin |
| Ephraim Farnum, Junr. | Jona. Walker |
| Benjamin Fifield | John Farnum |
| Henry Lovjoy | David Young |
| Jacob Shute | Stephen Kimball |
| Edward Abbott | Ebenr. West |
| George Abbott | Moses Eastman, jun. |
| Jesse Abbot | Hannah Osgood |
| Jeremiah Wheeler | Timo. Walker |
| Joshua Abbot | Richard Hastine |
| Ezekiel Dimond | Timo. Walker, Jr. |
| Isak Kimball | John Kimball |
| Ezra Carter | Benja. Emery |
| Abiel Chandler | Aaron Stevens. |
| John Blanchard | Joseph Hall, Jr. |
| Caleb Buswell | Philip Carigain |
| Peter Chandler | Jonathan Stickney |
| Abiel Blanchard | David Hall |
| Jonathan Bradley | Stephen Abbot |
| Nathl. Rolfe | Benjamin Farnum |
| Timothy Bradley | Nathl. Clement |
| Cornelius Johnson | James Walker |
| Daniel Gale | Joseph Farnum |
| Thos. Stickney | Jonathan Eliot |
| Daniel Abbot | Jacob Carter |
| Nathl. West | Enoch Coffin |
| Daniel Carter | Hezekiah Fellows |
| Amos Abbot | Abner Flanders |
| Daniel Hall | Ebenezer Virgin |
| Levi Ross | Solomon Gage |
| Henry Berk | Jacob Dimond |
| Nathl. Abbott | |

For further responses, one must revert to the environment of this important paper, and the condition of public affairs in the American colonies at that time. Soon after the Treaty of Paris (1763), whereby France relinquished all rule in North America, the selfishness of the governmental policy of England with respect to her American colonies became more and more pronounced. It was manifest that she meant to hold them not only as an enlargement of her domain, enhancing her consequence as a nation, but as contributors to her material welfare, by affording places to her needy dependents, markets for her manufactures and merchandise, freights for her vessels, and aids to her exchequer, by an arbitrary taxation of their people without their consent.

This policy was made notably patent as early as March 22, 1765, by the enactment of the Stamp Act, which embodied the principle of her right to tax the people of her colonies while denying them representation in the body by which it was done.

This act, however, proved premature and excited such widespread dissatisfaction and opposition to its enforcement that it was repealed at the end of four months and a half after it had taken effect (March 18, 1766), much to the disgust of the king and of his advisers. Yet, while its repeal caused great joy throughout the colonies, it did not change his purpose. He simply acquiesced and waited; but briefly for, the very next year, he converted to exasperation the good feeling thus produced by securing the enactment of a law for levying import duties on tea, glass,

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Peter Green *Cornelius Johnson* *Richard Hays* *June*
Reuben Abbott *Thomas Stephens* *Wm. Walden jr.*
Jabez Abbot *Daniel Abbot* *John Thrimball*
John Chase *Nath. Gray* *Sam. Emery* *Stevens*
Benjamin Sweet *Amos Abbot* *Joseph Hall Jr.*
Philip Garrison

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| Ephraim Farnum Jr | Daniel Hall |
| Benjamin Kipps | Levi Ross |
| Henry Lopez | Henry Beck |
| Jacob Hunt | Nath ^l Abbott |
| Edward Abbott | Moses Abbott |
| George Abbott | Ruben Kimball |
| Jesse Abbot | Samuel Furber |
| | Nathan Abbot |
| Jeremiah Wheeler | |
| Joshua Abbot | Charles Lovejoy |
| Ezekiel Dimond | William Coffin |
| Isaiah Dimond | Josh ^a Walker |
| Ezra Carter | John Farnum |
| Abiel Chandler | David Young |
| John Blanchard | Stephen Kimball |
| Caleb Buford | Eben ^r West |
| Peter Chandler | Moses Estlin jun. |
| Abiel Blaneard | Hamah Osgood |
| Jonathan Bradley | |
| Nath ^l Rolfe | |
| Jonathan Stickney | |
| David Hall | |
| Stephen Abbot | |
| Benjamin Farnum | |
| Nath ^l Dimond | |
| James Walker | |
| Isaac Farnum | |
| Jonathan Eliot | |
| Jacob Carter | |
| Enoch Coffin | |
| Isaiah Fellows | |
| Abner Saunders | |
| Ebenezer F. Jr | |
| Solomon Fagg | |
| Jacob Dimond | |

paper, and painters' colors brought to American ports.

But, so general and intense was the dissatisfaction caused by this law also, that the duty was soon removed from all of these articles except tea. This was retained, accompanied by an assertion, as unwise as vain, that "England had the right to bind her colonies in all cases whatsoever." The king could not realize that his American colonists were contending for a principle, and not for the avoidance of the payment of a petty three pence on a pound of tea.

Thus modified, the obnoxious law still failed to effect the object which it was intended to secure. Ere long, the discontent, whose intensity had been increasing for half a dozen years, culminated on the sixteenth day of December, 1773, in the pouring into the waters of Boston harbor a whole cargo of tea which had been sent to that port for sale. Kindred action followed in other towns, and only fifteen days later, the people of Charlestown, gathering their little supplies of this article, bore them to the public square and there consigned them to the flames of a patriotic bonfire, amid great rejoicings beneath which stern ideas were silently taking form in thoughtful minds.¹ In other places, non-consumption agreements were formed, as in Portsmouth, where the women bound themselves to discontinue its use so long as the objectionable act remained in force.²

While this destruction of tea in Boston was hailed with great satisfaction in all the colonies, it aroused the ire of the king, who at once concluded that no vacillating course

should be hereafter pursued, and that the little capital of Massachusetts should soon feel the weight of his right arm in vengeance.

In accordance with this purpose, on the thirty-first day of March, 1774, the act popularly known as the Boston Port Bill received the royal approval, and a few weeks later, in April, three others, known as the Regulation Acts, were enacted.

The Port Bill took effect on the first day of the following June, causing the harbor of Boston to be blockaded and all passing between the islands therein and Charlestown to be suspended. As a consequence, business came to a sudden standstill. Stores and warehouses were closed and the employment of hundreds of its people, who lived by the work of their hands, ceased. Salem was made the colonial capital, and Marblehead became a port of entry.

Two months later the Regulation Acts, just mentioned, went into effect, "sweeping away the long cherished charter of Massachusetts and precipitating the irreversible choice between submission and resistance."³

The first of these provided "In total violation of the charter [of Massachusetts] that the counsellors, who had been chosen hitherto by the legislature, should be appointed by the king, and hold at his pleasure. The superior judges were to hold at the will of the king, and be dependent upon him for their salaries; and the inferior judges were to be removable at the discretion of the royal governor. The sheriffs were to be appointed and removed by the executive; and the juries were to be se-

¹ Hist. Charlestown, p. 293.
Annals of Portsmouth, p. 244.

³ Windsor's Mem. Hist. Boston, Vol. 3, p. 53.

lected by the dependent sheriffs. Town meetings were to be abolished, except for the election of officers or by the special permission of the governor. This bill was passed by a vote of more than three to one."

The second provided that "Magistrates, revenue officers and soldiers, charged with capital offenses, could be tried in England or Nova Scotia. This bill passed by a vote of more than four to one."¹

The third made provision for the quartering of British troops upon the towns.

But all these vindictive laws failed to accomplish their expected purposes. Particularly applicable is this remark to the Boston Port Bill, the effect of which was twofold. While it caused great distress to large numbers of the inhabitants of Boston, it also created stern indignation in all the colonies, frightened few persons, and created a universal sympathy for those distressed thereby, which at once manifested itself by liberal contributions to the people of the beleaguered town, which largely prevented the sufferings it was intended to produce.

The correspondence accompanying the transportation and receipt of these contributions from June 28, 1774, to September 9, 1775, has been published by the Massachusetts Historical society, and covers two hundred and seventy-eight pages of the fourth volume of the fourth series of its Collections. There was then little money in America, and the contributions were mostly of provisions. These came from some one hundred and fifty different places. As instances of these, there were sent :

June 28, 1774, from Windham, Conn., a small flock of sheep.

June 28, 1774, from Groton, 40 bushels of rye and Indian corn.

July, 1774, from Cape Fear, North Carolina, a sloop load of provisions.

Aug. 4, 1774, from Baltimore, Maryland, 3,000 bushels of Indian corn, 20 barrels of rye flour, 2 barrels of pork and 20 barrels of bread,

Aug. 30, 1774, from Northampton, Virginia, 1,000 bushels of Indian corn.

Sept. 22, 1774, from Old York, a quantity of wood, sheep and potatoes.

Nov. 25, 1774, from Philadelphia, Penn., 5 tons of rod iron, 400 barrels of flour and 200 barrels of ship stuff.

Dec. 7, 1774, from New York, N. Y., 180 barrels of flour, 9 barrels of pork and 12 firkins of butter.

Dec. 15, 1774, from Middlesex county, New Jersey, 2 barrels of rye flour, 8 barrels of wheat flour, 2 barrels of pork, 14 bushels of Indian corn and 471 bushels of rye.

March 15, 1775, from Montreal, Canada, £ 100-4 sh.

Aug. 3, 1874, from South Carolina, 100 casks of rice.

Nine New Hampshire towns sent similar gifts.² The following correspondence attended the sending and receipt of a part of that of Concord :

Province of New Hampshire.
Concord, Oct. 29th, 1774.

Sir

The people of this Town have subscribed a considerable quantity of pease, for our suffering brethren in the Town of Boston, part of which I now send you by the bearer; the remainder I shall forward as soon as possible. You will excuse my giving you this trouble, not being particularly acquainted with any other Gentleman of the Committee.

I remain your most obedient and very humble servant,

Timo. Walker, Jun.

To Mr. Henry Hill.

To this was returned the following response :

Boston, Nov. 11, 1774.

Dear Sir,

This morning Mr. Samuel Ames delivered your agreeable favor of the 29th October, informing me that the people of the Town of Concord have generously subscribed a quantity of pease for their suffering brethren of this

² These towns were Concord, Chester, Candia, Durham, Newmarket, Londonderry, Temple, Portsmouth, and Exeter.

¹ Windsor's Mem. Hist. Boston, Vol. 3, p. 53.

Town, part of which you have sent, and the receipt of which I hereby acknowledge, and in behalf of the Town, desire you to accept our sincere thanks for this proof of your sympathy with us under our present trials, which, I assure you are very heavy, and under which we fear we should sink, were it not for the support which, under Providence, we receive from our kind friends and brethren in this and the neighboring Colonies.

I am, dear Sir, your obliged, humble servant,
Henry Hill.

To Mr. Timo Walker Jr. in Concord, Province of New Hampshire.¹

In this vain attempt at intimidation, when conciliation was so greatly needed, King George III made the greatest mistake of his life. He took a fatal step which he could not retrace and began a contest sure to end by detaching from his kingdom all his American colonies from the St. Croix to Florida, and to give birth to a new nation destined, in a single century, to rival England in wealth and power, and, ere the close of a second, to surpass it in both.

While the sufferings caused by the Port Bill were restricted to the inhabitants of Boston, the bill was regarded as a menace to all other colonial sea-ports, which might incur the royal displeasure, and as an assurance that His Majesty was ready to use so much of the military and naval power of his kingdom as might be found necessary to enforce his arbitrary demands.

To the people of the colonies, who loved their fatherland and wanted peace and the development of their adopted country, this was a very unwelcome conclusion. They therefore sought some peaceable means by which their disagreements with their home government might be removed and a rupture of the bond which had long bound them to their mother country be avoided. In addition to the

letters, petitions, and remonstrances before used, there was suggested :

1. The cultivation of a better acquaintance of the people of the different colonies with one another, and a common agreement as to their general interests. The attainment of these ends was sought through colonial, county, and town Committees of Correspondence, by which the opinions and wants of each section of country might be made known to the others. To Dr. Jonathan Mayhew and to Samuel Adams, both of Boston, the invention of this agency was largely due. It was a peaceable one, and the information gathered thereby might have been of much service to the king had he chosen to avail himself of it. But he did not. Such a committee was appointed by the Assembly of New Hampshire, on the 28th day of May, 1774, to the disgust of the governor, who thereupon dissolved that body, hoping by so doing, it has been said, to dissolve also the committee.

2. Another agency suggested was that of popular provincial congresses, in which all the towns of a colony should be represented. Five such were assembled in New Hampshire between the 21st day of July, 1774, and the 21st day of December, 1775, inclusive; the last of which, on the 5th day of the following January, assumed the powers of a state government and became its first legislature.

3. Still another, similar to the non-importation agreements before mentioned, was the formation of solemn leagues and covenants, whose members should mutually bind themselves to neither import nor consume British goods until the grievances complained of were removed. In his Memorial

¹ Mass. Hist. Collections, Series 4, Vol. 4, p. 429.

History of Boston, Mr. Windsor says that soon after the Port Bill took effect, " 'A solemn league and covenant' to suspend all commercial intercourse with England, and forego the use of all British merchandise, was forwarded to every town in the province; and the names of those who refused to sign it were to be published."¹ Of this Prof. J. K. Hosmer also says, "The Solemn League and Covenant spread throughout New England, and into the colonies in general, being a most formidable non-importation agreement which the royal governors denounced in vain."²

Not long after this, at some time between July and September, a similar "covenant" was prepared and copies of it dispatched, by the New Hampshire Committee of Correspondence, to the towns of that province. To what number these were signed, or how many have been preserved, does not appear. A pretty diligent search has resulted in allusions only to such agreements. So far as the writer knows, the Concord covenant is the only one which has been preserved to this day.

On the seventeenth of June, 1774, the Assembly of Massachusetts suggested the organization of a continental congress, to consider the condition and wants of the several colonies and devise measures of general interest to all. This suggestion was favorably received, the different colonies chose delegates to attend it, and the first day of September was appointed as the day of its assembling, in Philadelphia. To it the people looked forward, and awaited its advice.

An example of such awaiting is furnished by the action of the town of Keene,³ to which the New Hampshire Committee of Correspondence had sent for execution a copy of this covenant. At a town-meeting, holden there on the twenty-sixth day of September, "To see if it be the mind of the town to sign the covenant and engagement, which was sent and recommended by the committee of correspondence, relating to the non importation agreement," the following preamble and vote was adopted :

Whereas the towns in this province, have chosen members⁴ to represent them in a General Congress of all the colonies, now sitting at the city of Philadelphia, to consult and determine what steps are necessary for the colonies to adopt, voted, therefore, not to sign the non importation agreement until we hear what measures said congress have agreed upon for themselves and their constituents.

That this opinion prevailed in many of the other towns there is reason to believe, and the conclusion is a plausible one that, the New Hampshire Solemn League and Covenant was superseded by the broader intercolonial "Association" adopted by the members of the continental congress on the 21st of October, and by them personally executed for themselves and their constituents.⁵

³ N. H. Hist. Soc. Col., Vol. 2, p. 110.

⁴ The New Hampshire delegates chosen July 14, 1774, were Nathaniel Folsom and John Sullivan.

⁵ On the 27th of December, 1774, Amherst chose a committee "to carry into effect the Association agreement." (Hist. of Amherst, p. 366.) On the 15th of January, 1775, Bedford "Voted to adopt the measures of the Continental Congress." (Hist. of Bedford, p. 123.) February 23, 1775, Fitzwilliam "Voted to abide by the proceedings of the Continental Congress." (Hist. of Fitzwilliam, p. 217.) May 18, 1774, Hollis "Voted to enforce a strict adherence to the Association Agreement of the Continental Congress." (Hist. of Hollis, p. 144.) Mr. Claude Halstead Van Tyne says, "In October of 1774, the First Continental Congress determined upon an association as a 'speedy, effectual and peaceable measure,' for obtaining a redress of their grievances. The Solemn League and Covenant, which originated in Boston, died in anticipation of this measure, because intercolonial association would be more effective." (The Loyalists in America, p. 69.)

¹ Windsor's Mem. Hist. Boston, Vol. 3, p. 55.

² Hosmer's Life of S. Adams, pp. 298-300.

The preamble of this was in part as follows:

We, his Majesty's most loyal subjects, the Delegates of the several Colonies of New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, the three Lower Counties of New Castle, Kent and Sussex on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina, deputed to represent them in a Continental Congress, held in the city of Philadelphia, on the fifth day of September, 1774, avowing our allegiance to His Majesty; our affection and regard for our fellow-subjects in Great Britain and elsewhere; affected with the deepest anxiety and most alarming apprehensions at those grievances and distresses with which his Majesty's American subjects are oppressed; and having taken under our most serious deliberation the state of the whole continent, find that the present unhappy situation of our affairs is occasioned by a ruinous system of Colony Administration adopted by the British Ministry about the year 1763, evidently calculated for enslaving these Colonies, and, with them the British Empire.

* * * *

To obtain redress of these grievances, which threaten destruction to the Lives, Liberty and Property of His Majesty's subjects in North America, we are of opinion that a Non-Importation, Non-Consumption and Non-Exportation Agreement, faithfully adhered to, will prove the most speedy, effectual and peaceable measure; and, therefore, we do, for ourselves and the inhabitants of the several Colonies whom we represent, firmly agree and associate, under the sacred ties of Virtue, Honour and the love of our Country as follows:

Next followed the articles of association, which, with the signatures of the delegates from all the colonies with the exception of Georgia, occupy nearly five closely-printed pages of the first volume of the Congress Journal.

To this Association, as before stated, the Concord Covenant of 1774 undoubtedly gave way. A critical examination of the seventy-three signatures attached thereto affords evidence that the subscribers were plain persons, intelligent, cognizant of their rights and possessed of courage to maintain

them. Indeed, the very next April a goodly number of them, having exchanged their pens for their muskets, hurried to Cambridge to report two months later at Bunker Hill.

Thus far, all the measures adopted by the American colonists for the redress of their grievances had been peaceable ones. By such they hoped to adjust the differences between them and their mother country, but the king insisted upon the stern arbitrament of war. By the judgment of this tribunal the colonies were awarded political freedom and nationality.

If to any it seem strange that our fathers should have striven as long as they did to obtain a redress of their grievances by the peaceable means of remonstrances, petitions, and non-importation agreements, it should be remembered that England was their mother country and the most powerful nation in the world; while the American colonies, consisting of but a thin line of thirteen small states, strung along the Atlantic coast from New Hampshire to Georgia, like beads on a cord, were but slightly bound to each other by acquaintance or material interests; were sparsely settled and possessed of an aggregate population of only three million people, half of whom were Tories.

The surprising thing is, not that they should have been slow in taking up arms against their oppressor; but that they should have done so at all. And, indeed, not very late were they in coming to a realization of the fact that the strength of a small people, with God and right on their side, cannot be measured by numbers.

The Concord subscribers to this

Solemn League and Covenant have been in their graves well on towards an hundred years. It is trusted that their patriotic spirits have not been "disquieted," as was that of Israel's dead prophet, by this "bringing them up" to testify of the valor and sacrifices which they consecrated to the achievement of American independence. Fit will it be for the millions, now enjoying this inestimable blessing, to "solemnly covenant" to transmit it unimpaired to their posterity.

AUTUMN REVELATIONS.

By Louise Lewin Matthews.

The mellow days are drifting,
 The summer hours have gone,
 October winds are lifting
 The leaves upon the thorn.
 The music of the woodland
 No longer floats above,
 And frosty nights are stealing
 The flower that poets love.

The sumac by the roadside
 Their lamps of crimson burn,
 The cinquefoil in the pastures
 Their yellow bonnets turn.
 By winding streams the alder
 And the willow shake their leaves,
 And many a field is covered
 With stacks of golden sheaves.

The purple grapes are hanging
 Beside the orchard wall,
 The golden apples ripen,
 And on the grasses fall.
 Thus autumn is revealing
 What summer treasured rare,
 And nature held in keeping
 These jewels rich and fair.

Oh! stately maid of autumn,
 Magician of the year!
 What marvels full of wonder,
 What revelations here!
 A welcome ever greets you,
 Dame Nature bends the knee,
 Announced by woodland heralds,
 Thou queen of royalty!

THE OUTING OF THE POSSUM CLUB.

By H. G. Leslie, M. D.



THE season waxed apace. Already the first ears of green corn were adding their toothsome flavor to the viands prepared by the good housewives of Shoreline, when the nightly discussions on the stump of the old mast at the foot of Captain Jared's garden turned to the annual excursion to Grape island. From the time to which the memory of man reaches not, these expeditions had formed a part of the routine of life to the dwellers on the banks of the river.

All along the coast from Florida to wild Chaloure the mounds of sea shells and debris of bygone feasts bear ample testimony to the antiquity of these observances. The native tribes left the fastness of the mountains, in summer time, to luxuriate on the sands of the seashore. It has even been conjectured that Adam, tiring of a continuous fruit diet, sailed down the Euphrates, at this season of the year, to partake of the succulent and seductive clam. There is no documentary evidence to prove this theory, but this migratory instinct of the race shows some far-reaching impulse of heredity.

It has ever been a fruitful subject for discussion whether the pleasures of anticipation were not greater than those of realization. I am quite cer-

tain that Captain Jared's associates derived a great amount of satisfaction in recalling the experiences of previous years and making elaborate preparations for the coming event.

The frequent injunctions not to forget this or that showed a thorough acquaintance with the necessary details, and, in a small way, were suggestive of how complex a matter the fitting out of a whaler for a four-year voyage might be.

As I had no expectation of joining in this hygeria I listened as one who hears of display and ceremonial in the court of kings, on which he may never even gaze from afar. I had been assured that an initiation into the Masonic fraternity was a trifling affair in comparison to acquiring an acknowledged position in this exclusive association. I do not know that any formal edict, bearing the great seal of the sculpin rampant, had ever been promulgated, defining the laws of membership, but it was generally conceded that the right to close communion with these sea-pickled salts could only be acquired by seven years of probation, and then only by unanimous approval.

It is among the recorded traditions of the locality that one young man, after living circumspectly for six years and ten months, in an unguarded moment expectorated to windward

and thus forfeited all rights of recognition to membership. If, however, the full probationary period was passed, and the candidate invested with the authorized regalia, consisting of a dory, clam-digger, and eel-spear, no known enormity could dispossess him of his privileges.

My short residence at Shoreline had given me no warrant to expect exceptional favors. I presume, therefore, that it was a matter of courtesy to Captain Somes that he was allowed to extend an invitation to his boarder. The unexpected pleasure, the ripe apple that drops from the tree without premonition, is often the source of the greatest satisfaction.

As no fixed date had ever been established for this outing, the matter came up for full and free discussion, and after numerous consultations with Robert B. Thomas, "his book," it was decided that the week of the September full moon had the most claims. Next came the list of stores, and a pine shingle was hung on the door of Captain Jared's shop, to take the place of a memorandum book. Pork, potatoes, onions, and coffee were written with varying styles of chirography, but no one ventured to add the pies and cake of home life.

It was a beautiful morning when the little flotilla set sail, making almost as imposing a display as that of the great discoverer when he left the harbor of Cadiz. A soft film of mist clung to the surface of the river and softened the outlines of the pines, as well as the rocky island on which they had held possession for more than a century. Even the chains on the old suspension bridge looked like threads of warp in some gigantic web.

Captain Jared seemed reticent and unnecessarily watchful of every change of tide and wind as we swept down through the Narrows and by the ship yards, where tall stage timbers stood, as mute memorials of a by-gone industry. At length, with tones that betokened intense satisfaction, he said, "They can't do it; I can lay nearer the wind than that Joppa Shay of Jake Short's and out-foot Captain Tom's Swampscott dory."

This was the first intimation that I had been a participant in a quasi international boat race. It appeared that these rivals to Captain Somes' old dory had never been tested in a fair contest before, and the result was eminently satisfactory to him. The same spirit that prompts men to risk money on the speed of horses comes to those to whom the boat is a legitimate substitute for flesh and muscle.

We sailed between shores fringed on either side by decaying wharves. The ripple of the tide disturbed, as it had for a century, the decorative ornamentation of eel grass and kelp, clinging to the dank water-soaked piles, while planking and cap-piece little by little had rotted and fallen away. The odor of decay seemed to fill the air. A solitary and decrepit old man leaned against the corner of an unused warehouse, looking toward the line of foam that marked the harbor bar, over which in his youth had come so many white sails of a busy commercial life; but only a dim, solitary skyline met his gaze, a pathetic representation of changed conditions.

"On that wharf," said Captain Jared, "stood King Bartlett, one of the merchant princes of this place before the embargo. With three of his ves-

sels in sight coming up the harbor, and a hundred more somewhere at sea, feeling the burden of wealth, he lifted up his hands and said, 'Lord, stay thy hand, thy servant hath enough.' The Lord took him at his word I reckon, for his prosperity ceased from that day, and he ended his life as a public charge. By Jim Hill, if a man has got a good thing he had better let it alone, in my opinion. Not but what I think that that Embargo law would have had just the same effect, but it don't sound well to talk that way."

Below the city we skirted miles of clam flats, always a busy place when the tide is out. Peculiarly applicable is the standard toast of the Joppa fishermen, "Here's to the bank that never refuses to discount," for in all the years of the history of man no one has made his demand with perseverance and a clam-digger in vain. Factories may close their doors, mines remain unworked until pale-faced hunger haunts the home of the workers, but the brown mud that covers nature's stores of food yields its unvarying supply of nutriment in the white cases of this bivalve.

A long line of sand dunes extending from Cape Ann to Boar's Head, had been growing more distinct and picturesque as we sailed down the bay. They are the barriers that protect the harbor as well as the mile after mile of salt marsh from the direct onslaught of ocean waves. Seemingly frail and constantly shifting with every wind that blows, they stand like an advanced guard and meet the wiles of the enemy effectively.

Back of these sand hills extends Plum Island river, a rather high-

sounding name for a narrow, tortuous, muddy creek, connecting the Merrimac with Ipswich bay, down which we were to sail on our way to Grape island.

As we changed our course to enter this estuary we passed near a low-lying island. "This," said Captain Some, "is Woodbridge's island, and was once owned by old John Varnum. One year when he came down to cut his salt hay, he found that a party had been camping here. When they left they did not take the trouble to pull up the tent pins, and by some means had overlooked a shoe-knife, and left that, also, sticking in the sod. When old John saw the knife and pins, thinking they were all knives, he made a rush, at the same time yelling, 'This one is mine and all the rest of them.' This saying of old John's is a sort of proverb round here, and when a man is extra grasping he is said to be like John Varnum and his shoe knives."

"This stream," said Captain Jared, that seems so quiet and peaceful now, was a busy place at one time. Along in 1812, when British cruisers were thick along the coast, so that vessels did not dare to venture outside, unless they were pretty well armed, they dug a canal through the Cape from Gloucester to Annisquam; then from there it was only about three miles into Ipswich bay, up the river, and across the Merrimac to Black Rock creek, which gave an inside route all the way to Hampton. They had a regular line of big barges, which they poled and towed all the way through, loaded with West India goods one way and farm produce the other. My father worked on one of these boats, and a curious thing happened to him

one night back of Salisbury beach. I have heard him tell the story a good many times. It was a bright moonlight night, with not a breath of air stirring, so he took out a long tow line to help warp the barge along. You know these marshes are full of sink-holes or little ponds, that when the tide is out seem to be nothing but black mud. He was plodding by one of those places when he saw a chest sticking up an inch or two out of the mud. It was near enough so that he got hold of one corner, and felt it move a little. He could feel some kind of great big metal hinges. Just then they called out from the barge to know what he was stopping for, and father concluded he would n't say anything about it, but come back later and get his chest of gold, for he thought it was the treasure box from some ship. When he came back he could n't seem to locate the place. I suppose he spent more than a month prodding around those holes, but he could never get track of it again. Whether his moving it caused it to settle down out of sight I don't know. This worried father so I think it shortened his days. He died when he wan't but ninety-one, and he ought to have lived to be more than a hundred. I have noticed that when men want to get rich sudden it kind of wears them out. I should kind of like to know what was in that chest myself, but I shan't worry about it. It will come up again sometime and somebody will get it."

While Captain Somes had been talking our boat had followed the winding channel of Plum Island river, with the sharp jagged outline of sand hills against the sky on the left. The ravines between them had a fringe of

beach plum bushes, but their peaks rose above the green of vegetation, hard and glistening like a wolf's tooth. Away to the right stretched mile upon mile of level marsh, dotted at regular intervals with stacks of salt hay, standing upon staddles, to keep them above the tide line. I remarked that beautiful as the scene surely was in the light of a tranquil summer day it must present a far different appearance in winter, when cold and storm were sweeping over the dunes.

"Yes," said Captain Jared, "I can remember very well the Christmas of 1839, when the ship *Pocahontas* was wrecked on this beach and all on board lost. They carried big crews in those days, and nearly all of them lived in sight of where they were lost. They had no such thing in those days as life saving crews, and no one knew anything about it until the next morning, when the beach was strewed with wreckage and dead bodies for miles.

"I have thought a good many times how tough it must have been for those poor fellows, clinging to the rigging, and freezing, where they could see the lights in their own homes, and know that the children were playing their Christmas games, and knowing that they had n't a ghost of a chance to see daylight again. The ocean is a pretty hard master, and if a man gets together a few dollars for old age, he earns it by taking lots of chances."

In an old edition of Blunt's Coast Pilot the directions for entering one of the small harbors on the Maine shore were, "Steer for Bill Symond's red barn on the hill." Cyclones might destroy, fire consume, or the hand of the decorative artist change

the structure, but still the guide to mariners would proclaim, "Steer for the red barn." In a similar way the navigation of Ipswich bay depended on Marm Small's house, which was to be kept on the port quarter going down, and starboard quarter coming up Grape island channel. By means of this limited but satisfactory chart we were enabled to reach our destination in due time and with no perilous adventures.

The long bank of yellow sand left glistening in the afternoon sun by the receding tide, suggested the advisability of procuring the clams for the contemplated chowder, and soon a busy group were disturbing the resting-place of the bivalves, while others prodded the creek near by for eels which were considered a valuable adjunct to the compound.

In the meantime the preparations for the camp were going on. The idea of procuring a house for shelter was never for a moment considered, although several rough barracks were near at hand. A tent also would have lacked a certain primitive element which seemed desirable. The dories were hauled well up on the dry sand, and turned on their sides in pairs, at an angle of forty-five degrees, thus making a very fair representation of a half opened clam shell, and furnishing very comfortable protection from the weather. A bed of salt hay, purloined from a neighboring stack, completed the preparations for the night's rest, and proved how few of the luxuries of life are absolutely needed for comfort.

Scarcely had the dawn of the second day streaked the eastern sky

with its purple tints when discussions and preparations began for the feast that was to be the crowning event of the week. To one who has never participated in a genuine clam-bake—not the fake preparations of some hired caterer, but a work of leisure, of loving care—there has been something left out of his life that Delmonico's elaborate spreads can never rival. He who has grasped the bended snathe and heard the soft swish of the falling grass mingle with the song of birds, in the dewy morn, on some upland farm, has learned a note of music that Beethoven never taught.

The experiences of lowly life, the primitive conditions of the race, are well worth the time spent in actual experience. It is a mistaken idea that pleasure only falls in the lap of luxury, or wealth holds the key to the temple of happiness. Many a favored son of fortune would yield a large per cent. of his income for the privilege of kneeling beside a fisherman's smoke-stained pot and partake of its contents with the zest and relish of its owner.

The preparations that precede a successful clambake involve no insignificant amount of labor, and for the next two days the whole party shared in the preliminary proceedings.

The stones were collected, one by one, and packed in proper form for the oven; driftwood was gathered along the beach, a bit here and there, until a goodly pile was accumulated; the rocks at the harbor mouth were stripped of their burden of sea weed; clams, lobsters, and fish were the contribution from the salt water, and a neighboring farmer furnished

the green corn. At length all was ready, and the tired but enthusiastic participants gathered in a circle to render judgment when the proper amount of heat had been accumulated by the rocky bed. Opinions fluctuated, but at length the general consensus of opinion declared that the time had arrived to consign the various components to their warm reception, covered by a thick mantle of fragrant help. Then came the hours of patient waiting while appetites were stimulated by the fragrant odor of the steaming mass.

Intemperance in eating is as much to be deplored as the like sin in the use of beverages; but if ever temptation came in a peculiarly seductive form, it was in this primitive method of cookery. No doled out dish of limited proportions tantalized, the vision of the epicure, but the whole steaming dish redolent with inviting odors was at his command.

As the feast proceeded it was evident that the prayer of the old Scotch elder would be appropriate, "Lord wilt thou hae marcy on us for we hae nae marcy on oursels." At length, Python-like, each one sought his place of rest and refused to be interested in the affairs of men. Kingdoms might rise and fall; crowns be cast like skittles on the green. All these things were of no account.

I dropped into an uneasy sleep, from which I was aroused some hours later by a series of indistinct mutterings and groans. At first they seemed to be a great way off, but as I came more fully to my senses I found that they proceeded from my companion, Captain Jared. "Gosh all hemlock" said he, "why did I eat that last pan of clams? My

stomach and liver are all tied in a knot like a hank of spun yarn. Holy Smoke," yelled he, as he doubled up with a fresh spasm of colic.

Thinking of my own creature comfort, I had taken the precaution to stow among my private belongings a bottle of Holland gin. I knew that Captain Somes held exaggerated ideas in regard to the use of stimulants of all kinds, and made his boast that he had never tasted a drop of any kind in his life. I was thoroughly frightened, and it seemed to be the only source at hand, so I went outside the rude shelter and poured out two thirds of a tumbler of the fiery liquid, and added a teaspoonful of red pepper. This I urged him to drink without stopping to take breath. No martyr ever went to the stake with a more innocent soul than Captain Jared.

The vile compound reached his epigastrium like a Democratic torch light procession, with much enthusiasm, but minus the brass band. The music part, however, was made up by the captain in a series of snorts and ejaculations that would have broken up a Sunday-school. It had the desired effect, however, and the twisting and turning grew less, until a long contented snore announced the fact that he had cast anchor in a haven of rest and comfort.

We slept late that morning, and I noticed the captain's eyes looked rather red when he crawled from under the upturned boat. He soused his head vigorously in a pail of cold sea water, after which with a mug of strong coffee he seemed to be himself again. After lighting his pipe he seemed to meditate for a moment or two, then said: "By Gosh, that

medicine saved my life." As long as this proposition could not be disproved, and as I felt sure it would either kill or cure, the decision stands.

The buzz saw of time clips the slabs from the days of pleasure with a celerity that is far from pleasing. All too soon the week had slipped into the current of the past, and the day for the home bound trip had arrived. The Ipswich hills had become familiar landmarks, and the lone tree which marked the highest elevation in Rowley seemed like an old friend. The pale thin blue of the autumn haze obscured the outline of Pine island and almost blotted out the rounded dome of Po hill in the northern sky. The boats were returned to their native element, and a

few hours spent in procuring the expected treat of clams, fish, and lobsters for those who had remained by the hearthstones in Snoreline. Then the white sails were spread to the breeze and we threaded the winding channel leading to the Merrimac.

The return voyage was uneventful, and as we rounded Gunner's Point the crescent curve of Shoreline, bathed in the glow of the afternoon sun, presented a picture of rare beauty.

Be the absence long or short, the feeling of home coming is one of satisfaction.

Ipswich days and the "outing of the Possum club" form a page in history around which memory clings with the tenacity and fragrance of a tropic vine.

GOLDENROD AND HAREBELL.

By J. M. B. Wright.

When autumn winds blow chill and drear,
And faded all the sod,
We see in loveliness appear
The plumes of goldenrod.

They cluster on the sloping hill,
And on the open plain,
Like armies rushing on to strife,
A victory to gain.

Beside them grows in beauty fair,
Upspringing to the view,
The realm of nature's gifts to share,
The harebell's softer blue.

The twain are but a smaller part
Of the great host of flowers;
They brighten many a saddened heart
Through autumn's changing hours.

A MESSAGE FROM THE UNKNOWN.

By Bennett B. Perkins.



OW that the probate court has declared James Harmsworth legally dead, and his will has been passed by the surrogate, I, a relative, believe that no harm can come from making known to the general public the facts of his disappearance.

Those of us who are old enough to recall events of ten years ago will have no trouble in remembering some of the incidents. Few mysteries have excited more national interest. To the others I will explain that James Harmsworth was a retired lumber dealer of Omaha, who, having amassed a fortune, had turned his attention to the breeding of Great Danes, and still found time hanging heavily on his hands. In common with other men of wealth and known philanthropy he received a large number of curious letters, the majority of which strove to impress upon his mind the beauties of charity.

On the morning of the 25th of September, 1890, while engaged with his mail—sorting the wheat from the chaff—he found a letter bearing a foreign stamp, and addressed :

JAMES HARMSWORTH.
OMAR,
A.

The misspelling being a common occurrence attracted no especial attention, but the typewritten enclosure puzzled him. It was :

DELPHIS, A., Aug. 1, 1890.

Citizen Harmsworth:

This is to inform you that your bill of 456,320 lea, for the erection of the peristyle of the Delphis Pantheon has been approved, and will be paid immediately.

Cordially yours,

LEON DE CORTU, *Clerk.*

To James Harmsworth, Omar, A.

The millionaire read and re-read this many times but without coming to any understanding of its meaning.

"Some mistake," he muttered, referring again to the envelope. The address, barring the "Omar" for "Omaha," was plain enough, but the stamp was strange. It was oblong, placed horizontally, and of a pale green color. The motif: a pendenticle between two palm trees. The inscription:

COMMONWEALTH OF ARNHAULT.
2 SOL.

It was postmarked San Francisco, and he noticed that the provoking "Due 2 c" had been added.

Harmsworth's knowledge of geography was not extensive, and the fact that he had never heard of either Arnhault or Delphis, did not impress him; but he knew that he had never built a peristyle in his life. So he took the letter to the post-office, where, after much consulting of lists and guides, he received the astonishing information that there were no such places in existence.

"Then how came the thing in the mail?" he queried.

"Oh, doubtlessly a hoax," they answered.

Harmsworth pocketed his letter and left, but the matter kept recurring to his mind. That there was a joke, the point of which he could not see, bothered him more than all else. He spent considerable time, and his library was enlarged by the addition of numerous atlases, but to no purpose; and finally his attention returned to Great Danes.

On the first of November, when the matter had about faded from his mind, he received by mail a heavy package upon which he was obliged to pay a large sum for postage, notwithstanding that it was liberally bedecked with the green stamps of the "Arnault Commonwealth." Upon opening this he was dumfounded. It was full of little bags containing gold pieces,—thousands of them, each stamped with the pentacle and palm trees; also a slip which read:

DELPHIS, Sep. 10, 1890.

Installment No. 7 of twenty-five thousand (25,000) lea, on account of James Harmsworth for building of peristyle at Delphis.

(Signed)

R. P. JONES, *Treas.*

SEAL.

The millionaire was seriously disturbed. If this was a joke then somebody was paying high for the fun. He knew gold well enough, even if he did n't geography.

After thinking the matter over, he concluded that it would be best to have counsel, and accordingly he took a train for Washington. Upon arriving he sought his senator, and together they called at the post-office department. Harmsworth stated the case, and laid the articles before the

officials. But here, as at Omaha, he was baffled. The files and records utterly ignored the existence of the Arnault Commonwealth, nor did any of the experts remember having heard of it.

Such information as they were able to furnish concerned the San Francisco postmark, the date of which proved that the letter had been among those taken from the wreck of the *Solient* on Anson Island. The stamps interested them, and one was kept for further investigation.

With like results they visited the mint, the geodetic, and the state departments. Then Harmsworth went home more perplexed than ever,—and found the third message awaiting him; an importunate dun for millinery. This was particularly exasperating as he was a confirmed bachelor.

As a last resort he wrote to the Royal Geographical society, and in due time received an answer. They had no knowledge of the place. They could only suppose that it might be a coöperative colony recently started. The name "Arnault" suggested a German origin, but "Omar" was undoubtedly Arabic. Would he kindly inform them when he had located it?

Harmsworth snorted contemptuously when he had read this. Who ever knew of a coöperative colony building a peristyle? His understanding was, that whatever extra money they might have was always spent upon a printing press for the publishing of a socialistic newspaper. As for Arnault being German, and Omar, Arabic, why use the English language, and what in the devil was "Jones?"

Being unable to acquire any further information, he placed the coins in the bank and strove to forget the matter; but only to find it impossible. Naturally of a persistent, curious disposition, the very paucity of his knowledge made him more so; and when some of his friends, knowing of the affair, laughed at the joke being played upon him,—as they supposed,—he vowed to find the place even if it took his last dollar.

One night he had an inspiration: the messages were postmarked "San Francisco," therefore he would go there and seek information. He recollected an old friend, Captain Kempf, who had spent his life upon the sea, journeying from place to place as the exigencies of trade demanded, but making San Francisco his home port. Surely he must know of this mysterious place.

So he went to the City of the Golden Gate, and was lucky enough to find his friend in port, having but just arrived from Honolulu.

He lost no time in putting the inquiry to him, but the old sea-dog only shook his head doubtfully.

"Arnault?" he said. "Arnault? Sure you don't mean Arnhem Land in Australia?"

"Have they a government of their own, and do they build peristyles costing a quarter of a million?" enquired Harmsworth eagerly.

Captain Kempf laughed.

"Hardly!" he replied. "They build nothing but negro huts."

Harmsworth was disappointed. He had hoped to obtain some clew from Kempf, but now he was balked. It seemed as if the whole thing *was* a hoax. But that package of gold in Omaha; how could he account for

that? His thoughts were interrupted by the captain.

"Jim! By the great Neptune! I've thought of something that may help you. Hold on 'till I look in the log." "Yes," he said, after a long search "I've found it. I'm right. Listen.

About three years ago I was coming from the Marshalls to Honolulu when a fancy took me to call at Morrell Island. It's a place that sailors don't sight very often, so I decided to go out of my way in order to visit it—might be a castaway, you see. We found nothing but the timbers of a Japanese junk, and a fairly good quarter-boat upon whose stern was the name"—he looked in the log and read—

CAPTAIN NEMO.
ARNHAULT.

Harmsworth jumped up. "Hurrah!" he shouted. "At last I've found it."

"Have you?" said Kempf. "Where?"

"Why, Morrell Island, wherever that is."

The sailor laughed. "Morrell Island," he said, "isn't big enough to hold a warehouse, much less a peristyled Pantheon. Besides, Jim, there isn't a building or a human being upon it."

Harmsworth subsided, but all that day he thought the matter over, and in the night reached a decision. The result was that about a month later Captain Kempf touched Harmsworth upon the shoulder and said:

"There's Morrell Island, Jim, on the larboard bow."

The millionaire gazed eagerly at the small, level atoll that he had come so far to see. A quarter boat was

put over and he and the captain were rowed ashore. But nothing came of it, the place being barren and deserted. The boat and even the remains of the junk had disappeared.

Yet it was not for the sole purpose of visiting this dot of land in the North Pacific that Harmsworth had chartered Captain Kempp's ship, and consequently they began a search that lasted nearly a year, and covered the greater part of Micronesia.

One day, the 24th of December, according to the log of Captain Kempp, they sighted a small, unchartered atoll several hundred miles to the east of Wake's Island. It was uninhabited, but Harmsworth, who, by the way, was not a good sailor, expressed a desire to land, and the weather being favorable, the ship was anchored, and they went ashore. So pleasant did they find it to be that they decided to spend several days there, sleeping aboard.

On the morning of the second day, the 25th, there was a heavy haze upon the water which rendered it difficult for those in the boat, Harmsworth and three sailors, to find the way. They had proceeded but a few hundred fathoms when one of the men stopped rowing and held up his hand in a signal to listen. Instantly all was silent and every ear was strained. Through the fog came a muffled "chug-chug" of a steamer's engines, and the hiss of her exhaust. Sounds in a fog are so baffling that they could not locate the position of the stranger, but, as they lay on their oars the haze began to lift, slowly and ghost-like.

First the island became dimly visible, then the spars of their own ship rising above a point of rock. Right and left the rays of the sun tore the bank of mist, pushing the shattered columns seaward; and as they fled they uncovered the form of a small steamer, moving very slowly parallel to the coast and in their direction. She was evidently a man-of-war, as a barbette was visible on her side and a small turret in the bow. She was painted green and had two cream-colored funnels. Her flag hung limp and motionless, rendering her nationality unknown, but even as they gazed the breeze freshened, straightening its folds. Then suddenly Harmsworth shouted and jumped up, nearly overturning the boat. Surely he knew that ensign: a penticle between two palm trees. *It was the flag of the Arnhault Commonwealth!*

He waved his hat and shouted, gesticulating like a maniac: actions which must have been seen aboard the gunboat, for her speed was slackened until she barely kept seaway, and an officer in uniform upon the bridge leveled a glass upon him.

Harmsworth ordered the sailors to row towards her, and soon they were under her lee. A rope ladder was dropped, and, still very much excited, he climbed aboard. The officer met him, and a long, animated conversation ensued.

Suddenly a bell rang in the engine room; the propeller whirled; the gun-boat sprang ahead; and the last the astonished sailors in the boat saw was Harmsworth standing at the stern and waving them a good-by.



ABOVE THE FROST.

By C. C. Lord.

Lo ! a small bird athwart the sky
Flits vaguely. E'er for something lost,
It seems its errant wings to ply,
Yet deigns to sing above the frost.

Thought may not wonder. Tiny thing,
Its still keen sight betimes has crossed
The South's warm verge. For constant spring,
It deigns to sing above the frost.

The soul is like a bird, I ween :
On restless winds of autumn tossed,
It oft spies the endless green
And deigns to sing above the frost.

THE RIVALS.

By Eva J. Beede.



T was a sultry afternoon in August. Not a leaf stirred on the trees, and the bushes and grasses along the roadside were powdered white with fine dust.

Not a ripple marred the mirror-like surface of the beautiful sheet of water upon the shores of which were clustered the neat white cottages, with their green blinds, making the little hamlet of Lakeside.

The village was taking its afternoon nap. Nothing was heard save the drowsy hum of insects, when the stillness was broken by the sound of slowly-moving wagon wheels, and Nahum Bennett's old white horse

came around the corner and stopped at one of the stone posts in front of the store. Nahum got out stiffly and hitched the horse, then carefully lifted from the wagon a basketful of eggs, which he carried into the store ; meanwhile Mrs. Bennett, unassisted, climbed over the wheel and followed her husband.

"What be ye a payin' fur aiges now?" asked Nahum of the store-keeper, as he set his basket on the counter.

"Fifteen cents," was the reply.

"Wa'al ye may count 'em out ; the woman sez there's six derzen on 'em."

This proving to be the correct count,

the eggs were exchanged for tea and coffee, a quarter of pepper, a bar of soap, and a ten-cent piece of "Good Smoke," which Nahum put into his pocket, and turning to his wife said:

"You wait here, Elmiry, whilst I slip down ter the blacksmith shop, fur ole Whitey hez lost orf one o' her hind shoes."

Just then Reuben Morse and his wife drove up, and Mrs. Morse got out and carried into the store something tied up in a large red cotton handkerchief, while Reuben drove on up the hill to the grist-mill.

"I've fetched ye in some more 'o tham sole footin's," said Mrs. Morse to the storekeeper, as she placed her bundle on the counter and proceeded to untie it. "I want a couple o' yards o' dark caliker fur an' aporn, then the rest that's comin' tew me I'll take up in fact'ry cloth, if ye can gim me a good stout piece."

After the trading was done, the two women found some chairs and sat down by the open door to await the return of their respective lords.

"Dretful hot an' muggy, haint it?" said Mrs. Morse.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Bennett, "an' how the flies doos pester a body; seems if they'd eat ye up. Sign o' rain hain't it?"

"Wa'al, I b'ieve so. It's needed bad 'nuff, they say wells is gittin' awful low. Be you a goin' down ter camp meetin' this week, Mis' Bennett?"

"I sh'd like ter, ef ennybody's a goin'. I hain't ben fur four year."

"They say Thursday's the best day," continued Mrs. Morse.

"The bishop preaches in the mornin', and a missionary from some forin parts—Ingy or Chiny—in the

arternoon. Be ye dretful driv; can't ye git orf?"

"We hain't got quite done hayin' yit, an' we've got work folks a comin' termorrer, an' nexdy shore, an' mebbly all the week, but then I thinks like Abby can manage ter git the vittles on ter the table, ef I leave 'em all cooked up."

"Course she can. Now I'll fry a fresh batch o' nutcakes, an' we've got some skim-milk cheese that will taste dretful good with 'em fur our lunch."

"An' I'll bake some seed cakes, an' take a teapot with a drawin' o' tea in my little carpet bag. We can git some hot water in ter some o' the houses."

"So we can," said Mrs. Morse. "I know a woman that comes to the Sandidge house every year; she's real 'commerdatin', an' she'll let us steep the tea on her stove. We sh'd feel better to hev some warm drink. My man's so handy 'bout shiftin' fur hisself that I don't mind leavin' on him. He likes cracker an' milk. Ef it's a fair day, I don't see nothin' ter hinder our hevin' a fust rate good time. There's Reuben now, a comin' down the hill with the grist."

Soon old Whitey came trotting up the road from the blacksmith's shop, and in a few minutes the two good women were jogging towards their homes, with their heads full of the plans that they had been making for their day's outing.

The next Thursday morning Mrs. Nahum Bennett and Mrs. Reuben Morse were at the railroad station a half hour before the train was due.

Mrs. Morse, who was a stout woman, wore a bright-colored, large-plaided

gingham dress, a Paisley shawl, and a capacious black straw bonnet.

Mrs. Bennett was rather tall, and quite slender; she wore a bright green dress—it had been her best dress for twelve years; a long black silk sack, with a white handkerchief pinned around her neck, and a black hat trimmed with red flowers.

The meeting was in the grove; The grand old trees, with the birds twittering in the branches, formed a green canopy over the heads of the people, and behind the speaker's stand glistened the waters of the beautiful lake. Both women agreed that the bishop's discourse went "a leetle ahead" of anything that they had ever heard before, and that the missionary woman "spoke jest beautiful." The "Sandidge" woman was there, and kindly assisted them in making their tea, so nothing seemed wanting for the perfect enjoyment of the day. There had been a shower the night before, however, and Mrs. Bennett felt that she had taken a little cold sitting with her feet on the damp ground.

Poor Mrs. Bennett never recovered from that cold, and in a few months died of quick consumption.

Nahum Bennett had a son and a daughter. The son, Philip, was nineteen years old, but the daughter, Abby, was only twelve, so Nahum was obliged to look about for a house-keeper. Hittie Watson, a maiden of some forty years, living in a neighboring town, was recommended, and he secured her services.

Hittie was a very plain woman, but she was a good cook and had a smart, business-like way, and before long she became an indispensable

part of the Bennett household. Nahum felt that he should be very loth to have Hittie go away, but it cost considerable to hire a maid, so he thought he might as well marry her, thinking that Hittie, of course, could have no objections, for she would be getting a good home; then, too, both the children seemed to like her.

So Nahum used to sit in the kitchen Sunday nights talking to Hittie, thinking that he was courting her, until he grew sleepy and went off to bed. Then Philip, having built a fire in the front room, would invite Hittie in there, and they would sit up and talk until long after the old father had gone to sleep.

Finally the old man made up his mind to speak out, so one stormy Sunday night, when they had drawn near the kitchen fire, cosily eating apples and pop corn, "Hittie," said he, "hain't I a good pervider?"

"Yes, you be," replied Hittie.

"Wa'al, don't you think you'd like ter stay here right along?"

"Fust rate," was the reply.

"Then, Hittie, we'll be merried pretty soon. I s'pose we'd orter wait a spell, though, fur the speech o' people, till poor Elmiry's ben dead a leetle longer."

"But, Nahum, I *can't* marry you," said Hittie.

"I sh'd like ter know *why* not."

"'Cause I've promised to marry somebody else, and the day's sot."

"Who in creation is it?"

"Why, it's Phillup!"

"Phillup! Wa'al, I do declare! Ef that haint a leetle the meanest of ennything I ever heerd on yit! A man's bein' cut out by his boy like that!"

UNCLE RUBE ON THE PICTURE CRAZE.

By Moses Gage Shirley.

Folks hev their picters took it seems now almost every day
An' stick em in the papers jist to pass the time away,
But to a plain old-fashioned chap what haint no style like me
It seems to be a waste of ink an' useless energy.
For instance there was Hiram Smith, a Pineville selectman,
Who got the idy in his head the world he could command,
An' so he got his whiskers trimmed, an' hed his picter took,
An' they put it in the *Daily Breeze* to see how he would look.
An' every day or two it wuz, it seemed to us at least,
If Smith attended court er went unto some spread er feast,
They kept er showin' of him up an' puttin' of him in
The papers, till we said at last, I jings its gettin' thin,
An' we went an' found the editor an' told him we hed seen
Enough of that air phiz ter make a yaller dog turn green.
He tried to be perlite, an' laid the blame on to his crew,
But we told him to shet us off an' pay us what was due.
I'm sick of this blamed picter craze when a man has the idee
That every day er two he can impose his phiz on me.
Mabby I'm behind the times, an' mabby I am not,
But on this question we have give a stack of honest thought.
An' thinkin' of it o'er to-day it brings it back to me,
An' I wonder at the folks who now air makin' history.
Shall Admiral Dewey with his stars won at Manalla bay
An' Gridley who stood on the deck upon that glorious day
Appear beside one Daniel Drew and his descendants five,
Upon the prestige and the fame of heroes should they thrive?
An' Col. Bryan we hev heerd with his free silver speech,
Shall he pass down the groove of time clean out beyent our reach,
Alon' of Samuel Worthington an' his four hundred shote,
Who never for a Dimmicrat wuz ever known to vote?
Must Roosevelt and Cleveland, too, an' Pierpont Morgan go
Alon' with all the giddy throng to make a passin' show?
These air sum of the things that do consarn us as we write,
Fer no one knows jist where er when the picter men will light.
The folks with a big fambly tree, the otgexenans,
They 've hunted the hull country o'er till in the press they stand.
They've got our heroes all mixed up until we cannot tell
Who found some patent medicine an' took it an' got well,

Or went unto a distant shore an' got no ticket back,
 But at them all the picter men some time hev had a whack.
 The Peffers with their whiskers long, the silly chorus girls,
 The senators and governors with furren dukes an' erls,
 Make up the motley throng we see in the papers every day,
 Until we don't know who to pass er who should hev their say.
 The heroes and the villians both appear on the same plane,
 They hev their picters took and both air printed in the same.
 They've got things down so fine we don't know what they'll think of
 next,
 Unless they find the minister who never used a text.
 Er find sum one aroun' alive who Bill Jones used ter know,
 An' the only maiden in the place who never hed a beau.
 Perhaps they 'll run across the man who minds his own affairs,
 An' the woman who has time to sew and has no fambly cares.
 They 'll strike it soon enough we know, but this hull picter mess,
 Acordin' to our pint of view, is tarnal foolishness.

REV. SAMUEL C. LOVELAND.

By I. A. Loveland.

THE family history of the Lovelands extends through several centuries. In England they can be traced back to the fifteenth century by their names on monuments and in church records. One of the family was a prominent merchant and a director in the old East India company. Another, Sir John Loveland, was four times mayor of London, and built St. Michael's church. At the present time, Lovelands can be found in England.

Early in the settlement of this country members of the family came here. In 1645 the name of Robert Loveland is appended to a deed, as a witness, at Boston, Mass. He settled in Connecticut about 1663, and found at Glastonbury, or Wethersfield, a widow Loveland and her three sons. The husband and father

had died on the passage from England. He was the supercargo of the vessel, and a person of ability and character. The family are known to have been in Connecticut in 1635, which is the first trace of the Lovelands in this country. Of the sons, one was accidentally drowned while crossing the Connecticut river, one died unmarried, and to the other son is generally ascribed the credit of being the progenitor of that branch of the Lovelands with which we are particularly interested. The Lovelands were among the early settlers in the eastern part of our state.

Rev. Samuel Chapman Loveland was born in the little town of Gilsum, in the southwestern part of New Hampshire, on August 25, 1787. His father was a farmer and shoemaker, and an upright and respected citizen. At an early age, young

Loveland displayed a passion for study. While plowing on his father's farm it is related that he held a book in one hand, while with the other he held the plow, and that some fault was found with him because he did not plow better. With his mind absorbed in the book before him, it is probable that his furrows were not evenly turned or of a uniform width or depth, and that the criticisms made in regard to his plowing were just ones. Despairing of making of him a successful farmer, his father at length resolved to give him what he called a liberal education, and accordingly sent him to an academy for one term. This was then considered a great thing, and the father was often heard to remark upon what he had done for "Sam."

With this one term at the academy, and with such instruction as he could obtain at the short, poor schools of his native town, he began a remarkable scholastic career. From an early age he aspired to become a Universalist minister, and all his studies were pursued with that object in view. A neighbor of his had been three years a student at Dartmouth college, and had a few Latin and Greek books. Among them was part of an old Latin Bible, which he procured, and with a grammar and a dictionary he plodded through several chapters. He then commenced Greek with old Scherelius and a grammar, and tumbling back and forth in search of roots of words, changes, syncopations, and construction of sentences, he was able to read out a couple of verses in an entire day. Words that could not be traced were carefully noted down for future investigation. The year 1811 he devoted exclusively

to study in direct preparation for the ministry, and the next year he received a letter of fellowship from the general convention at its session in Cavendish, Vt. In 1814 he was ordained at Westmoreland, N. H., by the same body.

His first pulpit efforts were at Richmond, Vt., but he soon settled in Reading, Vt., and remained there some forty years. In 1828 he prepared and published a Greek and English lexicon of the New Testament. In consequence of the ripe scholarship displayed in its preparation, Middlebury college conferred on him the honorary degree of Master of Arts. Of the two volumes of this lexicon known to be in existence at the present time one is in our state library at Concord.

He was a fine Hebrew scholar, and had carefully studied the Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, the Anglo-Saxon, French, Spanish, German, modern Greek, Danish, besides others to a lesser extent. At stated hours each day a certain amount of time was devoted to three different languages, until each and all had taken turns. Referring to his study of languages, he once wrote of himself: "I love the study of languages on account of their relation to each other, and it seems I have some real specimens of what men have done, and thought, and are, when I know something of their forms of speech."

Extensive as were his attainments as a linguist, the study of languages was not sufficient to satisfy his mental activity. He was an excellent mathematician, and had a large black-board in his studio on which he delighted to work out intricate problems.

Universalism never had a more stalwart defender than the subject of our sketch. His vast erudition was always used to promulgate the doctrines of this church, as he understood them. He was a leader of that wing of this denomination which believes in a future paternal, disciplinary punishment of the wicked. In the defence of this cardinal doctrine, and of Universalism generally, he established the *Christian Repository* in 1820, and was its editor and proprietor for several years. Its name has been changed, and it is now owned by the Boston Publishing House, and is the leading paper in the denomination.

The columns of the *Repository* were largely occupied with sermons while Mr. Loveland controlled it, and with the discussion of theological themes in which he took a prominent part. Nine bound volumes are now in the Vermont state library at Montpelier. In these volumes are twenty sermons preached by Mr. Loveland that are models of concise statements, clear-cut arguments, and apt illustrations, and reveal an intimate knowledge of the sacred Scriptures. "Six Lectures on Important Subjects," delivered in Bethel, Vt., were published in 1819, and from time to time various other publications came from his prolific pen. They were all upon theological topics, and show him to be a man of ripe scholarship, and to have argumentative ability of a high order.

As a preacher, Mr. Loveland lacked those qualities that go to make up the popular minister. His sermons were usually written, and were delivered without gestures, and in a slow, deliberate manner. The average church-

goer nowadays would pronounce his sermons "dull," for only a few in an average audience could appreciate the force of his logic, and the extent and variety of learning put into his pulpit discourses. He was a man of deep and powerful theological convictions, and these convictions he preached on every important occasion. The following incident will illustrate this phase of his character.

In the latter part of his active life he was in Gilsum over Sunday, and was invited to preach. The fact that a son of this town, of his scholarship and ability, was to preach attracted a large audience made up of those embracing various religious opinions. Most ministers would have preached a sermon upon some topic which all his hearers could approve, but not so with Mr. Loveland. He delivered his strongest doctrinal sermon, and thrust his sharpest darts at the enemies of Universalism. When nearly through with his discourse, he turned to his audience and expressed the pleasure it gave him to gaze once more upon the scenes of his childhood, and to see the friends of his youth, and then referring to his sermon he closed it with these words, uttered with touching pathos: "These sentiments your humble servant has believed in and preached for many years. Were he to deliver anything else to you on this occasion, the very rocks and hills of this, the place of his nativity, would utter their condemnation."

All his life was spent in small, poor parishes, and only a few of his auditors appreciated the extent and variety of his learning. His salary was meager, and his family often lacked the ordinary necessities of life. It

took the larger part of his income to supply his insatiable greed for books. Through a life of self-denial he accumulated a library of over three thousand volumes. In it were many curious and rare books. He gave it by will to Canton university.

Mr. Loveland was greatly honored by his ministerial brethren, and many



Rev. Samuel C. Loveland.

times he was invited to preach before them at the meetings of their associations, or to act as their presiding officer. In June, 1827, he delivered the sermon before the New Hampshire Universalist association at Washington, and was well known in this state and throughout Vermont, and in the east central portion of the state of New York.

To meet his various appointments required a large amount of travel, and, remarkable as it may seem, these journeys were almost always made on foot. He was seemingly slow in his movements, and yet he often covered

great distances in a day. When he was fifty years old he walked fifty miles, and once he went sixty miles on foot to preach the ordination sermon of one of his students. He was familiar with walking, both as an art and a science, and if alive now he might achieve fame as an instructor in pedestrianism.

He never continued his studies late in the evening, always retiring at half-past nine. It was his custom not to light his lamp in the evening for study from a particular day in June until a certain day in September, when he would relight it for evening study.

While residing at Reading, Vt., Mr. Loveland was the recipient of political and judicial honors. Four years he was elected representative, three years he served as town clerk, and three years he was a member of the council of Vermont, an august body composed of twelve members elected on a general ticket by the voters of the entire state, and which in 1836 was superseded by the senate. In 1832 and 1833 he was assistant judge of the Windsor county court. The duties of these offices he discharged with great fidelity and ability, but it is evident that they were distasteful to him. His happiest hours were spent in his study, in his ministerial duties, and in instructing his students. He fitted wholly or in part eight young men, who became Universalist ministers. Among the number was Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Sawyer, who was reared under the preaching and theological instruction of Mr. Loveland, and who became one of the most eminent preachers and teachers of his denomination. He was a voluminous writer on re-

ligious subjects, and for many years a professor in Tufts college.

Another of his noted pupils was Rev. George Severance, who was for many years editor of *The Gospel Banner*.

The influence of Mr. Loveland was thus felt through the men he helped educate, and also by his publications, long after his earthly existence had closed. His private and domestic life was without reproach. When thirty years old he married Eunice Stow, of Weston, Vt. Eight children were the result of this union,

all of whom are now dead. Of the grandchildren living at the present time, two are engaged in business in Chicago, two are teachers in the public schools of that city, one is in the drug business at Burlington, Vt., and one is a music teacher in Boston, Mass.

In the preparation of this sketch the writer is indebted to Gilbert A. Davis, Esq., for important facts taken from advance sheets of his *History of Reading, Vt.*, and to Mrs. Esther L. Newman for personal recollections of her distinguished uncle.



A NEW HAMPSHIRE SUNSET.

By Arthur W. Hall.

The bridal of the cloudland and the light
 Of every countless, variegated hue.
 Apotheosis grand! How doth the sight
 With wonder and with rapture deep imbue!
 Praise in its richest strophes is ninefold due
 To count th' horizon's glory, name its spell;
 No force can dim it, and no power construe,
 Fast striding dark can scarce its grandeur quell.

And doth the selfsame light on Orient's shore
 Gleam thus resplendent over vale and sea,
 Castle or mountain, can it yield the more
 Than fullest measure here, to thee and me?
 Doth utmost speech, or look, or music's strain
 Essay fit homage, there as here in vain?

THE APOSTLE.

By George William Gray.



T was Christmas eve and a wild blizzard was raging. The air was thick with the falling snow; great drifts were piling up in places, and it was bitter cold. A night when even the boldest would shrink from venturing out.

Angry gusts of wind howled around the dormitory of the Burton Theological seminary, as though in chagrin that the massive stone walls of the building withstood every effort of the storm to tear them from their foundation. One of the rooms presented a pleasant contrast to the mad conflict of the elements without. A cheerful bed of coals glowed in the open grate and filled the room with genial warmth, and a student's lamp flooded with light the couch, with its heap of sofa pillows, fantastically wrought, and everything else in the apartment. It was the typical home of a student of moderate means, not richly furnished, but very cozy and cheerful.

Before a desk, littered with open books and miscellaneous papers, sat a student in listless attitude, his feet propped up on the desk before him, and his hands clasped behind his head. He had just finished translating a difficult passage in Hebrew, and his work for the night and for the rest of Christmas week was done. A dreamy expression was in his blue eyes, and a faint smile slightly parted his lips.

So busy was the student with his thoughts that he did not hear, above the rattle of the snow against his window, the sound of footsteps on the stairs and then along the hallway. But when there came an emphatic pounding at his door, he started up and opened it.

Before him stood a tall figure with its cap turned down and its coat collar turned up, and whose entire person was covered with snow.

"Good evening, Greer," said a voice from the depths of cap and coat collar, "is there any such thing as a fire in here, that a man who is about frozen may warm himself by?"

"John Williamson!" exclaimed the student in astonishment. "What on earth are you doing out here two miles from Burton City at this time of night?"

"I have just come from Waterville," answered Williamson, stamping the snow from his feet and beginning to unbutton his coat. "On the way I lost the road in the storm and it took me over an hour to find it and get started right again."

"Waterville! What took you out there in such a storm as this? But never mind, you can tell me all about it later," and Greer helped the man to get off his snowy garments. Then he drew a Morris chair up towards the fire and his friend sank into it, rubbing his numb hands. He had not frozen any of his members, but he had been chilled and it was

some time before he was comfortable.

Greer, in the meantime, drew his own chair up opposite and finally said :

"Now then, Deacon, explain how you happen to be coming from Waterville in such a blizzard, when you ought to be asleep at St. John's rectory in Burton City? And what made you try to walk back? Why did n't you stay at Waterville all night?"

Williamson rubbed his red, aching hands, but replied cheerfully: "Oh, I got word this afternoon that one of the mission people out there was ill and wanted me to come out to her. So I harnessed and went. It was snowing, but I had no trouble getting out, for the roads were not then blocked. I stayed with the poor old lady until six o'clock, and then started home on foot, knowing that the horse could not haul the sleigh through the drifts. Perhaps it was a foolish venture for me to try to walk, but I thought I could make it. I wanted to get home in order to help at the evening prayer at St. John's, as I was expected to do. But I lost my way completely, and when I arrived here, it was more than four hours since I left Mrs. Smith's.

"And here you are going to stay until morning," said Greer emphatically.

"Well, I do not object to that; I have no desire to go on through such drifts and in such cold, now that my going would be of no special use." And the young clergyman lay back in the chair and gazed contentedly into the fire. He was strikingly handsome. His brow was broad, his dark gray eyes deep set and earnest,

and his mouth and chin strong. His face was serious for one of his years.

"Well, you had good courage, I must say, to try such a thing," observed Greer.

"Oh, I rather enjoyed laboring along through the snow and going around drifts, until I lost my road and it became so cold. When the old dorm came in sight I tell you it was welcome. I knew you would take me in," said Williamson, with a smile.

"Well, I guess."

Williamson and Greer had been firm friends ever since their college days. When the latter entered upon his freshman year, the former had already been in college a year. From that time until Williamson had left the seminary they had been room-mates and inseparable chums. Greer was now left alone in his senior year at the seminary, and Williamson was serving his diaconate at St. John's church in Burton City, two miles distant. Although they were not so much together as formerly, they still saw each other frequently.

John Williamson was a man of rare character and abilities. In college he had played half-back on the foot-ball team, and at commencement had been valedictorian for his class, a combination of talent which is not common. His life had been simple, sincere, and noble. Men liked and respected him, fully appreciating his good points, and had confidence in him. Nobody wondered when, at the end of his college days, he had entered the seminary, for everyone felt that the ministry was the sphere of greatest usefulness for such a man.

In the seminary, when men came to know him, John Williamson occupied the same exalted position among the students. He worked hard and also found time for outside usefulness. At Waterville, five miles from the seminary, he had taken charge of a small mission, where a few people came together on Sunday to worship. By his untiring efforts he had greatly increased the members of his congregation, and had inspired them with somewhat of his own enthusiasm for the work. When he left the seminary and entered upon his diaconate at St. John's church, he kept on with his work in Waterville. His heart and soul was given to the mission, and he was all in all to the simple people of his congregation. In this work his duties of deacon at St. John's did not hinder him.

When the two men had been silent for some moments, Williamson suddenly turned towards his old friend.

"Greer," he said, "do you know that I am thinking seriously of becoming a foreign missionary when I am ordained to priest's orders, and of going to Africa?"

"Nonsense," grunted Greer, impatiently.

"I am. A week ago I received a letter from my former rector who is now president of the board of African missions, and he asked me if I would like to undertake such a life. Somebody is to be sent just after Easter. This appeals very strongly to me. Let me read you the letter."

He drew it from his pocket. In it was a long description of the work of the missionary among the people of Central Africa. The conclusion was striking. It ran thus:

I give you this call, my dear boy, because you are the one man who, I believe, is consecrated enough to the Master's service to do this work. It is a noble work! Yet the sacrifice you would make in accepting the call would be a great one, and one I do not urge upon you. If this seems to you a call from our Lord then there is but one course open to you, but only you can say whether or not it is such.

When he had finished reading Williamson said, "I think I should be happy as a missionary. There is great need of men in the mission field. I have no relatives to live for and to hold me here, and I am not so sure that this is not a call from Heaven."

But Greer waved his head impatiently. "For you to think of such a thing is madness, Williamson," he said, with emphasis.

"Why so," asked the young deacon, quietly.

"Well, in the first place there are plenty of opportunities right here in America for you to do great good, and in the second place there are plenty of men who will be glad to go out there and who are better fitted for the work than you are."

"That has nothing to do with the case; the fact is that it has been offered to me and not to one of those men."

"But you would be throwing your life away! You have the education and the ability to do a great deal as a parish priest and a preacher. Already your sermons are attracting attention."

"My dear Greer," began Williamson gravely, "it is not preachers that the church needs to-day but *apostles*; men who will not let their own desires or their own comforts stand between them and duty; men who will obey the Lord's mandate to give up

all and follow Him. To follow Him is to sacrifice self as He did. I have dreamed of such a life myself, and now that it is offered me, I am strongly inclined to accept it."

"Then you have not decided?"

"No. I have several things to consider before I can answer yes or no."

"I sincerely hope you will think it over very carefully before you do decide."

"I shall, you may be sure. And now I think I will retire. The clock is striking twelve and I am somewhat fatigued."

Greer arose and began winding up his alarm clock.

"Communion in the chapel at 5:30," he said. "Shall I call you?"

"Yes," answered the clergyman.

II.

All was dark and still cloudy when the solemn tolling of the chapel bell sounded forth upon the stillness of the early morning. Within the chapel a few candles flashed on the altar and the chancel was lighted, but the rest of the interior was dark. The students filed in, and the sweet and inspiring tones of the organ rang through the place. The chaplain entered the chancel, knelt a moment in silent prayer, and then slowly and impressively began the beautiful communion service.

Williamson remained on his knees as the others went out. Greer, who felt that his friend wished to be alone, left him there. In the quiet of the house of prayer Williamson remained for a long time. When he finally arose, a faint light was stealing in at the eastern window. The clouds

had scattered and the sky was clear. In the chapel where he had knelt so often, as the breaking dawn of Christmas day smiled upon the earth, he resolved to become a missionary.

Williamson did not stay to breakfast with Greer. He said he thought he would go home at once, as the roads were already being broken. The truth was that he wished to be alone and to think.

Next day Greer received a letter in the well-known handwriting. He tore it open at once and read:

MY DEAR GREER:—I have decided to go. I am now sure that this is a divine call, and I can not, therefore, refuse to accept. I shall grieve to part from you and my many pleasant associations here, but I am thankful, too, that it is my privilege to bear even a slight cross for His sake, and thus follow in His steps. Well, we shall be together for six months more.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN WILLIAMSON.

Greer read the letter slowly and then gazed thoughtfully out of the window upon the snowy world.

"I knew that it would be so," he said aloud, and then, "God help me to be more like him."

III.

A glorious May morning. The sun rose in a cloudless sky and shone down on green and flowery fields. Everywhere was heard the songs of birds. It was the day on which John Williamson was to sail. He had accepted the offer of the mission work a few days after Christmas, and for six months had been preparing for the voyage and his future life.

When he had announced his intention of giving his life as a missionary in Africa, all who knew him were surprised beyond measure. The students of the Burton seminary, the

members of St. John's church, and the Waterville people expressed great regret that he was to leave them. The rector of St. John's, when he heard of Williamson's determination, could scarcely credit his own ears. He had entertained great hopes for his young deacon's future, and he felt that the latter was making a mistake in undertaking such a career. Everyone agreed with him, and everyone tried to persuade the young man to change his mind, that is, everyone except Greer. He had talked much with Williamson during those six months, concerning the latter's accepted work, and had finally come to agree with him that it was his duty to go. He was himself much influenced by his old friend's splendid example of self-consecration, and far from condemning him, he honored him for it. It had been settled that he was to serve his own diaconate in St. John's, and he had promised to go on with his friend's work in Waterville.

On the way to the steamship wharf the two men said but little. They were busy with the sad thought of Williamson's near departure, and their feelings would not admit of much conversation. The departing missionary had said farewell to all his friends except this one old companion of his college days, his more than brother, and there remained only the painful duty of bidding him good-by. The last moments of Williamson's stay in America were to be spent with Greer alone.

They went on board the steamship two hours before she was to sail. Then for a long time the two walked up and down the deck together, discussing matters that had to do with

the work Williamson was leaving behind in his friend's hands and that to which he was going.

Suddenly Greer stood still and looked into his companion's eyes with a yearning look in his own.

"My God, John," he said earnestly, "I can not realize that after all we have been through together, we are parting to-day forever."

"We may not be, George," replied Williamson. "Some strange fate may throw us together some day. Do you know I have a strong presentiment that we *shall* meet again."

"I pray that it may be so. But you can not know what a void your going leaves in my life."

"Hush, man, you have your work to do as I have mine. Give yourself entirely to it, and you will soon get over missing me."

"I will try and be faithful, but I shall never cease to miss you," was the sad reply.

It seemed to the young men that a half hour had hardly elapsed since they came on board when the great bell on the ship began to boom and a sailor came along and shouted for all to go ashore who were not to sail.

The supreme moment had come for the two friends. They clasped hands fervently and gazed for a moment into each other's eyes. Neither could keep back the tears, for theirs was a sincere and great grief.

"Good-by, Williamson, good-by," said Greer in a broken voice, "May God bless you."

"Good-by, my dear friend, I shall never forget you."

They held hands a moment after that, and then Greer broke away and rushed on shore just as the gang

plank was being loosened to be drawn in.

The fasts were cast off, the tiny tug began to wheeze and puff, and the great *Shaster* slowly swung out from the pier and swept majestically down the bay. An hour later the open sea having been reached, the tug line was drawn in, the tug came about, and the steamship continued on her way alone.

As the *Shaster* steamed along, slowly rising and falling in the long swell of the Atlantic, Williamson stood on the deck and devoured with his eyes the fast fading shores of America. Gradually they assumed the appearance of a faint line, and finally were swallowed up in the mist that was rising from the ocean. Then John Williamson turned sadly away, and went to his state-room with the words in his heart: "For Christ's sake."

* * * * *

At long intervals letters came from the missionary to Greer, letters long and interesting, telling in glowing language about his work and the people amongst whom he lived. Then came a silence. Greer wrote again and again, but a year passed and still no word came to him from the Dark Continent. Two years. Greer was now settled over a large parish not far from Burton City. He was doing his utmost and his was a wide usefulness. His complete abandonment of self to his vocation had attracted much comment. Men held him up as the example of a minister of God and a man.

But the rector of St. Mary's was filled with a vague unrest when two years had been passed bringing no

word from Williamson. Finally he decided upon an extraordinary course of action. He asked leave of absence for six months and obtained it.

IV.

Over the burning sand of a small bit of desert country far to the north of the Transvaal, a great covered wagon drawn by four oxen was plodding along with a loud rattling and creaking of wheels. A naked Hottentot sat on the seat and guided the team, from time to time urging on the sleepy animals with a long whip of hippopotamus hide. A dozen well armed Kafirs walked along beside the wagon, and to the rear of all a white man rode seated on a small black horse.

A week before George Greer had arrived at Assagai, a native village on the frontier, in search of his friend. He had learned of a native of the town that seven days' journey to the north was a Zulu settlement where dwelt a white father, a young man. He had himself seen the father only six months previous when he had been to the Zulu village. After considerable negotiation, the black man consented to guide Greer to the abode of the white missionary whom the young minister felt must be Williamson. Accordingly, the impatient man hastily purchased an African wagon, oxen, a horse, provisions, and hired an escort of Kafirs. He set out at once.

Since early morning the party had traveled through the desert. Now, just after noon, the sand was beginning to merge far ahead into a more verdant plain, dotted here and there with dwarfish trees. On the horizon a low ridge of mountains loomed up blue

in the distance. As they passed from the sand of the desert to the grassy country, the caravan halted and man and beast rested for a time and drank from a spring that happened to be at hand.

When they once more resumed the monotonous march, the horseman rode up to the Kafirs who led the line of black warriors.

"Tonga," he said "how near are we now to the village of the white father?"

The black raised his arm and pointed to the mountains. "On this side of the blue hills is a green valley where a small river laughs over a bed of stones. There is the village of the black men and the white father. To-night we sleep in the plain, and to-morrow we are in the green valley. I have spoken."

"To-morrow! that is well," said Greer joyfully.

"You love the white father, Baas?" asked the black.

"Yes, Tonga, I do, and I have not seen him for many moons."

"Is he your brother, Baas?"

"Yes," replied Greer solemnly, "he is my brother."

At noon next day the party had arrived on the crest of a gentle rise of ground. Beyond them the country sloped down into a valley, the other side of which rose the wall of the mountains. A mile down the valley a cloud of smoke was lazily rising over a large area of thatched-roofed huts. The white man took all this in with his eyes. As he gazed, he felt a touch on his arm.

"The green valley, Baas, and the village of the white father," said Tonga.

"Yes," said Greer joyfully, "come,

let us hurry, man. He put spurs to his horse and cantered towards the huts, the fleet-footed Kafir following close at his horse's heels. As they dashed up to the nearest of the houses, a number of men and women came running out to meet them. A tall, finely formed man asked something in his own language which Greer, of course, did not understand. Tonga answered, and then the two held a short conversation. After a few words the Zulu pointed back towards the village and shook his head mournfully saying something sadly. Greer, who was watching him closely, was filled with a great dread.

"What does he say, Tonga; is not the white father here?"

"Yes, Baas, but he struggles with the demon of the marsh since three days."

"Great God, the marsh fever?" asked Greer in horror. He had heard of this dreadful and fatal malaria fever from the natives of Assagai, who called it "the demon of the marsh." They had told him that it was not contagious, but that a person seldom recovered from it. Williamson ill with the marsh fever! He could not endure the thought.

"Tell him to take me to him at once, Tonga; tell him I am the white father's brother and came from beyond the seas to find him."

When Tonga had translated his words to the Zulu, the latter turned and led the way in among the huts. In the center of the village was a cleared space of half an acre. Here a long pole was planted firmly in the ground, surmounted by a wooden cross beautifully wrought. Beyond this space was a hut, much larger and more substantial than the surround-

ing hovels. Towards this hut the Zulu led the way. A youth sat before the door.

"Does he sleep?" asked Greer's guide of the youth.

"Yes, he sleeps."

"Will you go in, Baas?" asked Tonga, when he had told Greer what the youth had said.

"Yes, I will," replied Greer hastily.

With a beating heart and face pallid as death, he followed the young black who arose and softly led the way into the hut. All was dark within, but as his eyes were accustomed to the gloom, Greer was able to make out a low couch against the wall to the left. On it lay a figure with its faced turned towards him. Quickly he bent forward and dropped on his knees, the better to behold the face of the sick man. The latter's hair was long and he had a full beard. Moreover, his face was emaciated and hectic with fever, but one look was enough for George Greer; the sick man was his friend John Williamson. With a suppressed groan, Greer covered his face with his hands.

He remained in this position for a long time. When he at last rose to his feet, he found the black boy still standing by the foot of the couch.

The boy motioned him to the only seat in the hut, and he sank into it and leaned his head on his hands in misery. For many hours he sat there. The Zulu boy brought him food, but he could not eat. He could only gaze at the sleeping figure and wonder if Williamson would ever recognize him again, for he knew that his beloved friend was dying.

It was late in the night. The young Zulu had fallen asleep on the

floor at the foot of the bed. Greer still sat and waited, and watched, and hoped, and prayed that Williamson would wake to consciousness.

Suddenly there was a slight movement of the man. In a moment the boy was on his feet and so was Greer. The latter bent over the bed and gazed into his friend's face. Joyfully he saw him open his eyes.

"Water," came in a gasp and in English from his lips.

Gently Greer raised the sick man's head from the bed and gave him water. Then he said, softly, "Look at me John and tell me if you know me."

The eyes bright with fever looked at him who bent over him.

"George Greer, is it you who speak?" he asked faintly.

"Yes, it is George Greer."

"Then God be praised," said the dying man in a scarcely audible voice. "I prayed that I might see you again in the flesh and my prayer is answered, though you have come in the hour of death."

Greer pressed the emaciated hand he held. He knew that his friend's words were true.

"I am glad that I have found you even at the last and that you know me," he said brokenly.

"I have been happy in my work. I have taught the truth to these black children, and I can die happy."

He closed his eyes and seemed to sleep for some moments. Then a shudder passed through his entire body and he awoke again. Greer placed his arm carefully under the dying man's head and raised it a trifle. Williamson's breath came in short gasps, but he smiled as he recognized Greer again.

"I have—tried—to fight—the good

—fight,” he whispered, “and—to—keep—the—faith. Good-by, dear friend—till we—meet—again—in Paradise.” His head lay perfectly quiet on Greer’s arm and his eyes closed. His soul had gone to his Master.

When the sun rose next day, the white father was laid, by the sorrowing blacks, in a grave dug in the green valley under a great palm tree. With a calmness that he himself hardly understood, George Greer had read the burial service over his dead friend’s body. At the head of that grave the white cross that had

surmounted the pole in the open-air church was planted.

“A fitting symbol of his life and character,” said Greer as he turned sadly away from the spot. Three weeks later he was back to his work in America.

When the wintry winds blow and the snow beats against his windows, the Rev. George Greer’s thoughts go back to that Christmas eve when he was a senior in the seminary and then to that lonely grave in the heart of Africa, where lies all that is earthly of an apostle, a martyr, and a saint of the Christian faith.



SONNET TO THE EVENING STAR.

William Ruthven Flint.

O Lamp of Love ! Thou glorious Evening Star,
That thro' the gathering gloom of darkness gleamest !
Bright Eye of brooding Night, that ever seemest
To watch the wide world's doings from afar,
Until, behind yon high hilltops that are
O'er-crowned with mists of eve at their extremest
Summits, to close thy weary lids thou seemest
It time, and sink to rest ; O Evening Star,

Shine thou in pity on the lost and strayed,
Wandering in soul-darkness 'neath thy steady ray.
Light of the twilight hour since light began,
Soothe with thy chastened glow the toil of day ;
Cleanse from their hearts, with worldly cares bewrayed,
The inhumanities of man to man.

MY FATHER'S OLD WELL.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

Ah ! this is the path to the stone-circled well,
The path to my infancy dear,
And no language of mine can rightfully tell
Of the joy that it gives to be here.
In the springtime of life the most charming of all
The spots which I barefooted trod,
Was the way to the well, where I often let fall
The bucket that swayed o'er the sod.

The fern-bordered curb, the moss-covered curb,
The sweep rising high o'er its frame,
What day-dreams there held that naught could disturb,—
A resting place precious to name !
What boughs, ever fruitful, hung over the place,
How sweetly sang morning birds near,
And daily was mirrored a happy boy's face
Where the still waters glistened so clear !

Oh, pure to the taste in that valley most fair,
From the depths of the spring sunk below,
The thirst-quenching sweets that unfailingly there
My father's old well did bestow.
No tour afar and no scene could efface
The prospect oft meeting my gaze,
Nor the richest of vintage the flavor displace
That my lips knew in youth's early days,

And now I'm at home ! I'm treading again
The path to that humble old well ;
Though age is upon it to batter and stain,
It is sacred, my shrine in the dell.
Every bough that swings over its rock-girdled brim
Now whispers of home and its love ;
Every bird that flies near sings a beautiful hymn,
And the sky smiles serenely above.



NECROLOGY:

COL. WINTHROP N. DOW.

Winthrop Norris Dow, born in Epping, April 9, 1828, died in Exeter, September 8, 1903.

Colonel Dow was the son of Moses and Nancy (Sanborn) Dow, and a descendant of Henry Dow, who settled in Hampton in 1643 or 1644, and became an influential citizen, but Epping had been the family home since his great-grandfather, Benaiah, removed there from Kensington. Colonel Dow was educated in Epping schools and at Pembroke academy, where he was the room and classmate of the late ex-Governor Benjamin F. Prescott.

He began his business career as a clerk in a Northwood store, where he remained for two years. He then opened a general store in West Epping, which he successfully conducted until 1874, when he sold out and went to Exeter. He early engaged in lumbering, and for nearly forty years this had been his principal business. His operations in New Hampshire and Maine had been large, the firm of Dow & Burley at one time operating seven mills. He had latterly been associated with his son under the firm name of W. N. Dow & Son, but for a few years past had been curtailing his personal operations.

He was a director of the Exeter water-works and the Exeter Banking company, and a trustee and vice-president of the Union Five Cents' Savings bank. He was a zealous and influential Republican. Epping, during his residence, being a Democratic stronghold, he held no office there. He was county treasurer in 1874-'78, and in 1882 was appointed to serve the unexpired term of George E. Lane. He was one of Exeter's representatives in 1878-'80. He gained his title as aide-de-camp on Governor Natt Head's staff. This appointment came to him unexpectedly at the suggestion of the late Gen. Gilman Marston. During his service, with the governor and fellow members of the staff, he made a very enjoyable trip to New Orleans, probably the longest ever made by a governor of New Hampshire and his military aids. In 1888-'92 Colonel Dow was a special railroad commissioner for the Boston & Maine. He was serving his second seven-year term as a trustee of Robinson seminary. He had served on the school committee and was a member of the original committee of three appointed thirteen years ago to expend \$40,000 in the macadamization of Exeter's streets.

He was a Mason, being a member of Sullivan lodge of Epping, St. Albans chapter and Olivet council of Exeter, of which he was a charter member, and of De Witt Clinton commandery of Portsmouth. He was a prominent member of the New Hampshire club of Boston, and was the first president of the Exeter Sportsmen's club, which recently celebrated its 25th anniversary.

Colonel Dow leaves a wife, a son, Gen. Albert N. Dow, and two daughters, Misses Annie M. and Florence Dow. He was the last of his own family.

ISAAC D. MERRILL.

Isaac D. Merrill, born in Hopkinton, October 1, 1814, died in that town September 2, 1903.

During his childhood Mr. Merrill lived with his parents in Hillsborough, but at the age of fourteen he returned to Contoocook and learned the clothier's trade with the late Joab N. Patterson, afterwards going again to Hillsborough for a time, thence to Weare, and later to Deering, but returning to Contoocook in 1841, where he located in trade and accumulated a handsome property, being the heaviest taxpayer in the town of Hopkinton. He was a Democrat in politics, and was town treasurer for more than thirty years from 1848. He was postmaster from 1853 to 1861, and represented Hopkinton in the legislature in 1854 and 1856. He did a large business as justice of the peace and in the settlement of estates for many years. He was never married.

GEORGE W. WEEKS.

George Warner Weeks, born in Boscawen, August 12, 1824, died in Manchester, September 10, 1903.

In his boyhood Mr. Weeks worked in a harness shop at Hooksett, but went to Manchester in 1839, from whence he went, soon after, on a voyage to Calcutta. After following a seafaring life for two years, a vessel on which he was a cabin boy took fire and burned to the water's edge, and the crew took refuge on the island of St. Helena. Returning to America, Mr. Weeks settled in Manchester, and for many years was employed as a school teacher. He engaged in the shoe business subsequently, and made a fortune. He was a member of Lafayette lodge, Mt. Horeb chapter, Adoniram council, and Trinity commandery of the Masonic fraternity, and was past grand of Mechanics lodge of Odd Fellows, past grand master of the New Hampshire grand lodge, and had been representative to the Sovereign grand lodge of the United States. He was a member of the Unitarian church, and had been president of its society. He leaves a wife and one daughter, Mrs. Alonzo Elliot, and one son, George Perley Weeks, of Haverhill, Mass.

JOHN G. JEWETT.

John G. Jewett, born in Meredith (now Laconia), September 4, 1829, died in Laconia, September 16, 1903.

He was the sixth son of Smith and Statira (Glines) Jewett, his grandfather, Samuel Jewett, being the first permanent settler in Laconia on the east side of the river.

He attended the public schools of Meredith Bridge and Gilford academy, and after completing his education he taught school in the vicinity for ten years. In 1855 he went to South America as a gold hunter, returning in March, 1857. He was employed for eight years in the Laconia car shops, and in 1876 was appointed judge of the Laconia police court, a position he filled with dignity and justice for sixteen years.

In 1891 he resigned and was appointed postmaster by President Harrison. He resigned the postmastership in May, 1895, and since that time had been retired

from public life. Besides these two positions, Judge Jewett had held numerous other offices, both town and county. He was register of probate for two years, was a selectman of Gilford for three years, was collector of taxes in 1859, and in 1863 was recruiting officer for the town of Gilford. He was in the New Hampshire legislature in 1867 and 1868, was a member of the Laconia board of education for twelve years, and was superintendent of the school committee in Gilford back in 1858.

In December, 1855, he married Caroline E. Shannon, a native of Barnstead. One of their children is Hon. Stephen S. Jewett of Laconia, late speaker of the New Hampshire house of representatives. Judge Jewett had been a Freemason for nearly forty years, having joined Mt. Lebanon lodge in 1864, and he was a past master of that lodge. He was also a member and past officer of Union chapter, and belonged to Pilgrim commandery, Knights Templar. In religious affairs he was affiliated with the Congregationalists, and in politics he was always a staunch Republican.

D. ARTHUR BROWN.

David Arthur Brown, born in Attleboro, Mass., May 4, 1839, died at Penacook, September 9, 1903.

Mr. Brown was a descendant on the paternal side of Peter Brown, who came over from England in the *Mayflower* in 1620. On his mother's side he was a descendant in the ninth generation of John Daggett, who came to this country with Governor Winthrop in 1630. The family came to Penacook in 1843, and Mr. Brown had resided there ever since. He attended the public schools in that place, and in 1854 entered the New London Literary and Scientific institute, remaining there two years. He then entered the piano factory of Liscom, Dearborn & Co. in Concord as an apprentice, but remained there only a year, returning to New London for another year in school. He was then engaged in the repair shop of the Penacook mill until 1861.

At the opening of the war in 1861 Mr. Brown enlisted in the Third New Hampshire volunteers for three years and served throughout the war. Mr. Brown had always been a musician of note, and soon after enlisting as a first-class musician he was commissioned a band leader by the governor.

Soon after his return from the army Mr. Brown fitted up a repair shop in the Contoocook mill and performed the work for that corporation for some time. Later he went into business under the firm name of A. B. Winn & Co., doing general work. After the death of Mr. Winn Mr. Brown continued the business himself and began the manufacture of axles for the Concord wagons. In this line he became well known all over the country. Since 1880 the business has been conducted by the Concord Axle company, of which Mr. Brown was the leading spirit.

Mr. Brown was a member of the Baptist church, and had always been interested in Sunday-school work. He was a member of William I. Brown post, No. 31, G. A. R., and was its first junior vice-commander. He had been a representative to the department encampment many years, and for three administrations was on the staff of the national commander. He was one of the organizers of the Third Regiment association, and for twenty years was the most prominent band leader in the state. He was also a member of the New Hampshire club of Boston, the New England Iron and Hardware association and the National Carriage Builders' association, as well as many other social and fraternal organizations, including the Masons.

On December 23, 1864, Mr. Brown was married to Susan Malvina Follansbee, by whom he had one son, Henry Arthur Brown, who is now employed as assistant superintendent at the Concord Axle Works.

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THE NEW HAMPSHIRE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXV.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

No. 5.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

By Frances M. Abbott.



If a visitor to Concord should take the electric cars down South street, on his way to Rollins park or the state fair grounds, he would probably notice an attractive yellow house with white trimmings, all gables and piazzas, with some fine elm trees and a large lot of land to the south. There is nothing about the place to suggest anything but a private residence, except that the building is rather larger than most Concord homes. The visitor would probably be greatly surprised when told that this sunshiny dwelling shelters one of Concord's many noted public institutions, perhaps the unique one of them all. The Woman's Hospital, so called, is the only one of its kind, so far as the writer knows, north of Boston. In fact, its exact duplicate cannot be found anywhere in the country.

It was in 1895 that Dr. Julia Wallace-Russell, who has now (1903) just completed her first quarter of a century of successful practice in Concord and vicinity, began to send out circular letters to philanthropic people, calling attention to the fact that there was no hospital in the state where

needy women who could not afford to pay for a private physician could be treated by one of their own sex. The letter proposed establishing an institution in Concord for that special purpose. It seemed a daring thing to do. Concord already had an excellent institution, the Margaret Pillsbury General Hospital, inadequently endowed and with an insufficient number of patients (both these conditions since then have happily been changed), whose expensive building was a sort of white elephant on the town. It seemed the height of foolishness to start even a small competitor on the long struggle for existence. But Dr. Wallace-Russell had faith, and she had some firm friends, many of them outside of Concord, who saw the need as she saw it.

On September 12, 1895, "The Woman's Hospital Aid Association" was duly incorporated, and an organization effected with the following officers: President, Miss Mary Ann Downing, Concord; vice-presidents, Mrs. Louisa F. Richards, Newport, Dr. Ellen A. Wallace, Manchester; recording secretary, Mrs. Caroline R. Thyng, Laconia; corresponding secretary and treasurer, Dr. Wallace-Russell; auditor, Mrs.

M. Conn, Concord. Five of these women, all but Mrs. Conn, were the original incorporators.

Money began to come in and during the course of a year the corporation had collected \$5,000. Then came a severe blow. Mrs. Vasta M.

of which \$2,000 was secured by a mortgage. A few changes were made in the house, and on October 10, only seven years ago, the first patient was admitted. Others soon came and in a few months it was seen that the building must be enlarged



Mary Ann Downing.
First President.

Abbott, a childless widow living at 66 South street, was intending to give her home for the hospital; but her sudden death occurred before the will had been drawn. The place, however, seemed so desirable for the purpose that the trustees, on September 23, 1896, purchased the property, paying therefor the sum of \$7,000,

and remodelled. On May 10, 1897, the trustees voted to do this, and the following summer the building was closed and the changes were made at an expense of \$9,000. In August the hospital was re-opened, and from that day on its good work has been continuous. During the seven years of its existence, up to September 1,

1903, the hospital has treated 641 patients, but no statistics can measure the good that it has done.

No finer philanthropic work is going on to-day than the establishment of hospitals, and new ones are being opened every month in different parts of the country; but most of these are institutions. There are restrictions, routine, and red tape, almost of necessity. The first thought anyone, whether visitor or patient, expresses upon entering the N. H. Memorial Hospital, is an exclamation of surprise. "Why, this is a home!" The small size, the coziness, the varied shape of the rooms, the pictures on the walls, the sunny interior, whose general effect is all white and yellow, the fact that all the officers and attendants are women, the children's toys, even the fluffy cat occasionally patrolling the corridor, all contribute to the homelikeness.

No part of our domestic life has been so changed by scientific progress as the treatment of the sick. There are people now living who can remember when the only time a "nurse," so called, appeared in the house was when a good Aunt Somebody, frequently a spinster relative of the family, came at the time of the birth of the children. This excellent woman literally substituted *in loco parentis*. She did the work of the house, washed and baked, and incidentally cared for the patient,—all this for her board and a dollar a week. At the present day we often hear sneers at the quality of this old-time nursing, also at the ability of the neighborhood "watchers" who sat up with the dying sufferer; but this was the only kind of service that would have been practicable in a farming community,

and we were all farmers a hundred years ago.

Of recent years trained nursing has become a profession, and has attained a high degree of proficiency; but unfortunately domestic life has not advanced correspondingly. It is very difficult for the average household to "live up" to the requirements of a trained nurse. In the first place, the expense is enormous. No trained nurse in Concord on a private case receives less than \$15.00 a week and some of them get \$18.00 and even \$21.00. The nurse comes into the family as a boarder, and the house is expected to do her washing, which latter custom never should have become established. But this is not all. The nurse, coming from a hospital, is used to every kind of scientific appliance and patent preparation, things that the average household has never heard of, and her requests for supplies keep somebody running to the drug store most of the time. To all this add the doctor's bills, and it is obvious that a family in moderate circumstances, and by this is not necessarily meant a laborer's household, but the families whose bread-winner is a minister, school-teacher, bank or railroad clerk, newspaper man, in fact, almost everybody working on a salary, cannot stand the expense for many weeks at a time.

The tendency of all this is obvious. We cannot do without trained nursing at the present day; but the highly specialized nurse requires a highly specialized environment. In other words, her proper place is in a hospital, where everything is built for her special needs and where she does the noblest sort of work.

Nothing better symbolizes modern



Ellen A. Wallace, M. D.

President.

science and philanthropy than the hospitals of the last ten years. A generation ago people looked upon a hospital as a sort of a cross between a jail and a poor house. It would have been thought disgraceful to permit a member of a well-to-do family to be carried to one. Antiseptic surgery, perhaps more than any other agency, has changed all this. A dozen years ago or more surgeons began to see that even the most luxurious private house was no place for an

operation. The most competent surgeons and nurses were hampered outside of a regular operating-room, properly constructed and sterilized. The logic of the situation was evident. Since you cannot bring the operating-room to the patient, carry the patient to the operating-room. Build hospitals that will have every comfort as well as every scientific appointment, and then you can treat the rich as well as the poor. The result is seen in the beautiful buildings, thoroughly



Julia Wallace-Russell, M. D.

Physician-in-Charge.

equipped, going up in every section of our broad land.

But only a woman's brain and heart could have conceived the present hospital. To Dr. Wallace-Russell belongs the honor, not of erecting a great brick building with wide, bare corridors and windows whose shades have to be reached by a step ladder, but of taking a home, keeping it a home, never allowing it to lose the home look, yet fitting it up with all hospital appliances as a

haven of rest for weary, suffering women.

The idea has sometimes got abroad that the present hospital is intended chiefly for needy patients. Such is not the case. Science knows no distinction between the rich, the poor, and those of moderate means. As a matter of fact many of the patients have been women of large means and the highest social connections. By far the larger number have belonged to what are called the better classes.



THE STILLINGS OPERATING ROOM.

One patient was commiserated by her friends at the opening of summer because she could not go out of town, as had been her custom. "I want you to understand," she said, "that I find the table and the society here quite as good as at the average summer resort."

Few people realize how difficult it is for a busy woman, the mother of a family, to be sick in her own house. Domestic cares attend her even to her dying hours. "Oh, the rest and the peace here!" sighed one grateful patient. "Nobody can come shrieking into my room with 'The gingerbread has fallen!' 'The pies have all run out into the oven!' 'That new washerwoman has scorched a great place in your best tablecloth!' If I hear the crash of falling dishes now, it is not my best china that is smashed."

A wealthy woman, mother of a large family, mistress of a big house, whose guest rooms a large circle of friends rarely allow to remain empty, said to the writer, "You do not know how like heaven this place looks to me! I am up and dressed. I am able to keep on my feet. I do not know that I have any especial disease, but I believe I would give half my income if I could drop everything, get away from my family and friends and just come here for three months and rest. Just to be free from ordering the meals, never to have a thought when the door-bell rings, not even to have to keep the hour of the day in mind, but to have everything brought at the proper time as if by magic—I should feel as if I had been translated!"

The patient comes to the hospital, sometimes in a hack, sometimes in

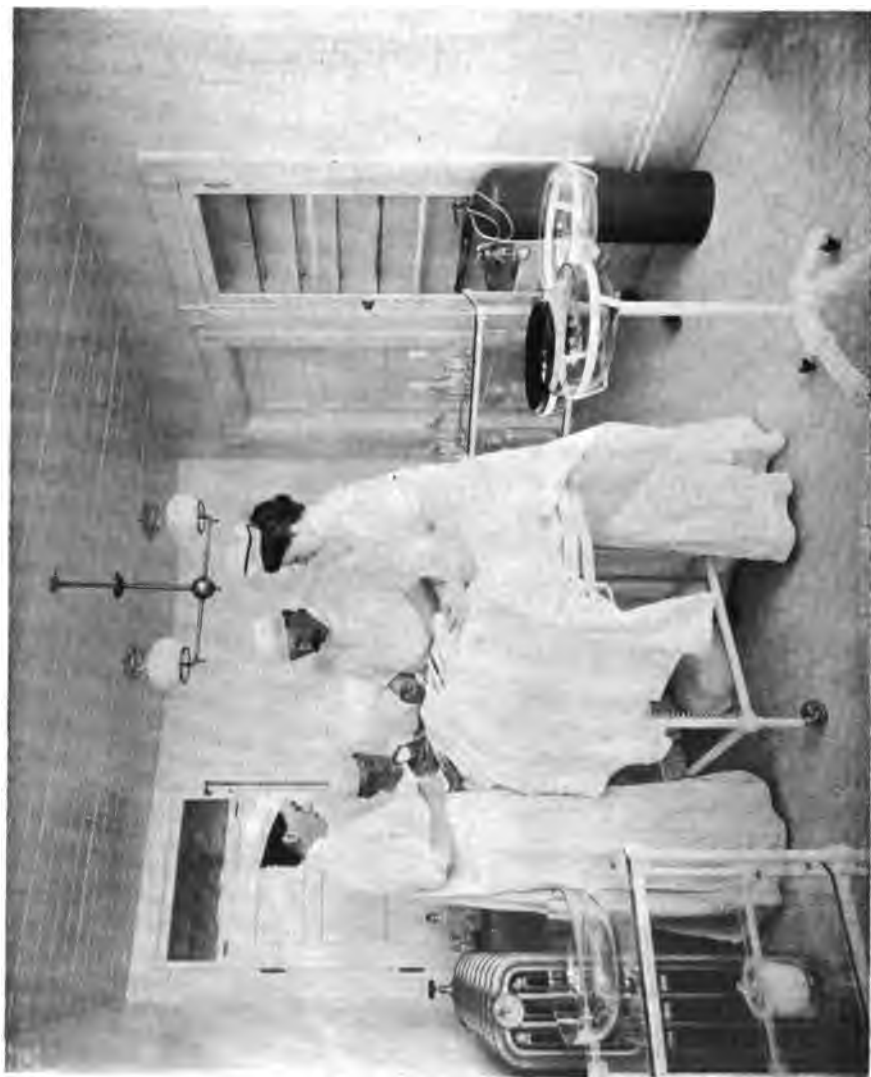
the ambulance, is greeted by the superintendent, undressed and put to bed by a nurse, and henceforth is but a passenger on a well officered ship. After the medical orders for the time being have been carried out, a cord with an electric attachment is put into the patient's hand, and she is left alone, freed from any responsibility, assured of attendance at the proper



Ferdinand A. Stillings, M. D.
Surgeon.

times, and able at any moment to summon any kind of service, simply by pressing a button.

"I feel so safe here," women often say. "If I were at home, I should hesitate to call up the nurse at night unless I were in great distress; but here is a night nurse, on duty all the time, who is glad to have your bell ring. No matter what you want at night, it is always ready. There is always a fire, always hot water, always every kind of food and medicine on hand, always a cylinder of oxygen



AN OPERATION IN PROGRESS.

should a patient collapse after an operation, always a telephone to summon the doctor in any emergency."

The fact that the hospital is small enables the patients' whims and fancies to be considered as they could not be in a large institution. The writer recalls an instance of an aged single woman who was brought here in order that her last months might be made comfortable. Her removal necessitated the breaking up of her little household, and among her cherished possessions which were brought with her in the ambulance were four live geese feather pillows, which she had made and filled in her vigorous days. She would rest on nothing else. As she grew weaker, her mind often wandered, especially at night. One night she hastily summoned the nurse, who found the patient sitting up in bed, declaring that she could not sleep because she knew her own pillows had been carried off. Assertions failed to convince. Then the forbearing attendant took her scissors, ripped a corner of the tick, held the dying woman in her arms while the frail fingers could explore the interior of the pillows and know "for sure" that she was handling her own live geese feathers. Soon after she fell asleep.

The normal capacity of the hospital is fifteen patients, but at times when some of the inmates were infants or young children, the accommodations have been strained to care for eighteen or even twenty. They sometimes come from long distances, or even large cities like Lowell or Boston. In one year the patients came from thirty different towns and seven different states. Many come for long terms; I believe one stayed

three years. In fact, there are almost always one or two of what might be called permanent boarders. These are women, chronic invalids, perhaps not in bed all the time, but who have no home or need care and attention that they cannot get at home. Convalescent patients and those able to sit up take their meals with the nurses in the cheerful family dining-room with its great ivy-wreathed bay window, looking toward the south.

The price of rooms for paying patients is as follows: There are three at \$15.00 a week; three at \$12.00; three at \$10.50, and four beds in the ward at \$7.00 each. Private patients pay for the attendance of their physician and for their personal washing. Food, medicine, supplies, care, everything else is included in the above price unless the patient requires a special nurse outside the regular staff. It does not always follow that a patient pays the price corresponding to the room that she occupies. Last year eleven patients were admitted free; one paid \$3.00 a week; two, \$3.50, and two, \$5.00. The actual cost per week for maintaining each patient was \$13.28. All patients receive exactly the same care and treatment, according to their needs, whether paying much or little. The fifteen dollar rooms are not better than the others, except that they are larger and admit of a couch and afghan in addition to the other furnishings. All of the rooms have rocking chairs and hassocks. The ward is the pleasantest place in the whole building. It is a great square room with windows on four sides. The central feature, literally in the middle of the apartment, is an imposing brick chimney with two open fire-places around which

the patients often gather in a social group.

Although this is a woman's hospital any patient who chooses may employ a male physician, either from Concord or elsewhere. As a matter of fact, nearly every physician in town has at one time or another had patients here. The management has always been very liberal in regard to the other sex. It is sometimes asked if



Mrs. Lucy J. Sturtevant.
Corresponding Secretary.

male patients would be received. Under ordinary circumstances, No, because the rooms are all needed for women; but there is no hard and fast rule. After the Spanish war, when the general hospitals everywhere were full to overflowing, Dr. Wallace-Russell turned the ward into a soldiers' barracks and four brave boys were tended there for several months. In one or two other instances the same liberal policy has prevailed.

A word must be said about the *per-*

sonnel of the staff. First and foremost ranks Dr. Julia Wallace-Russell, physician-in-charge and really the founder of the institution. It is impossible to consider the record of this woman without admiration. A native of New Hampton, this state, in early life a teacher, she took her medical degree in New York city, and in 1878 at the solicitation of Dr. Albert H. Crosby and with the warm approval of Dr. Granville P. Conn, she began her medical work in Concord. Except for very brief vacations, she has hardly missed a week since then. Every day, winter and summer, rain or heat, finds her at the post of duty, at the hospital, in her office or driving about to the homes of her patients. Her courage and fidelity have been abundantly rewarded, and to-day she takes her place among the most honored women of the state.

Next to Dr. Wallace-Russell the hospital probably owes more to Miss Mary Ann Downing than to any other one person. Miss Downing (January 25, 1826—April 16, 1903), who was this year called to higher service, spent the 78 years of her noble life all in Concord. She was well known throughout the state, not only as a prominent member of the Unitarian church, but as an active promoter of everything relating to the welfare of mankind, particularly of women. Miss Downing's most marked characteristic, next to her unvarying cheerfulness, was her sturdy common sense. Always laboring for others, she worked in the wisest and most helpful way. This hospital was her last and greatest interest, and of herself and her money she gave unceasingly in its behalf.

The office of president, which Miss

Downing held from 1895 to her death in 1903, is now filled by Dr. Ellen A. Wallace of Manchester, the younger sister of Dr. Julia Wallace-Russell, and like her a promoter and devoted friend of the hospital.

Following is the present list of officers:

President, Dr. Ellen A. Wallace, Manchester.

Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Evelyn M. Cox, Concord; Mrs. Josephine R. Gile, Newport.

Recording secretary, Mrs. Nathaniel White, Jr., Concord.

Corresponding secretary, Mrs. Lucy J. Sturtevant, Concord.

Treasurer, Miss Emma M. Flanders, Concord.

Auditors, Mrs. Mary W. Truesdell, Suncook; Mr. Josiah E. Fernald, Concord.

Board of trustees, the foregoing women and Dr. Julia Wallace-Russell, Concord; Mrs. Caroline R. Thyng, New Hampton; Mrs. Annie W. Pillsbury, West. Derry; Mrs. James F. Grimes, Hillsborough Bridge; Miss Adelaide L. Merrill, Concord; Mrs. Alice Potter Hosmer, Manchester.

Advisory board, Mr. Charles D. Thyng, New Hampton; Mr. John F. Jones, Concord, Hon. Edmund E. Truesdell, Suncook; Mr. Arthur F. Sturtevant, Concord; Mr. Josiah E. Fernald, Concord; Hon. Charles R. Corning, Concord.

Physician-in-charge, Dr. Julia Wallace-Russell, Concord.

Surgeon, Dr. Ferdinand A. Stilings, Concord.

Consulting physicians and surgeons, Dr. Ellen A. Wallace, Manchester; Dr. Granville P. Conn, Concord; Dr. Charles P. Bancroft, Concord.

Pathologist, Dr. Arthur K. Day.

Superintendent and principal of training school, Miss Eva M. Emery.

Chairman of visiting committee, Miss Mary A. Gage, Concord.

A training school for nurses was started October 1, 1897, under the care of Miss Esther Dart, for three years the efficient superintendent of this hospital, now at the head of the hospital for Harvard students at Cam-



Miss Emma M. Flanders.

Treasurer.

bridge, Mass. Eight nurses have been graduated from this school of whom six are now holding hospital positions, with one exception, in other states.

One of the graduates, Miss Alma M. Barter, 1900, is the present head of the city hospital at Rockford, Ill., an institution with a hundred beds. Another graduate of that year, Miss Eva M. Emery, is the present superintendent of the N. H. Memorial Hospital. Miss Emery has the advan-

tage of a liberal education, being a graduate of the Concord high school, Latin course, 1896, with an excellent record in private and hospital nursing. She has shown marked aptitude for her new position. A class of four nurses will graduate from the school this month.

Although the hospital has never appealed to the public by a ball, fair, or entertainment of any sort, the gifts have been numerous and constant. There is an annual donation day in October, but money or supplies are gladly received at any time throughout the year. The association now has 15 patron members at \$100 each; 47 life members at \$25 each; 32 memorial members at \$10 each; 126 annual members at \$1 each; 220 in all. Two free beds have been established, one of \$5,000 by Miss Sidonia H. Olzen-

dam of Manchester; one of \$6,000 by Mrs. Louisa F. Richards of Newport. An especially valuable gift this year was the Stillings operating-room. The enlargement and improvement of this room, now modern and perfect in every detail, was given by Mrs. Grace Minot Stillings, wife of Dr. Ferdinand A. Stillings, one of the foremost surgeons of this region, who sometimes performs two or three operations a week at this hospital.

In conclusion, the writer may be permitted to say that an experience of many months as a patient in the hospital at four different times has given her an opportunity to appreciate the faithful, loving care received there; and that she realizes better than any reader of this article will that the half has not been told about its noble work.

THANKSGIVING.

By C. C. Lord.

We thank Thee, Lord of earth and sky,
For riches, wrought of faithful toil,
That in our spacious garner lie,
The fruitage of the sun and soil.

For works of skill by patient hands,
That prove the worth advantage brings,
For truth that in the mind expands,
In thanks our quick laudation springs.

Yet, for the rolling year, our praise
In grateful meed shall nobler be,
To tell that, through life's troubled days,
Our fruitful souls ascend to Thee.

Then, while we flourish, in Thy sight
Be homage perfect in us found,
Our hopes resplendent as the light,
Our hearts as fertile as the ground.

COL. STEPHEN EVANS.

By John Scales, A. M.



OL. STEPHEN EVANS was grandson of Robert and son of Benjamin Evans. Robert settled in Dover about 1665; it is said he came from Wales and settled at Cochecho in Dover, where he resided till his death, February 27, 1796-'97.

Benjamin was born February 2, 1687; he married Mary, daughter of Joseph Field; he resided at Cochecho and was one of its prosperous and worthy citizens; he was killed by the Indians September 15, 1725, being the last of the many Dover people who were slaughtered and scalped by the savage foe during the half century of warfare from 1675 to 1725. His brother was scalped and left for dead at the same time, but recovered and lived to a good old age, minus his scalp. This brother was the father of the poet Whittier's grandfather.

Stephen was the youngest of five children, being born November 13, 1724. He was about a year old when his father died. His mother carefully reared and educated him, as best the opportunities of the period afforded. Among his teachers was the famous Master Sullivan, father of Gen. John Sullivan, New Hampshire's greatest Revolutionary hero. Although his father was the last Dover victim in the Indian wars, the people lived in constant terror for many years afterwards, and it was in this sort of

atmosphere that Stephen passed his boyhood and received the impressions which influenced his career in later life.

When about fifteen years old he was placed as an apprentice to serve his time with Mr. Elihu Hayes, a ship builder at Dover Landing; here he worked diligently and undisturbed till he was twenty years old; then he was called to serve as a soldier in the campaign for the capture of Louisburg; he enlisted in Capt. Samuel Hale's company, and his name appears on the muster roll as "servant" of Mr. Hayes, because he had not served out his time. In this famous siege he served faithfully, and fared with his brother soldiers the hardships of the campaign.

On his return to Dover he did not resume his position with Mr. Hayes, but set up business for himself as ship builder. He followed this occupation several years and then opened a store for general trade, on the summit of the hill which overlooks the Landing, at the head of tide water. Here he continued in business till after the Revolution. He was active, energetic, and prosperous, and had accumulated a good fortune, for those days, when the storm of the Revolution came to disturb everything, and make the rich poor and the poor poverty stricken. He was largely engaged in the West India trade at one time. He kept up his interest in

military affairs and became captain of a company of Dover men which did a good deal of scouting work between 1750 and 1760.

Mr. Evans was not only active in business and military affairs, but also became an active and influential member of the First church, which he joined October 24, 1742, being then nearly eighteen years old. In the prime of his life and prosperity he owned and occupied a pew in the most fashionable quarter of the meeting-house; this pew was later occupied by the distinguished and aristocratic Judge Durell and family. Mr. Evans was one of the parish wardens for many years.

In December, 1766, the church and parish gave a call to Rev. Jeremy Belknap to become assistant pastor, as Rev. Jonathan Cushing, who had been pastor since 1717, was too infirm to longer perform successfully the parish work. The church and the parish appointed the usual committees to extend and accept the call, and prepare for the installation of young Mr. Belknap. The records say that the committee of the church consisted of "Dea. Shadrach Hodgdon, Dea. Daniel Ham, and Capt. Stephen Evans." The parish also named Captain Evans as one of its committee, which shows the captain was one of the most popular men of the period in church affairs.

Mr. Belknap accepted the call and was installed January 19, 1767. An installation in those days was a great event in the lifetime of a generation; great preparations had to be made and were made. Ministers from all the churches in Boston and the towns this side of there were invited; also all the churches in eastern New

Hampshire and Maine were invited to send delegates. Captain Evans was the member of the committee who was commissioned to write and dispatch the "letters missive" to all of these churches, which arduous task he accomplished promptly and in the best of form. Mr. Belknap came and was installed and remained twenty years; he preached patriotic as well as doctrinal sermons, and wrote the best history of New Hampshire that exists even at the present day. Captain Evans was his staunch supporter and loyal helper from the day of installation to the day of his departure for Boston, where he soon after became a Doctor of Divinity.

Captain Evans does not appear to have held any town offices till 1771, when he was elected one of the selectmen; he was re-elected in 1772 and '73. Although he did not seek office he took a lively interest in the great questions of the approaching Revolution. When the call was issued in 1775 for the first New Hampshire provincial congress, Dover promptly held its town-meeting and elected Captain Evans one of its delegates; there were five congresses held that year, and Captain Evans was a member of all and took an active and leading part in formulating measures which led to the colonial and finally to the state government.

August 24, 1775, he was elected colonel of the Second regiment of New Hampshire militia, and remained its commander till the militia was re-organized in 1782. He was "Colonel" Evans all the rest of his life. There were thirteen regiments in the state; it was the duty of the colonels to keep the men of the regiments carefully equipped and thoroughly drilled, so

that when men were wanted for the Continental service the draft could be promptly filled from the ranks of these militia men. Colonel Evans kept his regiment in first-class condition, although the work was very arduous, and not always pleasant. When men had served out their term of enlistment and came home, they were at once enrolled in the militia regiment and drilled regularly in preparation for a future draft. Thus it happened that many men served several short terms in the Continental army, as their services were needed.

At one time New Hampshire had more than five thousand men in the Continental army; at other times it had not more than three thousand in the field, the number varying according as the tide of war ebbed and flowed in various sections of the North, and especially in New England.

When he was member of the provincial congresses of 1775, he served on important committees. First he served on the committee to secure the money in the provincial treasury by demanding it of the treasurer, George Jaffrey. Mr. Jaffrey at first refused to deliver it to the committee, but was finally persuaded to surrender, on assurance that he should not be harmed nor suffer loss. Next thing to be done was to secure the records of the courts and the various departments of the royal government; Colonel Evans was a member of this committee, and after overcoming many obstacles the committee secured the papers and books and transferred them from Portsmouth to Exeter, which became the seat of government during the Revolution and for sometime after the declaration of peace.

In July, 1775, he was appointed one of a committee to procure fire arms for the militia regiments; this commission was so well performed that the New Hampshire men were among the best equipped of any in the Continental service.

Colonel Evans was member of the committee to apportion representation of the various towns and parishes in the general assembly. The report of this committee was adopted. Each voter was required to possess real estate to the value of twenty pounds; a man to be a candidate must possess three hundred pounds. Each town containing one hundred families was permitted to send one representative to the assembly, and one more for each additional one hundred families, except that no town was permitted to send more than three representatives. Those towns containing less than one hundred families were to be classed to make the requisite number, except that old parishes should not be deprived of their ancient right of one representative, though they contained less than one hundred families.

Colonel Evans was member of the committee that drafted the first constitution of the state, which was the first of the colonies to adopt a formal constitution. There was some opposition to the adoption of it at that time because no other colony had taken the step, and they wanted to wait a bit; but the majority went ahead, and, once adopted, all cordially supported it.

January 12, 1776, Colonel Evans was appointed to receive the apportionment of arms for the Strafford county militia, which the assembly that day voted to be purchased. It may be interesting in this connection

to give a description of the gun: "The barrel was to be three feet nine inches long; the bore to carry an ounce ball; to have good bayonet with blade eighteen inches long; an iron ramrod with spring to retain the same." The manufacturer must prove the durability of the gun at his own risk, with a charge of four and a half inches of powder, well wadded. Some of those old guns are yet in possession of the descendants of the Dover patriots who used them on the battle-fields.

January 16, 1776, Colonel Evans was appointed chairman of the committee on muster rolls. About the same time he was chairman of the committee to prepare and present a bill empowering moderators of town meetings and the clerks of towns and parishes to administer the oath of office to town and parish officers.

January 17, 1776, Colonel Evans was elected sheriff of Strafford county, being the first to hold that important office under the new government. Governor Wentworth's appointee was not allowed to serve after the governor left the province. A sheriff then was called "high" sheriff, and an immense amount of dignity was attached to the office, which the present officer can scarcely conceive of.

January 23, he was appointed one of the committee to nominate a list of civil officers to be presented to the assembly for election. The recommendations of the committee were adopted entire, showing that they had performed their duty with discretion and ability.

January 26, he was one of the committee to procure seventy axes for the use of the regiment destined for Canada, in which expedition axes were

an important part of the implements of war, as the soldiers had to cut their way through the forest primeval for hundreds of miles. The colonel saw to it that they had good sharp tools.

March 11, 1776, the assembly passed the following: "Voted that three companies, consisting of one hundred men each [including officers], be raised out of each of the following regiments, viz., Portsmouth, Dover, and Hampton, to be on the lines at Portsmouth immediately, with arms and ammunition complete, and there continue till further orders."

Colonel Evans was appointed to command this battalion, and served as ordered till all fear of a British attack by the fleet had subsided.

March 22, he was appointed member of the Committee of Safety and served several months that year.

October 19, 1776, he was one of the committee to go to Ticonderoga and investigate the condition of affairs and report to the general court. They were instructed to promote the raising of the colony's quota of men for the Continental army, either by re-enlistment of the men in the service, or by procuring new men in New York to complete the quota. Colonel Evans and the committee attended to this duty and kept New Hampshire's quota full under very difficult circumstances. The men then at Ticonderoga were suffering terribly from fatigue caused by the return march from Canada, under General Sullivan, and from smallpox and malarial fever.

The state organization went into operation December 18, 1776; the colony of New Hampshire ceased to exist at that date. New Hampshire was a "Province" of Great Britain

one hundred and fifty-three years; a "Colony" not quite one year, ending as above. It used the name colony instead of province so as to be uniform in style with the other colonies. Colonel Evans and Hon. John Wentworth, Jr., were the Dover representatives in this first state assembly; they continued to serve during 1777.

June 21, of that year, by order of the town of Dover, they presented a bill granting Dover the privilege of holding a lottery to raise money to pay for building a bridge across the Cocheco river, where now is the Central avenue bridge. The general court was at first opposed to granting the request of the town, but finally the bill was passed, prefaced with the statement that, in general, lotteries are detrimental to the best interests of society and are immoral, but as taxes were high in Dover, and times were hard, and the people were suffering by unhappy disputes in regard to the bridge, they would, just this once, grant the request. The lottery was held, and was a success; the bridge was paid for, and the selectmen had some money left to use for war purposes.

The council issued the following order in August, 1777:

"State of New Hampshire:—To Colonel Stephen Evans: You are hereby directed to march with your regiment, lately raised to re-enforce the Continental army, as soon as possible to Bennington, where you will find provisions, and put yourself under command of General Stark, if he be there, or anywhere in those parts, provided Gen. Stark has determined to tarry in the service, who in that case will put himself under command of the Commander-in-Chief of the Continental army. But if Gen. Stark should have left service before your arrival, or be determined not to tarry, then you are directed to put yourself under

command of the General of the Continental army nearest to Bennington, then to act as shall be prescribed by the commander of the Continental army in that department."

Colonel Evans took prompt action to carry out the order of the council; but the dilatory action of some officers on whom he depended caused some delay in getting his forces started for Bennington. At a meeting in Concord he had a sharp controversy with Colonel Badger of Gilmanton, because the latter did not furnish the part of the quota promptly that was assigned him.

On September 24 the council issued an order for Colonel Evans to march his forces at once; the following reply was made by the colonel why the delay had occurred:

"To the Honorable, the President of the Council sitting at Portsmouth, Sir:—The money I received out of the Treasury for paying 170 men and the officers of three companies, including the adjutant and quartermaster, amounts to 4,445 dollars. I received about 3,800, which leaves 645 short of accomplishing the thing mentioned.

"Sir:—I have not let the business suffer for want of the above money, as I was so lucky as to find a friend who obliged me with it, but must replace the same before I march; therefore should take it as a favor if the money could be paid the bearer, Mr. Joseph Evans, and his receipt shall be good for the same.

"Sir, Your most obdt & very humble Servt,
STEPⁿ EVANS.

"Dover, Sept. 24, 1777.

"P. S. The men in my Regiment are mostly marched & I gave order to the Lieut. Col & Major, and hope to get off myself very soon.

"(As before) S. E."

When his regiment reached Bennington there was no further need for them to stop there; General Stark had whipped the British army and

driven them some distance on the way to join Burgoyne's army; hence Colonel Evans kept on till he reached the Continental army under command of General Gates. The regiment was assigned to duty with the other New Hampshire troops, and Evans was assigned as Colonel on Brig.-General Whipple's staff. They did their part gallantly in the encounters at Bemis' Heights and at Stillwater, and participated in the grand surrender of Burgoyne's army at Saratoga. It is not necessary for me to recount here the specific actions of the New Hampshire troops in that great turning point in the Revolutionary struggle; you can read it in history; one incident may be mentioned as illustrative of the whole: Col. Joseph Cilley, when his regiment had captured a brass cannon from the Hessians, got astride of the cannon and ordered his men to load and fire it against the enemy; they obeyed his command, and the shot did killing work among the enemy; Colonel Cilley then got down from the cannon and resumed his place at the head of his forces, amid tremendous cheers from his men. Colonel Cilley's son-in-law, Thomas Bartlett, was lieutenant-colonel on General Whipple's staff.

An English gentleman who was in Burgoyne's army and participated in the surrender, gave a description of General Gate's army as it appeared to him as he marched by them. He says:

"I shall never forget the appearance of the American troops on our marching past them. A dead silence reigned through their numerous columns. I must say their decent behavior to us, so greatly fallen, merited the utmost praise. . . . Not one of them was uniformly clad; each had on the clothes he wore in the fields, the

church, or the tavern; they stood, however, like soldiers, well arranged and with military air, in which there was but little to find fault with. All the muskets had bayonets, and the sharpshooters had rifles. The men stood so still that we were filled with wonder. Not one of them made a single motion as if he would speak with his neighbor. Nay, more, all the lads that stood there in rank and file, kind nature had formed so trim, so slender, so nervous, that it was a pleasure to look at them, and we were all surprised at the sight of such a handsome and well-formed race. The whole nation has a natural turn for war and a soldier's life.

"The Generals and staffs wore uniforms, and belts which designated their rank, but most of the Colonels were in their ordinary clothes, with a musket and bayonet in hand, with a cartridge box or powder horn slung over their shoulders. There were regular regiments, which for want of time or cloth, were not equipped in uniform. These had standards with various emblems and mottoes, some of which had a very satirical meaning for us."

This picture, happily drawn by the Englishman's pen, shows us how our Revolutionary ancestors looked when in battle array. I have seen nothing the equal of it anywhere else in history, or literature. They were certainly far from being "clod hoppers" and clowns, as some sneering critics have represented them. They were fine men and had fine instincts of patriotism and honor.

No sooner was the surrender of Burgoyne's army completed than orders were given for the New Hampshire men to march to Albany with all speed possible. The roads were bad and the traveling was horrible, but notwithstanding that, these New Hampshire men marched forty miles in fourteen hours, and crossed the Mohawk river below the falls. The reason for this rapid march was the report that General Clinton was com-

ing up the Hudson to capture Albany. He intended to do so, but gave up the attempt when he heard of Burgoyne's surrender.

After making such a rapid march they were disappointed at not finding the enemy at Albany, hence commenced to look at the ills they were suffering themselves; they were tired and hungry, and because they could not quickly get rations to satisfy their appetites, they began to feel cross and ugly. Some of them declared that their term of enlistment had expired, and vowed they would start for home; these were men in Colonel Evans' regiment. Colonel Evans and his officers tried every means to dissuade them from taking such a rash and disgraceful course, but there were eighty-five men they could not prevail upon to stay longer, and they started for home. Colonel Evans sent the following letter to the Committee of Safety in regard to the affair:

"ALBANY, October 23d, 1777.

"Sir:—After giving you joy on the glorious and complete victory over Gen^l Burgoyne and his army in those parts, I would inform the committee, or the general court if sitting, of the low lived and scandalous behaviour of a part of my Regiment, who for no sufficient reason have shamefully deserted and gone home. Last Saturday, late in the day, I had orders to march for Albany; we paraded as soon as possible and marched; the whole army was in motion, having news that the enemy was making up the river, determined for Albany. My Regiment at that time had but one day's provision, which was the case with many others. We did not arrive at Albany Sunday by reason of some disorder in the Regiment. Monday, early in the forenoon, they got in, the chief part of them. We applied immediately for provision; it could not by any means be procured so soon as we called, but all despatch possible was made so that we got some in the afternoon; but in the meantime some

officers and men made such a noise about their ill treatment that I was really ashamed to hear them. They railed and swore they would go home. I strove with all my power to prevail with them to stay, but to no purpose. I provided very good houses for them, where they might live with the families, about six in a house, but all would not do, and home they would go, and did go, to the tune of 85 officers and men; and I herewith present you a list of the whole and have sent the same on, knowing it was my duty to inform you of all such rash and unjustifiable proceedings, and beg at the same time that they may be dealt with in the strictest manner; they are not in the least excusable; all things considered, they are base men. After they, the most of them, have taken from one another 70 or 80 dollars, and some more, how can they answer such proceedings to God, their conscience, and those they robbed of their money? I have returned herewith the returns of each company, from their respective commanding officers that is now present, and hope that for the safety of our army example, &c., they will be advertised as deserters, which I am ordered to do by the General. I desire there may be orders given out immediately to the officers of the militia to secure (arrest) both officers and men as fast as they get home.

"Your most obdt & humbl^l Serv^t,

"STEPHⁿ EVANS.

"N. B. I have enclosed an account of what Gen^l Burgoyne's army consisted. His army consisted according to the most authentic accounts of 9,575; 400 hundred of whom fell into our hands before the capitulation, and a very considerable number were killed, or rendered unfit for service. Indeed it is generally believed that the whole would have been totally destroyed had not the Gen^l prevented it by speedy surrender, which has given unwonted honor to the American arms.

"S. E."

The deserters arrived home and were arrested by the militia officers, as Colonel Evans had ordered; they felt very crestfallen and their descendants do not mention this part of

their service in the Revolutionary war.

At a session of the general court, December 25, 1777, the deserters were censured and deprived of their wages.

On the 26th Colonel Evans was authorized and instructed to pay all of the officers and men except the deserters.

January 21, 1778, the deserters were arraigned before the Committee of Safety; the record reads as follows:

"Sundry soldiers, who deserted from Albany, bro^t before the committee this day & were examined. Some ordered to pay all the money they had received, into the Treasury, others to pay part, & others dismissed for the present."

I can find no further reference to these unfaithful soldiers; the presumption is that they henceforth lived in a law-abiding manner and responded promptly when the next draft was made for soldiers.

Colonel Evans' next service in the field was in the Rhode Island campaign. He had long been an intimate friend of General Sullivan, and when the latter assumed command there he invited Colonel Evans to serve on his staff and the offer was accepted and he served through the whole campaign. Lafayette and Greene were commanders of divisions. General Sullivan managed his campaign skilfully, but did not accomplish what he intended to do, and would have done, if the French fleet had not sailed away without firing a gun. Lafayette declared the battle at Butt's hill to be one of the most hotly contested during the war; it occurred on August 29, and Sullivan showed himself to be a great commander. At the close of the campaign General Sullivan bestowed high

praise on Colonel Evans' work as a staff-officer, and tendered him sincere thanks for the great assistance he had rendered. This was the last active service that he performed in the Continental army, but at home he remained in command of the Second regiment of militia till the reorganization took place near the close of the war.

After the close of the war he retired to private life, and attended to his business affairs, which his army and other public services had greatly disarranged and somewhat embarrassed, although he was one of the wealthiest men in the town when the war began.

All in all Colonel Evans was undoubtedly the ablest and most influential military man Dover had in the public service during the Revolution from 1775 to 1784. He was aristocratic and conservative, so when the war was over, and all sorts of new schemes of government were agitated, his conservatism rendered him less popular than in former years, when he could carry the masses with him in town meetings in favor of every measure he proposed. He was a man of high order of ability, and stern integrity; he was a Christian gentleman of the old Puritan type; his townsmen always held him in high esteem.

In his domestic relations he was a model husband; he owned slaves but was a humane master; the following is recorded in Rev. Dr. Belknap's book of marriages: "Dec. 26, 1774, Richard, Negro servant of Mark Hunking, Esq., of Barrington, & Julia, Negro servant of Stephen Evans, Esq., of Dover, by consent of their respective Masters."

Colonel Evans was thrice married.

His first wife was Elizabeth Roberts, to whom he was married in 1749; to them were born four children: Ephraim, born June 24, 1750; Molly, born June 21, 1752; Joseph, born October 31, 1754; Mary, born July 31, 1757; this first wife died in 1760.

In 1762 he married his second wife, Sarah Roberts, and to them the following children were born, and were baptized at the following dates, by Rev. Jonathan Cushing, and Rev. Dr. Belknap: Benjamin, May 20, 1764; Betty, September 22, 1765; Sarah, March 8, 1767; this second wife died in 1768.

He married for his third wife, in 1770, Lydia Chesley; to them were born six children, who were baptized by Rev. Dr. Belknap at the following dates: Temperance, April 27, 1771; Elizabeth, October 25, 1772; Lydia,

June 5, 1774; Ichabod Chesley, born January 29, and baptized February 2, 1777; Patty, February 20, 1780.

His son Joseph graduated from Harvard college in 1777; he married Elizabeth, daughter of Col. Thomas Westbrook Waldron, April 7, 1786; he died August 30, 1797. Colonel Evans has no descendants in Dover at the present time (1903) bearing the name of Evans.

Colonel Evans died in 1808 in the 84th year of his life; he was active and vigorous up to the day of his death, which came upon him very suddenly and unexpectedly. His remains were interred at Pine Hill cemetery, but no monument marks the spot where rests the dust of Dover's greatest, bravest, and most brilliant military man of the Revolution.

AFTERMATH.

By Alice D. O. Greenwood.

A beautiful dawn, so soft and tender,
A golden haze in the autumn air,
O'er all the hills, in his misty splendor
The sun hath smiled, and the world is fair.

A tiny barque, with white sails flowing,
Put out on the blue from a sunlit bay,
And we from the shore note it dimmer growing
Until in the distance it fades away.

The air is chill, the sun is hidden.
The wind from the sea hath an ominous tone.
Though bravely the barque the waves have ridden,
At eve, a wreck drifts in alone.

And thus, though we walk through life together,
Your path the same that my feet have known,
It is fate's decree! All ties must sever,
And into the harbor each drift alone.

ADAM AND EVE—AND EDEN.

By Mrs. W. V. Tompkins.



HEY had been children together—Adam and Eve,—and cousins too in a way, but Eve's mother had died, and her father was, as Tom Delmar had often said, "an old fool." So gradually, little by little, the intimacy between the two families was broken off.

So Eve saw little enough of Adam, save at a distance, and Adam saw still less of Eve. *His* mother had died, too, but his father being wise in his day and generation had soon remarried, and the multiplicity of little ones in the Delmar home was perhaps accountable for Tom Delmar's anomalous position with regard to politics, and the jaundiced view which he took of the public debt, national banks, and other matters of importance. At any rate the year Eve became seventeen he came out boldly for congress on the third party ticket, and after that the feud between the Montagues and Capulets was as nothing compared to the warfare between the two families, for Colonel Hilton was an unswerving, uncompromising Democrat, who had little patience with any one of an opposing opinion, least of all Tom Delmar.

Delmar was overwhelmingly and ingloriously defeated, thanks in a large measure to the colonel's influence, and he was furious. Soon after the

election the two met in the village post-office and the natural result followed. They were both hot-tempered, dangerous men, and Delmar besides his usual arrogance, in which he was as like Colonel Hilton as two peas in the same pod, was very sore over his recent defeat.

Mrs. Delmar, who drove into town with her babies about her, entered the office just in time to prevent bloodshed. Colonel Hilton had a deep respect for the little woman and so the quarrel was waived for the time being, each of the combatants mentally resolving to renew it in a more effective manner as soon as possible.

Two remarks had been made which the parties found it severally impossible to forgive. Colonel Hilton had said that he considered it a disgrace that he should be connected, though ever so remotely, with a man so lacking in sense or so base in principle as to belong to such an organization as the third party, while Mr. Delmar had rejoined with a good deal of acrimony that Colonel Hilton could not possibly regret their slight relationship any more than he did himself, and that it was his personal opinion that no Democrat under any possible combination of circumstances could ever be an honest man.

Pretty Eve almost wept her pretty eyes out that night when she heard that there was to be an end even to the slight communication between

the two families, and in doing so, so mortally offended her father that he promptly ordered her to retire to her own room; a proceeding which so astonished the young lady that there was nothing for her to do but to obey.

That had been two years ago and since that time Colonel Hilton and Mr. Delmar had never exchanged a word. They were members of the same church and sat near each other Sabbath after Sabbath without even a glance at each other. Affairs went on from bad to worse. The Democratic congressional convention when it met in April nominated Colonel Hilton for congress. The third party convention which met only a week afterwards appointed Mr. Delmar as the standard bearer who, as they expressed it, was to lead the horny-handed sons of toil to a glorious victory over monopolies and the oppressors of the poor.

It was in vain that poor Eve pleaded with her father not to accept the nomination. He only pictured the delights of a season in Washington in such glowing colors that a more sensible head than Eve's might have been turned by it.

It was in vain that Adam wrote to his father, respectfully begging him to reconsider his determination to reënter the political arena—deprecating the division between the two families—and expressing a fear that the election would only result as it had two years before in the victory of the Democratic nominee.

Mr. Delmar wrote him a letter by return mail hinting rather strongly that he was not in his second childhood, and that the young man might find it more to his personal interest to attend to his own business.

The situation grew more strained. The air was full of red-hot speeches, flying flags, the long roll of beaten drums, and the night darkness starred by torchlight processions. And as the situation grew more heated the temper of the two opponents increased likewise. Neither of them would listen to a word of advice. Their lands joined, and the boundary line came to be a frontier along which a deadly warfare raged that grew more and more desperate every day.

Mr. Delmar set steel traps along the burdock hedge that had been planted along the line since his defection from the political faith of his fathers, and a favorite dog belonging to Colonel Hilton having followed a rabbit across the line, was caught by the foot in one of these traps and was so badly injured that his master, much against his will, was obliged to shoot him.

In part payment for this, Colonel Hilton dug a series of pitfalls on his own side of the hedge covering them thinly with earth, and the next day a fine horse belonging to Mr. Delmar stumbled into one of these hidden pits and broke his neck.

A few days afterwards, Mr. Delmar's children straying too near the hedge began searching for dewberries. Little Noel, the oldest son of the second marriage, had his hand caught in one of the traps and his fingers were so badly lacerated that he was for some days in serious danger of lock-jaw. The same afternoon, Eve, attracted by some wild roses blooming in the hedge, felt the ground give way beneath her feet and when some of the men attracted by her cries from their work in the fields near by came to her assistance, she was found with

a sprained ankle in one of the pits which her father had dug.

This was found to be such a losing game on both sides that the traps and pitfalls were abolished by common consent. Both of the men were rather unpopular in the district, and it was prophesied by old politicians that many would refuse to vote the tickets on which either name appeared. The Republican element amounted to but very little in that district. The members of that party had always fused with the Greenback or People's party, but Mr. Delmar being personally obnoxious to some of the Republican leaders, they held a meeting soon after the other conventions and nominated a man whom they thought likely to be willing to go through the farce of making the race in order that that they might avoid voting on the one hand for Delmar, whom they personally disliked, or Hilton on the other, who represented a party to whom they felt they could conscientiously make no concessions.

About a month before the election young Adam Delmar came home very suddenly and unexpectedly. The children were jubilant, and his pretty little stepmother in the confidential interview that followed his homecoming, told him earnestly that she trusted him to keep his hot-tempered father out of mischief. Adam could not repress a smile as he thought of his father's last letter but assured her that she might depend upon him.

Mr. Delmar alone looked upon his hopeful son rather suspiciously when he found that he had come home to remain some weeks. However, as Adam was a month too young to vote in the general election and as he was rather popular than otherwise, his

father reconsidered his first determination, which had been to impress upon Adam the advisability of visiting a relative in a distant state, and informed him that he was very glad to see him. However, he added a bit of caution which was hardly so palatable to Adam:

"You must stay away from old Hilton's while you are here, Ad," he said as the two walked alone beneath the clematis vines on the long veranda. "The depths of depravity into which that man has fallen in the last two years— By George, sir, he has no more sense of honor than a hound!"

Adam smiled.

"I am very much disappointed, sir," he said after a pause. "I don't care a fig for the colonel, but I do want to see little Eve. You know that after all we are cousins."

"Fiddlesticks!" said the old gentleman, tartly. "I am sure that I am not anxious to claim any relationship. The blundering old idiot!"

"Who, father?" asked Adam, innocently, "Little Eve?"

Tom Delmar's face softened.

"Nonsense!" he said. He had always liked Eve. "She has more sense in a day than her old father has in a whole year." His face hardened with anger. "The old fool dug a pit to spite me, and poor little Eve fell into it and broke her arm or ankle. I only wish that it had been his blamed old neck. It would only have served him right. I was really sorry for Eve, but it did look almost like the Lord had sent a judgment on her father."

"It is usually the way in this world," said Adam carelessly. "The wicked sin, and the innocent gener-

ally have to pay the penalty. By the way," craftily, "what is the matter with Noel? I had meant to ask the little mother but forgot it. He looks pale and I notice has his hand bandaged?"

His father's face grew scarlet. He flashed a suspicious glance at the the young man, but Adam's face was gravely interested—nothing more.

"Ahem! The child injured his hand," said Mr. Delmar, lamely, "that is all. His mother was quite anxious about him for some days, and, Adam, you know how nervous she is. I wouldn't mention the matter either to her or any one else if I were you."

Adam's face was bent so that his father could not see the smile in his eyes. He did not look up for some moments.

"I will certainly follow your advice," he said. "I was sorry to see the little mother looking pale and careworn, but of course her anxiety about Noel would account for all that. I earnestly hope that he will live to be a better son to you than I have ever been."

Mr. Delmar laid one hand proudly on his son's shoulder.

"You have been all that I could ask, Adam," he said earnestly, "only it seems to me a pity that you should waste your natural abilities and the educational advantages that I have given you to become a mere backwoods farmer."

"A mere backwoods farmer!" repeated Adam gravely. "I hardly think, father, that the rank and file of your constituents would relish the contempt for their calling that was in your voice then."

Mr. Delmar flushed for the second time.

"I do not intend that they shall hear it, Adam," he said nervously. "I am unpopular enough as it is, and one never knows when a false step will ruin one's chances. By George, sir, do you know what defeated me two years ago?" warmly. "A pair of kid gloves. Yes, sir, a pair of kid gloves! I wore them to a barbecue down on the river just before the election and they cost me first and last no less than five hundred votes."

Adam laughed whimsically and then sighed.

"I am not so sure, father, that the game is worth the candle," he said slowly. "What do you think of your chances of election?"

"I *must* be elected!" said his father with a quick, short breath. "I swear to you, Adam, I will not live in the state if I am defeated and old Hilton is elected!"

A quick tap of the bell called them to the dining-room and the subject was dropped. After the morning meal was over Adam went for a long walk. He did not, much as he wished to see Eve, go in the direction of the Hilton plantation. For the present at least he thought best to consult his father's wishes. Deep in a day dream he did not heed the passing hours until a sudden peal of thunder aroused him to a sense of his surroundings.

A dark cloud had passed over the sun and a giant shadow like the wings of a great bird began to creep broodingly over the wide fields. The shadow deepened and darkened—deepened and darkened again and a faint, tremulous sigh came from the black clouds rising so rapidly beyond the river. The breeze strengthened, then lulled; strengthened again, and gaining courage, swelled to a roar

that lashed the branches of the trees together in such a mad frenzy that they groaned in pain and terror. The sun was blotted out. Adam looked about him hurriedly for shelter; he had been deeper in the day dream than he had known. Near him was a tiny log cabin. He ran toward it as fast as possible, pursued by the sullen roar of the storm and gained the welcome shelter just in time to escape the deluge of rain.

While he was standing near one of the windows watching the falling rain he heard steps, the quick rush of skirts, and a young girl entered the building almost as hurriedly as he had done. One glance at the slender figure and the saucy face told him who she was, and he went forward eagerly to meet her.

"Eve—" he cried, "dear little Eve!"

With a fluttering color she allowed him to take both her little hands in his own.

"I am glad to see you, Adam," she said with a quick, downward sweep of her pretty lashes. "It is Adam, is it not?"

He smiled at the childish assumption of doubt.

"Are you in the habit of meeting handsome, distinguished-looking strangers *every* day," with a smile which her downcast eyes missed, "that you do not know the fairy prince when he really comes, Eve?"

She looked up at him shyly but did not speak.

"It is pleasant to be with you again, Eve," he said with a tenderness in his voice that had not been there in the old childish days.

She shrank away from him a little with a sigh.

"Yet we must not forget, Adam," she said, "that our positions are sadly changed. We were once friends. Nay," she said hurriedly, "far more than friends—cousins I know. Believe me, Adam, it is best that we understand each other. My father, who is usually very gentle with me, would be furious if he knew even of this chance meeting. You cannot know how bitterly he speaks of your father."

Adam flushed a little.

"It seems rather hard, Eve," he said gravely, "that the sins of the father should be visited upon the son in this way. Colonel Hilton surely bears me no ill will."

"I must go," she said, turning so that he could not see her face. "This miserable business has made me very unhappy, Adam," her voice broke for a moment and a side glance at her dark eyes showed him that they were brimming with tears, "but it cannot possibly be helped."

"Is it not possible," said Adam, staying her by a gesture, "that after the election this unhappy feud may be stayed?"

She looked up at him hopelessly.

"You do not know *my* father," she said simply. "Indeed I might go farther and say that I hardly think you know your own. Suppose the contest over and your father elected. Do you think that the soreness of my father's disappointment would make a reconciliation any the easier? Or, reverse the case. Suppose it is my father who is elected and your father who is defeated. Can you imagine Tom Delmar making the first overtures tending to peace?"

Adam did not answer her as she touched his hand lightly and slipped

away. He pondered deeply over the matter on his way home but no light came to him.

The next morning he rode into town. He went far out of his way with the hope of meeting Eve but was disappointed. He found the usually dull, sleepy town transformed into aggressive activity. Speeches were to be delivered during the day by the candidates, with a dinner in the grove afterwards. The streets were thronged with country people and little groups of politicians congregated on the street corners and discussed the outlook. There was a bewildering array of pretty girls, too—comely, rosy-cheeked damsels with stiffly-starched white dresses and knots of gay ribbon.

Many old friends greeted Adam warmly. Every one had a pleasant word for the mischievous lad who had been away from home so long. Adam with his father had just joined a group of men who were discussing the storm of the day before when a sudden, constrained silence fell upon the crowd and Adam looking up saw a carriage approaching with Colonel Hilton and his daughter inside.

He forgot the family feud and went forward eagerly to meet them. He had never had any particular regard for the colonel—it is doubtful if the man was capable of inspiring such a sentiment in anybody—but the lad had always respected him for his unswerving integrity and strong sense of honor.

Young Delmar held out his hand as he approached and the carriage came to a standstill. Colonel Hilton had recognized him at once, Adam felt sure of that, but he slowly, calmly ignored the young man's outstretched hand, and with a slight bow that was

hardly perceptible and that was far more insulting than any words he could have uttered, he brushed by him rudely but coolly and lifting Eve from her seat and drawing her hand through his arm, he vanished in the fast-gathering crowd.

Adam caught a pleading, frightened glance from a pair of tender, dark eyes as Eve passed him, and was gentleman enough to refrain from adding to her distress by resenting just then the public insult he had received. He simply raised his hat courteously and turned quietly away.

"He is a darned 'ristocrat, may the devil take him," said a voice.

Adam wheeled suddenly and faced a man who, arm in arm with Mr. Delmar, was standing just behind him.

"He is a gentleman," said Adam curtly, "and I am another, and gentlemen allow no interference with their private affairs."

Mr. Delmar looked frightened.

"You have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with this gentleman, Adam," he said apologetically. "This is my particular friend, Arnold Taylor. I am sure that nothing he could ever say to any of my family could be anything but welcome."

Adam looked at Arnold Taylor curiously. This, then, was the Napoleon of modern political matters in the largest county of the —th district of the state of Arkansas. A man brutal and low in every sense of the word and yet who enjoyed the proud distinction of being able to control the votes of five hundred men, black and white, as ignorant, low, and brutal as himself. What a travesty upon the boasted purity of the ballot box!

Adam felt disgusted and ashamed of his country. Ashamed of his

country—and doubly, trebly ashamed of his father that he should truckle to this base, ignorant man and his dirty crew. He longed to knock Taylor down as he stood with that look of low cunning in his eyes, and, unable to speak without showing his indignation, he turned on his heel and went away without a word.

Tom Delmar evidently had great faith in his ally for they conversed for some time before they separated. Two hours later, Adam, walking restlessly about saw Taylor again. He was talking confidentially this time with the Democratic nominee, and Adam was glad to see that Colonel Hilton had the grace to look most heartily ashamed of himself.

Ten minutes later, joining the crowd that was thronging about the stand to hear the speeches, Adam had time to exchange a word or two with his father.

"I am so sorry, Adam," said Tom Delmar nervously, "that you had the ill luck to offend Taylor this morning. It is impossible to overestimate the power of that man's influence should he only choose to exert it. I understand that he has just been seen talking to the Democratic nominee. I felt so sure of him, too."

"Father," said Adam solemnly, "the man who trusts himself to that vile trickster will find himself doubly betrayed. I——"

His voice was drowned in a storm of cheers as the band played "Dixie," and Colonel Hilton was led out upon the platform. He coughed slightly, laid one hand impressively upon his chest with a word or two in reference to the old wound received on the "historic field of Gettysburg," found some difficulty in speaking on account

of his emotion, and the storm of cheers swelled into a tempest of shouts, the band played "Dixie" more madly than ever, while the Democrats glared defiance at the world—meaning the pitiful few who were not fully persuaded of the colossal brain and immaculate purity of the Democratic nominee—the flesh, synonymous of the Republicans—and the devil, meaning, of course, the third party.

It was with difficulty that the enthusiasm of the crowd was quieted and the colonel allowed to begin his speech. It was received as such things usually are—with tumultuous cheers from his friends and hisses, cat-calls, and invidious remarks in the most eloquent part of his harangue by his enemies.

He talked until he had been called down for the second time and then reluctantly retired followed by loud applause and a few spasmodic notes from the band, and Mr. Delmar walked slowly forward.

Adam felt sorry for his father before he began his speech; he felt sorrier for him when it was finished, for he knew what a trial it must be for Tom Delmar, aristocrat to his finger tips, to stand before an audience composed of his friends and neighbors, and expound a doctrine which but few of his associates could endorse or accept.

He in his turn was followed by John Snyder the Republican nominee. Snyder was a man of some ability and popular enough to be listened to with respect. When he had finished his speech and the crowd was dispersing Adam by a mere chance found himself by his side just as he passed the ubiquitous Taylor.

Snyder looked full in Taylor's face

without a sign of recognition and walked past as though he had not seen him. "There is something wrong about that," said Adam to himself.

The time flew swiftly by and the day of the election dawned. Adam had met Eve frequently and a love deep and lasting had grown up between them. After all it was nothing new—only a renewal of the old affection that had always existed in their hearts for each other. Adam asked her for no promise for they were both too young for that, but he felt as assured of her faith and constancy as of his own.

He had pleaded with her to be allowed to tell her father and his own of their mutual love but he was only answered by her tears. Alas, Eve knew better than he of the difficulties that lay before them.

The day before the election, however, Adam determined to take matters in his own hands since he could reason with Eve no longer. He would wait only three days and by that time the returns would be in and one of the candidates would be in a glorious good humor. Adam smiled grimly as he thought of Colonel Hilton's rage and of his father's disappointment.

He accompanied his father to town after a hurried breakfast on the morning of the election. By eleven o'clock the streets of the little village were crowded with people who having voted in their own townships had come to town in order to get the news. A crowd was not allowed about the polls but the anxious ones got as near as possible.

Up to twelve o'clock, not one of the men whom Delmar had humorously

styled "Taylor's brigade" had voted, and Taylor himself could not be found. He had promised Delmar to be on hand early. He had, it is perhaps needless to say, made the same promise to Hilton, but he could not have disappeared more completely had the ground opened and swallowed him up.

His "brigade" loitered idly about the streets. The adherents of the Democratic cause wore blue ribbon badges, the third party men knots of scarlet, and the Republicans, of whom there were more than the other two parties had suspected, wore orange. The Taylor "brigade" wore neither of the three colors but stalked about self-conscious and proud of their importance in the brief political world.

Runners were sent out in every direction in search of Taylor but it was of no use. Inquiries at his house elicited the fact that he had not been seen since daylight. "He might be down to his son's place in the aige of Bradley county," his wife said, "he had been aimin' to go for quite a spell."

One o'clock came and no Taylor. Two o'clock and no Taylor, and three o'clock and no Taylor.

At ten minutes past three Snyder came on the scene, cool and collected and as much at his ease as a man could possibly be. A few minutes afterwards a slight stir was noticeable in the lower part of the town and "Taylor's brigade," a line of men that struck dismay to the hearts of Democrats and third men alike, marched up to the polls, every man flying the yellow ensign of the Republican party.

"Well, by George!" said Tom Delmar, only he didn't use precisely those words. He had been a mem-

ber of the church for years, so his profanity was all the more inexcusable.

"I should consider it more of an honor to be defeated by such men than to be elected by them," said Adam.

Delmar smiled bitterly.

"It is an honor which I shall not bear alone," he said. "Only look at Hilton!"

Hilton's appearance was ludicrous enough. Between his desire to appear unconscious that there had been any treachery and his intense mortification his face was a study.

When the votes were counted that night and the returns from the different townships came in next day, it was ascertained that the home county of the two candidates had gone overwhelmingly for Snyder. Nor were the official returns when they came in any more encouraging. The district, which had been the stronghold of Democracy for years and years, had gone Republican beyond a doubt. Snyder was not *barely* elected. He almost doubled the vote of either of his opponents.

On the third night after the election Delmar and Hilton spoke to each other for the first time in over two years. The Republicans were having a jollification over in town. Faint to the ears of the defeated candidates who had halted at the gate of Hilton's plantation, came the music of the band and the shouts of the victors, among whom "Taylor's brigade" were conspicuous, and through the moonlight the glimmer of torches shone.

Colonel Hilton did not express the penitence for the past which one might have expected. He only said:

"Well, Tom, it does beat the devil!" and Tom expressed the opinion in rather stronger words, if possible, that he believed you, it did.

But the breath of the wild grapes was sweet on the air, and the glory of the moonlight silvered the rose-scented garden with a priceless wedding veil, a faint breath stirred the cedar branches and Adam and Eve strayed down the moonlit walk into Eden, into which it is confidently believed and expected that politics (and the devil) can never enter.

THE CLOSED GENTIAN.

By Helen Philbrook Patten.

When birds fly south and flames the hills adorn,
And when the chill frost-mists pervade the morn;
When blooms are gone which glorious Summer brought,
Comes fitful Nature's fairest afterthought.

A little flower, dark, silent, and close-sealed;
Within its clasping fingers unrevealed
Lies its own secret, hidden safe from view,
Till Autumn's chill despoils this bud of blue.

SOME UNPUBLISHED MARRIAGES IN HOLLIS.

Compiled by C. F. Burge.



HOUGH there are entered in the history of the town some twelve hundred marriages, as performed either by minister or justice of the peace from 1743 to 1879, we find quite a number (100 or more) on record between 1740 and 1850 that probably have not seen print. In these days of societies of record and geneological research it is helpful to have such data in a collected form. These additional marriages are presented below, the name of the person officiating, the date of the marriage, and the names and residences of the contracting parties being given. When the name of no town appears Hollis should be understood :

BY REV. DANIEL EMERSON.

1755. Nov. 28. Joshua Smith and Melissent Brooks, Townsend, Mass.

1756. June 15. Ebenezer Blood and Sarah Fisk, both of No. 1 (Mason).

1756. Nov. 18. Simeon Wyman and Thankful Curtis, both of Dunstable.

1757. Dec. 9. John Brown and Anne Hobbs, both of No. 1 (Mason).

1759. Jan. 17. Ezekiel Jewett and Hannah Platts, both of Rindge.

1760. June 12. John Hobart and Jemina Hobart, both of Dunstable.

1760. June 17. William Eliot and H. Robbins Hobart, both of No. 1 (Mason).

1762. Nov. 16. Edmond Gardner of Northfield and Rebecca Wooley of Hollis.

1765. April 25. Jonathan Williams of No. 1 and Rachel Eliot of Pepperell, Mass.

1765. May 15. Lemuel Spaulding and Sarah Tarbell, both of No. 1 (Mason).

1774. Feb. 24. Jonathan Sawyer of Amherst and Isabel Grimes of Groton, Mass.

1774. Aug. Mr. (Rev.) William Evans and Hannah Shelcock.

1774. Oct. 15. Lieut. Amos Fiske of Amherst and Mrs. Mary Wheeler of Concord.

1776. Nov. 14. Adford Jaquith and Olive Davis, both of Dunstable, Mass.

1776. Oct. 18. Benjamin Knowlton of New Ipswich and Abigail Wright.

1777. June 26. Charity Killicutt and Sibbel Roof, both of Dunstable.

1778. April 21. David Davidson and Elizabeth Dickey, both of Brookline.

1778. May 6. Swallow Tucker Roby of Brookline and Anna Sander-son of Pepperell, Mass.

1779. April 9. Richard Stevens and Mary Lovejoy, of Pepperell, Mass.

1781. Mar. 12. David Putman and Lily Paine, both of Chelmsford, Mass.

1781. Nov. 12. Jonathan Wyman

of Deering and Martha Symonds of Amherst.

1782. July 4. Oliver Cumings, Jr., and Betty Bayley, both of Dunstable.

1784. Dec. 2. Jacob Jewett of Gilmanton and Ruth Jewett.

1785. April 28. John Case of Oxford and Mary Mead.

1785. Mar. 5. Edmund Tarbell and Mary Elliott, both of Mason.

1785. April 13. Bezaleel Sawyer of Jaffrey and Jerusha Williams of Pepperell, Mass.

BY SAMUEL CUMINGS, ESQ. (J. P.)

1759. Feb. 7. William Clary and Margrat Taggard.

1750. April 26. James Wethay and Sarah Parker.

1761. Sept. 23. Robert Ranken and Ruth Shattuck (a permit from Gov. Wentworth).

Mem.—Sept. 15, 1775. Minot Farmer, a Revolutionary soldier, by permit from Governor Wentworth, married Abigail Barron, by Samuel Wentworth, Esq. (Hollis Records.)

BY REV. ELI SMITH.

1801. Nov. 26. William Bayley King and Hannah Duncklee of Amherst.

1801. Aug. 16. Asahel Ranger of Hollis and Hannah Hardy of Dunstable, Mass.

1801. Sept. 11. Timothy Wheeler, Jr., and Betty Beverly, both of Amherst.

1807. Feb. 25. Asahel Fowler and Mary Farley, both of Hebron.

1814. Sept. 13. Israel Thomas and Sally Nevens, both of Amherst.

1816. April 18. Jeremiah Preston and Anna Proctor, both of Mason.

1818. Mar. 12. Otis Shep(p)ard and Susan Nevens, both of Bedford.

1818. Sept. 22. John B. Smith and Elizabeth Harwood, both of Dunstable.

1818. Oct. 7. John P. Coffin and Hannah Shattuck, both of Dunstable.

1818. Dec. 31. Thanksgiving day. Robert Weasley of Dublin and Mrs. Ruth Fletcher of Milford.

1819. Feb. 9. Eben Gilson and Mary Shattuck, both of Dunstable.

1820. Feb. 24. Jonathan Morse of Hebron and Jerusha Gilson of Dunstable.

1821. Feb. 22. James M. Clark of Sanbornton and Hannah Fisk of Dunstable.

1821. Mar. 1. Enoch Jewett, Jr., of Litchfield and Hannah Wright of Brookline.

1823. April 21. Eleazer Ball and Hepzibah Jaquith of Groton, Mass.

1823. July 17. Benjamin Conant of Milford and Elizabeth Bell of Dunstable.

1823. Aug. 26. Samuel S. Bodwill of Nottingham West (1830 Hudson) and Hannah Putnam of Dunstable.

1823. Feb. Mischio Tubbs of Peterborough and Belinda Fisk of Dunstable, Mass.

1824. April 6. Jonas Smith and Anna Brooks, both of Brookline.

1824. June 8. Luther Robbins and Mary Newton, both of Dunstable.

1824. Dec. 30. Asa Pierce of Pepperell, Mass., and Mary Hale of Dunstable.

1825. Oct. 10. Charles Melendy of Amherst and Nancy Smith.

1825. Nov. 2. John Hemphill and Polly Gilson, both of Brookline.

1825. Dec. 11. Benjamin Davis and Sally Gilson, both of Dunstable.

1826. Oct. 28. Reuel C. Corey and Mary Wright, both of Brookline.

1827. Mar. 7. Jeremiah Beam and Sarah Fisk, both of Dunstable.

1827. Jan. 11. Benjamin Cutter, Jr., and Eliza Shattuck, both of Dunstable.

1827. Mar. 16. Peter Woods of Merrimack and Lucy P. Smith of Hollis.

1827. April 10. James Jewell and Sally Putnam, both of Dunstable.

1827. June 7. John Quinn of Lowell, Mass., and Bridget Gilson of Peterborough.

1838. July 7. Ethan Willoughby and Mrs. Julia Marshall of Hudson.

1839. Aug. 7. Andrew Merriam of Middletown, Mass., and Ann Burge of Hollis.

1848. Oct. 1. Rev. Henry H. Sanderson and Elizabeth Cummings.

BY REV. DAVID PERRY.

1835. June 23. Calvin R. Shed of (Hollis) Boston, Mass., and Thirza Bennett of Brookline.

1835. Nov. 24. James Merrill and Dorothy Fifield, both of Dunstable.

1835. Dec. 2. John S. Warner and Dorothy A. Pierce, both of New Ipswich.

1836. Jan. 26. James Hutchinson, Jr., and Lucinda Read of Wilton.

1836. Feb. 8. Franklin Shattuck and Rebecca Cooke, both of Dunstable.

1837. June 1. William G. Burge and Unice D. Lesley, both of Brookline.

1837. Sept. 25. Edward Wright and Hannah H. Lane, both of Dunstable.

1837. Dec. 29. Henchman Sylvester and Sarah Avery, both of Wilton.

1839. Nov. 9. Eldad Sawtelle and Mary S. Peterson, both of Brookline.

1839. Sept. 23. Hanson Nichols and Sabrina Frances R. Durant, both of Lowell, Mass.

1837. Nov. 9 (in Nashua). Jonas Woods and Sarah Jewett, both of Nashua.

1838. Mar. 1 (in Brookline). Alpheus Melendy and Rosella Bennett, both of Brookline.

BY REV. PHINEAS RICHARDSON.

1837. Sept. 21. William Parker of Pepperell, Mass., and Martha Patch of Hollis.

1839. Sept. 26. James Nutting of Nashua and Sarah Plaisted.

1843. Sept. 24. Jonathan Mansfield and Eliza Ranger, both of Nashua.

1843. Nov. 23. John Jewett and Susan Douglass, both of Mont Vernon.

1843. Dec. 7. Asaph B. Hemphill of Nashville and Harriet Ranger of Nashua.

1844. Feb. 18. Jesse Benton and Mehaly Smith.

1844. Oct. 23. Winslow Shattuck and Sarah Harvey, both of Nashua.

1846. Dec. 15. Leonard M. Clark and Seba H. Dow, both of Milford.

1848. May 11. David Goodwin of Milford and Lucy A. Mason of Wilton.

1849. Feb. 5. Amos Hildreath of Harvard, Mass., and Mary E. Stearns.

BY REV. JAMES AIKEN.

1843. Sept. 12 (in Brookline). Simon Shattuck of Cambridge, Mass., and Betsey Green of Brookline.

1843. Sept. 12 (in Brookline). Eliakim Lawrence of Pepperell, Mass., and Augusta C. Shattuck of Brookline.

1843. Nov. 5. John McKean and
Hannah Rideout, both of Nashville.

BY NOAH WORCESTER, ESQ.

1804. Dec. 2. Henry Terrell and
Mrs. Lewis Whitney, both of Dun-
stable.

BY BENJAMIN POOL, ESQ.

1806. Oct. 20. Melvin Robbins
and Polly Johnson, both of Dun-
stable.

1811. Feb. 13. Stephen Dow, Jr.,
and Mehitabel Hall, both of Hollis.

BY LEONARD FARLEY, ESQ.

1848. Nehemiah Woods and Eliza
Ann Woods.

BY DAVID GOODWIN, ESQ., OF MIL-
FORD.

1849. Mar. 11 (in Hollis). Ezra S.
Wright and Nancy R. Jewett.

BY BENJAMIN FARLEY, ESQ.

1819. Aug. 31. Daniel Tuttle and
Mary Fitzgerald Bangs, both of Bos-
ton, Mass.

1821. Oct. 18. Jonathan P. Woods
and Lucinda Parker, both of Hollis.

BY REV. G. EVANS OF MILFORD.

1817. Mar. 13. Nathaniel Dow
and Mary Ames, both of Hollis.

BY REV. BENJAMIN PAUL (COLORED).

1817. Jan. 29. Peter Daws and
Harriet Brown, both of Hollis.

1817. Mar. 9. John Armstrong
and Rebecca Hobart, both of Hollis.

1818. Feb. 5. Asa Jaquith and
Esther Phelps, both of Hollis.

1818. Feb. 3. Caleb Eastman and
Chloe Packard, both of Hollis.

1819. Feb. 14. Oliver Wilkins and
Betsey Butterfield, both of Hollis.

1819. May 20. Edward Shaw and
Betsey Standley, both of Hollis.

1819. Nov. 2. Cato Freeman and
Mary Wheeler, both of Hollis.

1819. Nov. 7. Willard Robbins
and Abigail Proctor, both of Dun-
stable.

1821. Feb. 22. Joseph Rideout,
Jr., and Sukey Ranger, both of Hollis.

BY REV. SAMUEL TOLMAN OF SOUTH
MERRIMACK.

1830. Nov. 16. Leonard Combs
and Lucinda Dunckle of Hollis.

1830. Dec. 7. Capt. John Holden
and Mrs. Lydia Jewell.

1830. Dec. 21. Capt. Daniel Wy-
man of Hillsborough and Louisa
Moour of Hollis.

LOVE'S WINE.

By Minnie L. Randall.

The wine of your sweet love is at my lips,
And hot blood surges e'en to finger-tips.
I'll drink the cup, sweetheart, looking in your dear eyes,
My senses wrapped in bliss divine, till eager passion dies,
And all its mad desire is hushed to deepest rest,
Weary with sweet delights, asleep upon your breast.

A LYRIC OF THE FARM.

By Bela Chapin.

I love the farm, the good old farm,
I would not from it roam ;
No place for me has such a charm
As this my homestead home ;
It is the one dear spot to me,
From city noise and turmoil free.

These buildings that another made,
These fields so free to till ;
The orchard trees, the greenwood shade,
And every pasture hill ;
The brook that winds adown the vale—
My love for these shall never fail.

The dear old farm in summer day
Is pleasing everywhere ;
How sweet the scent of new-made hay,
How pure the open air ;
How beautiful the clover bloom
That giveth out a rich perfume.

The smiling fields of grass and grain,
The thrifty corn and tall,
These oft inspire my rural strain
And give me joy withal ;
And much good fruit my orchard bears,
The plums, the apples, and the pears.

I love the farm through all the year,
Whatever may betide ;
It is a spot to me most dear—
No home I ask beside.
May I with one beloved and true
Say never to my farm adieu.

While here I live in joy and health
The years pass gently by ;
I do not seek for stores of wealth
Save what my fields supply ;
And here in peace I fain would stay
Till death shall take me hence away.

SOME BELKNAP COUNTY OFFICERS.

By E. P. Thompson.



It is not with the intention of writing a memorial of the various persons who have held the office of register of deeds and clerk of court that I have put on paper the following, but rather with the idea of gathering together in some permanent form the various facts which it has taken considerable time to collect.

As will be seen Belknap county has had but six registers and nine clerks during its existence.

By an act of the legislature, approved December 23, 1840, the county of Strafford was divided, and the new counties of Belknap and Carroll were constituted, the act to take effect on the first day of January, 1841, with the provision that "all officers to be appointed for said counties shall and may be appointed, commissioned and qualified at any time after the passage of this act." It was also provided in said act that "the justices of the Court of Common Peas for said county of Strafford, at the next term thereof shall appoint some suitable persons to perform the duties of Treasurers and Registers of Deeds for said counties of Belknap and Carroll respectively, who shall hold their respective offices until persons shall be elected thereto at the next annual election and qualified to enter on the duties thereof."

REGISTERS OF DEEDS.

In pursuance of the provisions of that act the court of common pleas for the county of Strafford, at the January term, 1841, appointed Nathaniel Edgerly, Esq., of Gilmanton, register of deeds for the county of Belknap. On the 27th day of January, 1841, Mr. Edgerly took the oath of office before Thomas Cogswell and Jonathan T. Coffin and assumed the duties of the office, the first deed being recorded February 2, 1841. Mr. Edgerly held the office until August 17, 1859, a period of eighteen years, seven and a half months, when he was succeeded by Jacob P. Boody, who commenced his duties August 18, 1859, and continued to hold the office by reëlections until he died, February 28, 1880, a period of twenty years, six months, and ten days. He was succeeded by Rufus S. Lewis of New Hampton, who was appointed by the court, March 6, 1880, to fill the unexpired term. His appointment was recorded March 8, but he did not take the oath of office until March 16, although he seems to have performed the duties of the office from the date of his appointment. He was subsequently elected in November, 1880, for the term expiring July 1, 1883, and held the office until the close of the term, about three years and four

months. On July 1, 1883, he was succeeded by John F. Laighton, who was reëlected for three successive terms and held the office until he resigned February 28, 1891, a period of seven years and eight months. He was succeeded by George B. Lane, who commenced his duties March 1, 1891, and continued to April 1, 1893, a little over two years. He was succeeded by the present incumbent, Martin B. Plummer, who commenced his duties April 1, 1893.

CLERKS OF COURT.

The act creating the county of Belknap also provided that "It shall be the duty of the Court of Common Pleas for said county of Belknap on or before the first day of January, 1841, to appoint a Clerk of said Court, who shall give bonds and immediately after said first day of January, 1841, enter upon the duties of his office." There are in the office no records of the appointments or resignations of clerks up to the resignation of Martin A. Haynes in 1883, so that it is impossible to tell the exact times or reasons for a change in the clerks. I have been able, however, to obtain, from various sources, the approximate dates of the resignations and appointments. The first clerk was Ebenezer S. Lawrence, who was appointed to that office about January first. The first duty which he performed, bearing a date, was the recording, January 11, 1841, of a sheriff's appointment of a deputy. Mr. Lawrence continued to hold the office until some time between October 14, 1851, the last date on which his name appears attached to a paper bearing a date, and November 3, 1851, when he resigned the office, having held the same for a

period of ten years and ten months. He was succeeded by Samuel C. Baldwin, whose appointment was between those dates, his name appearing for the first time on November 3. He held the office until May 1, 1856, a period of four years and six months. The next clerk was Charles S. Gale, whose first signature appears May 2, 1856, and who held the office until he died, April 19, 1857,—a little less than one year. He was succeeded by Samuel C. Clark of Gilford, who wrote in a diary kept by him, "Received commission and sworn in May 9, 1877." Mr. Clark held the office until about September 11, 1874, a period of seventeen years and four months, having been legislated out of the office by an act of the June session, 1874, which took effect August 17 of the same year. Under the new law Orsino A. J. Vaughan was appointed to fill the office, his bond being dated September 11, 1874, and continued to hold the office until his death, April 30, 1876, a little over a year and one half. Martin A. Haynes was soon after appointed and held the office until he resigned, February 1, 1883, a period of six years and nine months. He was followed by George A. Emerson, who was appointed February 1, 1883, and resigned September 23, 1884. The position was next filled by Stephen S. Jewett, who was appointed September 23, 1884, and immediately commenced his duties which he continued until January 13, 1885. He was succeeded by E. P. Thompson, whose appointment was dated January 1, 1885, and who qualified and entered upon the duties of his office January 13, and has since continued in the position.

THE SONG OF THE PINES.

By Phæbe Harriman Golden.

Sweeter than maid's sweetest notes
Voiced in minor strain,
Sweeter than high belfry chimes
Dulcet through the rain,

Sweeter than the stream's quaint tales
Whispered to the dell,
Sweeter than the murmuring
Of some sea-born shell,

Sweeter than the sigh of rose
From her heart of gold,
Sweeter than the parting troths
By true lovers told,

Sweeter than night's quietude,—
Ah! full sweet and low
Is the song the pine-tops sing
When soft breezes blow!

EVENING TRANSITION.

By Miriam E. Drake.

"The summer sun is sinking low,
Only the treetops redden and glow,
Only the weather cock on the spire
Of the neighboring church is a flame of fire,
All is in shadow below."



HE sunlight has left the village and valley, and is slowly climbing the mountain. A young man stands upon a hill where he has come to get away from people. His lips are firmly set and the fire that gleams from the dark brown eyes tells of a spirit stirred to its very depths. He paces back and forth in the narrow path, heeding nothing, seeing nothing.

At the foot of the hill lies the quiet town. Far to the north stretches the narrow valley, and surrounding all, the mountains stand like sentinels. The sun touches only their tops now. A mist rises from the river and spreads from hill to hill, and the light shines through, casting a red glow over trees and houses. Across the river and fields comes the clear, sweet vesper bell. The young man pauses, then resumes his restless walking with re-

newed energy. The birds twitter softly in the trees near by. From the distance the whippoorwill gives his plaintive call. The sun has set.

The light in the mist is yellow now. The shrill whistle from the locomotive breaks the stillness as it threads its way down the valley, rumbles across the bridge and is gone, leaving a long, white trail of smoke and stillness once more. The shadows deepen; the mist is gray now.

Lights from the village and farm houses gleam in the twilight. A full moon rises, lending softness to the shades of night. Nature's children are asleep. "Heaven is touching earth with rest." The peace that comes at evening falls upon the lonely figure, the restless footsteps cease and the hard lines of the face relax, then suddenly joy and hope flash across the features. A battle is over; a victory won.

GOD'S COUNTRY.

By Moses Gage Shirley.

"God's country," it is where the trees
Sway lightly in the passing breeze,
And where the sunshine glimmers through
Their foliage wet with the morning dew.

"God's country," it is where the birds
Sing sweeter songs than poet's words,
And where the cloud-wrapt shadows rest
Upon each hill and mountain crest.

"God's country," it is where the sky
Seems to bend o'er us lovingly,
And mingling with the outward view
Takes on a soft ethereal hue.

"God's country," it is where the hours
Are wrapped with gladness and with flowers;
'Tis where the emerald meadows dream,
And peace broods o'er each vale and stream.

"God's country," it is where the stars
At eve shine through the sunset bars,
And night comes down and bids us rest
With snowy poppies on her breast.

"God's country," it is where we bide,
And hope is large and faith is wide,
And where the gates to heaven must swing
When endeth here our journeying.

MY STRANGE ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

By Arthur F. Sumner, M. D.



It is with mingled pleasure and pain that I take up the task of narrating for the first time the greatest experience of my somewhat adventurous life. When it happened I was quite young but now my children are old enough to ask me in wonder why my hair is white although they notice that I am not much older than the middle-aged parents of their playmates. I am writing this sketch for them; also for the sake of placing on record the various incidents connected with this part of my life.

To commence, I will state that I graduated from college at the usual age and after a few more years of special study I became a member of the medical profession. Success in the practice of my chosen calling was satisfactory. The time not actually devoted to such work was agreeably spent in general study and scientific investigation. In fact, I was always more anxious to succeed in the scientific field than to bury myself in a busy routine life of general practice. By instinct my mind naturally turned towards metaphysical problems and by dint of hard work I became a recognized authority in scientific circles upon psychological phenomena. I look back now and see how I tugged at the unsolvable problems of metaphysics and can easily understand how through fretting and strained mental application I completely broke down in bodily health.

Then followed the tortures of nervous collapse and masculine hys-

teria. Although a physician and possessing full knowledge of this monstrous disorder I found the actual possession far beyond the sense of what I imagined it might be. I sincerely extend my sympathy to those who are now in this fiery furnace with its blistering tortures of mind. During my illness I was carried from the city to a sanatorium on Long Island sound. It was many months before I resumed my former metaphysical studies.

It chanced that there combined at this time two things that lead to the events which I have decided to place on record. The first was the coming into my hands of an old number of a magazine containing an article about the "Adepts of India and the Occult Phenomena of the East." From this I eagerly sought and soon had as full knowledge of this subject as could be gleaned from our Western literature. The wonderful performances of the Hindus and the weird tales that the winds wafted out of Thibet set me by the ears. To see some of these wonders became a desire that fired my imagination. Fortunately or unfortunately, this must be decided later, while investigating this subject, I received a letter from India. It was from a medical classmate who, a few years since, had gone to Burmah as a medical missionary. I had heard from him once before but had neglected to answer his letter. This was another friendly letter. Why it should arrive at just this time when my mind was absorbed in the study of oriental occultism and why he should urge me

to visit him, I cannot even now explain. At the time I thought it might be a manifestation of the very same occult power which I was studying. I could imagine some old mahatma coming *en rapport* with my astral body and had combined these circumstances. This, of course, was merely a fancy, but the desire to go to this wonderland became a possession with me. The following is the letter I received :

KHELA P. O., DIST. ALMORA, BHOT.,
October 31, 1879.

My Dear Doctor :

I have been thinking repeatedly about you of late and have just read in a home paper of your breakdown. I am firm in the idea that you would be greatly benefited by a trip to the far East, for the sake of physical regeneration and especially because your studies have been along the line of orientalism. To-morrow our postal arrangements are off for the season, so this will be my last chance to send down mail from the mountains for several months. Since I returned to India my station has been deep in the Himalayan mountains. I am ten days' marches from Almora, which I think you can find on the map of your atlas. Almora is four days in, so we are fourteen days from the nearest railroad station. The climate here, 9,000 feet, is pure and bracing. Every year we itinerate among the villages and usually climb the mountains and descend a little into Thibet. But they are not very hospitable to us over there. Although famine has appeared again on the plains we are in a land of plenty. If you will come we shall be rejoiced to welcome you at our mountain home. With kind regards to the old friends, etc.

To this kind letter I hurried off the following reply :

HUMBOLDT SANATORIUM, LONG ISLAND SOUND,
November 30, 1879.

My Dear Jack :

Yours of the 31st ult. at hand and contents read with the wildest of pleasure. I hasten to reply to inform you that I shall not wait for a second invitation to visit you in far-off India, but shall start at once. Sooner or later I shall be with you at your home and until then let us save our talk. With many thanks and kind regards to your family, etc.

I need not dwell upon the ocean trip to Bombay ; the pleasant acquaint-

ances made and the contact with all sorts and conditions of mankind. The restfulness of the voyage and the keen anticipation of coming pleasures put me in fine trim for my work.

To become acclimated and especially to avoid the jungle fever, I made the journey by short stages towards the mountains. Through letters of introduction I met the leading English and native scholars of India and by them was correctly advised as to the means and ways to witness the various occult phenomena which has made this land famous. I was fortunate in my search for the classic exhibitions and can truthfully add my testimony to their actual existence.

These phenomena are chiefly produced by Indian fakirs and religious teachers or fanatics. They suddenly appear in a town from out of the wilderness, and, gathering the crowd about them, perform these modern miracles to prove their claim to divine authority.

In this way I saw the newly-planted seed grow into a plant and blossom in a few moments. I saw the head of a child cut from its body and placed in a basket without injury, for the child appeared later and smilingly sought to collect the coin of the realm with dirty hands. I saw later a religious fanatic in a public square call into existence from out the thin, hot air a tree laden with fruit which was plucked and distributed to the bystanders. I was not fortunate enough to be near and did not receive any of the fruit. I have often wondered what it could have tasted like. In a twinkling of an eye the vision vanished and there was left only the roughly-clad man who now began his

religious exhortation to the crowd. I also saw a similar man throw into the air a rope sixty feet long. When it had become suspended perpendicularly in mid-air he climbed up it hand over hand until he was out of sight. Suddenly the spell is broken and there is naught to be seen but the fanatic with piercing eye and flowing beard, seated upon the ground.

I mention these as among the most celebrated manifestations of occult power seen in India. If these were all I had witnessed I should have returned home thinking myself highly favored in my search. But the event in which I partook later fills me with mingled emotions. When I think of being the only white man that has ever witnessed it I confess to feeling a certain sense of importance, but as the terror of the scene recurs in my retrospection my head again whirls from fear and my trembling pen can scarcely trace the story of this crisis of mystery.

Having spent about a half year in lower India I turn my face towards the mountains, to make the long-looked for visit upon my classmate. The trip up into the mountains with an Indian guide was the beginning of a most glorious experience in mountain climbing. Those Himalayan mountains! Their sublime heights, their awful depths, and their infinite majesty! clad in purple and crowned with the purest white. They bid one to hesitate and choose well his words when attempting to give utterance to the emotion in his soul. I have been in the Swiss Alps and thought them to be the expression of grace and beauty, but the ruggedness and strength and sublimity of the Himalayas suggest only the power and

might of the great unseen. So the first few months I spent at the little mission house high up in the mountains was like an ideal existence. It was a getting back to a great nature and a great God. The little village where we were situated was at one of the passes over the mountains from India to the Thibet. The even life of the mission was frequently enlivened by the arrival of bands of Hindu religious pilgrims and itinerant merchantmen going from one country to the other.

It was because of this location that I fell in with a party that was instrumental in revealing to me the most astounding experience of my life. One dreamy day there arrived in the village a group of religious Thibetans on their way to Lhasa, the forbidden city where dwells the immortal Grand Llama of whom the world knows nothing but vague conjectures. The leader of this company was a high priest of the faith and was next to the Grand Llama in ecclesiastical authority. He had been on a diplomatic mission to China and was then on his return with his extensive retinue of officials and servants. During the journey he had been seized with an affection of the eyes that had gradually reduced his vision until he was in the valley of the shadow of blindness. All efforts to drive out the evil spirits, which were supposed to be the cause of the affliction, had failed and sacrificing religious prejudices he applied to the medical missionary for help. Fortunately I was of assistance and by means of simple measures had the satisfaction of seeing the trouble alleviated. The gratitude of the priest in being born again into the world of light seemed to know no

bounds. His profuse offers of rich gifts were respectfully declined but not without a deliberate purpose. From him, I thought, I could learn the secret of the wonderful things I had seen in occultism. Carefully I interested the old priest in my desires and soon was gaining an insight that could not have been obtained in any other way. It so happened that one day in a moment of over-confidence he informed me that in his retinue was one of the most celebrated mahatmas of the orient whom he was conducting to the Grand Llama of Thibet, before whom he was to demonstrate his supernatural powers. What was further most remarkable, he wished to show his friendship to me by inducing the mahatma to display his secret powers of the soul to me. This was an unheard-of proposition, as such things were for the faithful only, and held most sacred.

My missionary friend repeatedly warned me against a too confiding intimacy with these people. Although I trusted implicitly the priest I observed a lack of friendship on the part of the young man. With this young adept I had but a casual acquaintance. Regardless of all persuasion by my missionary friend I thought the opportunity too good to let escape. After much disagreeable urging and finally commanding from the priest, the young man was induced to give me an exhibition of his subtle power of spirit over matter. He was disdainful towards me and his feeling of superiority was in every feature of his countenance.

It was arranged that I should contrive to be alone upon a certain day at the mission house and await his coming with fasting and the constant

repetition of a written Hindu prayer. Eagerly I entered into the plan and the day arrived. I was alone at the mission house and at high noon the young man, with flowing white robes and silk turban, arrived unaccompanied. He was about my own age, a high-caste Hindu, with the dark, mysterious eye and the expressionless face of a soul-absorbed fanatic. As we stood facing one another for a moment the Eastern and Western civilizations met, but his attitude was one of silent contempt.

There were but few words passed between us as he entered the room and motioned with authority for me to close doors and shutters and shade the room from the fierce glare of a tropical sun. Seated upon a rug at one side of the room he rearranged his thin, white robe around his head and body.

Referring to the object of his call, he requested that I submit to being blindfolded with the scarf he held towards me, and to remain seated under all circumstances in my position at the opposite end of the room. In this I readily complied and was soon being drawn into a conversation upon the material philosophies of our Western world. For a few moments his voice was musical, and the rhythmic cadences, in my blindness, had a fascinating influence. Soon the voice changed and took on a sharper tone. With this change of manner I was conscious of some change going on in my surroundings. Instead of the hoodwinked darkness a soft, scintillating light glowed about me and gradually I could see my occult friend seated upon the floor gazing intently upon me. He was caustically criticising the conceptions

of time and space and the scientific knowledge that is a part of our thought and denouncing them in all their unspirituality. His voice was now the servant of angry emotions. All this time I was seeing him in the soft light which was also becoming intensified, and could detect his kindling wrath manifesting itself in lineament and gesture. I was aware that I was in the power of this strange man for I was unable to move scarcely a muscle, and could only stare without as much as winking at the rapidly swaying spectacle before me. More rapidly came the words, more rapidly swayed the form, while brighter grew the light. My ears were surging and my eyes smarting. The fanatic finally worked himself into a magnificent frenzy. Anger and curses rained hot upon my head.

At this point occurred the marvel. In the midst of the heightened vibrating light of the room I saw the madman with glistening eyes and rapid gesticulations arise from his rug. His ravings now had me for its sole object and his sharp speech pierced me at every word. Staring in fear and trembling at the apparition I beheld a wonderful transformation unfolding itself. Whereas at first my Satanic friend had seemed clothed in his loose robe now all outward dress seemed to melt away into nothingness. As I strained my eyes toward the sight I beheld dissolving into the sparkling thin air the very flesh and sinew of this man until there was before me but the animated skeleton of a talking thing. The eyes did not leave their places but burned more brightly than the shimmering light of the room as the thundering denunciations were heaped upon my head, proceeding

from moving jaws accompanied by waving arms. I well recall the terror of it all and my fruitless efforts to shrink from it, for I fully expected my reason to be blasted without being able to help myself.

If the scene before me was terrorizing the act that followed was more so to my bursting brain. This screeching, living skeleton at the height of a period of terrible damnation suddenly fell to the floor and its separate pieces formed a heap of quivering, rattling bones. All but the hideous skull with its gleaming eyes and hissing voice. Floating to and fro in mid-air, its clanking jaws biting off huge pieces of blasphemy and hurling them at my very soul, the death-head shot toward me like a flash of lightning. The light of the room was flashing, and with a shriek as from out the bottomless pit this hideous thing commanded me to die to infidelity or be blasted by Brahm throughout eternity.

This awful curse was the last I remember except my wail of despair and fruitless efforts at escape from this frightful obsession. When I regained consciousness my missionary friend was beside me as I lay in bed. He had found my fainting form where I had fallen upon the floor. I was then still blinded with the scarf which I now show to my children as a souvenir of this vivid experience in occultism in the Himalayan mountains.

The Hindus had left town the same day and nothing was heard of them afterward except that they passed through the notch into Thibet.

It was many weeks before I regained my physical equilibrium. My hair had turned as white as the snow-capped peaks. During those long

weeks of recovery I was trying to clear up the doubt in my mind whether I had been repaid for the kindness to the old Hindu priest, for I had seen what no other man had ever witnessed in the way of the occult, or whether the racial and religious prejudices finally mastered him and caused him to permit the the hate and jealousy of the young mahatma, because of my knowledge of their secrets, to vent itself in the great effort to blast my existence forever. I shall never know, but the question constantly rises to the surface, Does it pay to be too curious?

MY GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

By Fred Myron Colby.

The past has enshrouded the dim-shaded garden,
 That hedged in the farmhouse set under the hill,
 With box-bordered walks winding round 'midst the posies,
 And fish-pond whose water coursed down from the rill.
 'Mid branches of verdure the orioles chanted,
 The bluebirds and robins had nests in its trees;
 While yellow-winged butterflies hovered above it
 And flashed in the sunshine and sailed on the breeze.

My memory walks through that lush, dewy garden,
 All laden with peppermint, sage-leaves and bay—
 What splendor of bloom and what richness of fruitage
 There dazzled our eyes through each clear summer day!
 The poppies and peonies flamed with the sunset,
 The lilies and jessamines sparkled with dew,
 The beds of sweet-williams and bushes of roses
 With richest profusion in that garden grew.

In hedges and clusters in that fragrant garden,
 The lilacs expanded their purple-pink sprays,
 And asters and hollyhocks grew up together
 And basked in the sunshine of September days.
 How well I remember the bees in the clover,
 The poise of their gauze-wings o'er sweet-smelling flowers;
 The fragrance of lavender, mint, and sweet grasses
 Still perfumes the depths of those fay-haunted bowers.

And still in my heart blooms the old-fashioned garden,
 Whose charm far surpassed the Hesperides fair,
 Where apples and peaches grew yellow and scarlet
 And breath of the grape-vines pervaded the air.
 Down deep in my memory's clearest reflection,
 Grows stronger and brighter as swift seasons go,
 The picture I cherish of grandmother's garden,
 Where old-fashioned flowers did burgeon and blow.



The London Doll.

*Standing in a Hodgdon chair in the parlor of
the Varney House, Dover, N. H.*

A LONDON DOLL.

By Annie Wentworth Baer.

That there are dolls and dolls goes without saying but we are told that the word "doll" is not found in common use in our language until the middle of the 18th century, and as far as the author of the above statement can discover, the word first appears in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1751, in the following: "Several dolls, with different dresses, made in St. James St., have been sent to the czarina to show the manner of dressing at present in fashion among English ladies."

The origin of the word "doll" has never been fairly settled, but is believed by many to come from "Dolly," the diminutive of Dorothy, a favorite name for girls in England two hundred years ago. What the Assyrian

girls called the terracotta and ivory figures which have been brought to light, after twenty centuries, from the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, we cannot say; but they were evidently dolls or babies, as these playthings were called in the early times.

When the grand London dolls began to make the voyage across the Atlantic every girl in the colonies had her rag baby, with its hair of flax, and its home-made wardrobe; and in this way our feminine ancestors learned to sew and fashion clothing. Woe to the day when learning to sew in the home went out of fashion. Even the dolls of to-day have ready-to-wear clothes, and little girls have no call to learn to use the needle or thimble. To be sure, when the Lon-

don doll of which we write came to America she, too, was dressed in the prevailing fashion of the time in England.

This doll was sent from London to Boston as a present to the Rev. Dr. Mather Byles' niece, Sarah, when she was five years old; later Sarah became the mother of the Rev. Dr. Jeremy Belknap. In 1767 Dr. Belknap came to Dover, and was pastor of the First church for nineteen years. Dr. Quint tells us that when the war of the Revolution began, Mr. Belknap succeeded with some difficulty in bringing his parents out of beleaguered Boston and into Dover. Perchance the London doll came with the family to Dover, at this time, and the father and mother lived on until they died, and were buried on Pine hill.

The Rev. Mather Byles was in limbo at this time also. He was accused of being a Tory, and of praying for the king. On account of these charges he was separated from his parish, and, later, was publicly denounced in town-meeting. Soon after this he was placed on trial, pronounced guilty, and ordered to be confined on a guard ship, and in forty days to be sent to England with his family. This sentence, however, was not executed, but he was confined to his own house, where a guard was placed over it, which was afterward removed, but again replaced, and again dismissed, causing him to say that he was "guarded, regarded, and disregarded."

Mrs. Sarah Belknap gave her London doll to her only daughter, Abigail, who was better known to Dover folk as "Miss Nabby," when she was five years old.

Shadrach Hodgdon was connected with the early history of Dover, and his name is prominent for many years. He and his wife, Mary, and two children, Israel and Ann, were baptized, October 10, 1736, by Rev. Jonathan Cushing. He married Mary, daughter of Joseph and Tamsen Ham, who was born December 28, 1706. Her father was killed by the Indians in the summer of 1723. This bit of folklore concerning the massacre is treasured by his descendants: "Joseph Ham, with three of his children, all girls, was in his field, some distance from the garrison, loading hay. The Indians came upon them, and shot the father at once. The children were captured save Mary. She turned toward the garrison, but her way led through a cornfield, over walls, and rough places. She ran like a deer, but so close upon her was the pursuing savage, that she could hear his breath come in short gasps. Once, only, she glanced back, and she said afterward that his face was as white as her own.

"The people at the garrison had been aroused by the shots fired, and hastening out to learn the cause, met Mary in her mad flight, almost exhausted, and rescued her. The Indian escaped. The two little girls were carried to Canada, and later their mother went there for them, and succeeded, after much trouble, in gaining possession of her children, and brought them back to Dover.

"The returned captives said that the Indians taunted Mary's pursuer, telling him that he was outrun by a white squaw. He answered that she was not a squaw, she was a she devil."

Shadrach Hodgdon was a seafaring

man, and was master of vessels sailing on the high seas. We find his name often in the early town and church records. He was one of the four deacons of the First church, who bought the "parcel of land, containing one fourth part of an acre, on which the present church stands, of Joseph Hanson, July 10, 1758, for, and in consideration of ye sum of six hundred Pounds Old Tenor."

Before the incorporation of the parish as distinct from the town, its business was transacted by the town officers. From its incorporation, in 1762, wardens were chosen annually, and Shadrach Hodgdon was one of the first three. He died November 15, 1791, aged 82.

While following the sea, at one time his cargo sent him to London, and he found about the wharves a lad, who asked to ship with him as cabin boy. He said that his name was John Riley, and that he was born in London, within sound of Bow bells, on January 27, 1752, and had always lived in the great city, but that his mother had died and his father had married again, and he was going to seek his fortune in the new world. Captain Hodgdon was pleased with the boy, and took him in his ship on the homeward voyage. John Riley proved a good seaman, and he sailed with his first captain for years, and finally became a ship's master himself. Captain Hodgdon had a granddaughter, Molly Hanson, daughter of Ebenezer and Anna Hodgdon Hanson, and the young sailor lost his heart to this damsel.

Perhaps a page of unwritten history concerning Ebenezer Hanson would not be amiss right here. Ebenezer's

father married, second, a wealthy woman from Lynn, Mass. There were two children born to them, and the boy was named Ebenezer. This woman had slaves, as was the custom of people of means in those days, and she brought them to Dover with her. Her husband, Thomas Hanson, died when her two children were young. Later, she married, against her better judgment at least, a farm hand, and she afterward declared that she was bewitched by his mother to consummate the foolish deed. This man grew tired of her cultivated ways, and was unkind in his treatment of her. She was sick in mind and body, and felt that she had not long to live, and the mother love for her two children was uppermost. At length she called her two remaining slaves to her, and told them to gather all her silver plate and pewter ware together, and bury it on the farm, and never tell any one where it was until her children were twenty-one years old. The slaves did her bidding, and soon after the unhappy wife and mother died.

The years went on, and the slaves kept their secret, and when the time came for them to shuffle off the mortal coil the children were yet minors, and they died without revealing the hiding place of the valuables. These slaves were buried under an apple tree on the Hanson farm at Knox marsh, and "Aunt Ann" used to tell her grand nieces and nephews, how, when she was a child, and went up to the Hanson farm with others of the numerous grandchildren, the first place they would visit was the apple tree under which the slaves were buried, in search of "Nigs," as the apples were always called. Tradition says that a piece of pewter ware

was plowed out by Mr. Twombly, who owned the farm for many years. This may have been a piece of Ebenezer's mother's inherited possessions.

Ebenezer was a soldier in the Revolution, and his descendants glory in his patriotism. Not so with "Aunt Ann." His family were Quakers, and the old lady was grieved and mortified when she thought of Ebenezer's being a soldier, and would never discuss the matter with children of later generations.

The Dover records tell us that John Riley and Mary Hanson were married October 13, 1777, by Rev. Dr. Belknap. On the 22d of February, 1787, the fifth child of Captain Riley was born, and was named Sarah Byles, for the worthy pastor's mother, and Miss Nabby gave the famous London doll to her mother's namesake when she was five years old. The doll was kept in a bureau drawer, and was treated with great consideration by the Riley children. May 14, 1812, Sarah Byles Riley was married to James Bowdoin Varney.

For years Dr. Belknap had been living in Boston, whither he went when parochial affairs grew too unpleasant for him to battle with in Dover. Miss Nabby had gone with her brother to his new home, but her heart turned back to Dover, and Mr. Scales, Dover's historian, tells us in his Historical Memoranda of Ancient Dover, that when she heard that Amos White was preparing to build a house she wrote immediately an earnest request that a room might be finished off for her. Her request was granted, and Miss Nabby came back to Dover and lived among her friends until her summons came in 1815. She had the southwest corner room

on the first floor in the White house, and here she lived, cooking over her fireplace, eating from her little round table, sleeping on her low bed in the corner, and selling her goods to her numerous customers, in this one room. Her stock in trade was kept in a large trunk, and our historian tells us that it consisted of the best needles, the nicest silk, and the finest cutlery then to be found in this locality.

Twice a year she went to Boston to buy goods. She rode in the stage-coach through Portsmouth, and the journey made quite a ripple among her associates. She frequently sold her silk by the needleful, and was very chary of her goods, not allowing her customers to handle her steel wares lest they tarnish them. The writer's great grandmother, Ruth Hall Wentworth, walked from her home in the nearby town of Somersworth to Dover one slippery day, and to insure an upright gait, she wore stockings over her shoes. It grew sloppy before she reached Miss Nabby's store where she was wont to trade, and her overstockings left tracks on Miss Nabby's floor, for which she was sharply reprimanded.

As Miss Nabby grew old her chief ailment, rheumatism, gained on her, and when her last sickness came, Dr. Jonathan Flagg attended her, but all his skill proved futile, especially after the house-dog, Pero (I wonder how Mr. Scales learned that), howled under her window. That sign never failed, and Miss Nabby went out, leaving a worldly estate of \$1,368.16, and a memory that is cherished even to this generation.

When the wedding of her mother's namesake took place, Miss Nabby gave the young bride a round mahog-

any table, left from the Belknap house furnishings, and the one that Dr. Belknap wrote his most excellent sermons and the now famous history of New Hampshire on, leaving ink stains on its dark red surface, that bears testimony to-day of the lack of blotters in those times; also a set of brass andirons were among the wedding presents from this venerable woman.

On the first visit of the stork to James Varney and his wife Sarah, on March 22, 1813, a daughter was brought. The family immediately decided to name the baby girl Abigail, for their lifelong friend, Miss Nabby. The compliment pleased the old lady very much, but she was a trifle disgruntled when Mrs. Varney decided to add the name Ann, for an aunt on her mother's side. Overcoming this slight displeasure the worthy woman gave her namesake a heavy silver spoon from her fast diminishing store of household goods. To this child also came the ancient London doll.

Abigail Ann was born in the early settled part of Dover, near the Washington street bridge. She was possessed of a good mind and acquired an education far ahead of her time. She taught school in the Pine Hill schoolhouse for several years, and later instructed the children of her own district in the Sherman school. June 14, 1848, she married Nahum Wentworth of Rollinsford, a lineal descendant of Elder William Wentworth, the immigrant, and went to live on a part of the old farm. Two daughters were born to Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth. Augusta, who married Edward F. Thompson of Dover, and Annie, who married Cyrus E. Hayes

of the same city. Mrs. Wentworth told me that when she was a child she was allowed, on special occasions as a reward of merit, to gaze on the face of the London doll as she lay in the bureau drawer where she had been a prisoner for years. Her younger sisters would climb up on a chair and peep in, but were strictly forbidden to handle. As the youthful owner grew older and was considered wise and careful enough not to injure the wonderful toy, she was permitted to hold her a little while now and again. When Mrs. Wentworth was nine years old, she gave a party, and among the invited guests were Elizabeth and Clementine Waldron, Caroline Smith, Harriet Riley, Jane Watson, and Sarah Augusta Pendexter. At this time the London doll was on exhibition and had a seat at the tea table, and was served by the guests with dainties, causing much laughter among the youthful company, nearly all of whom were cousins of the young hostess. Mrs. Wentworth has outlived all her company.

When the younger members of the Varney family in their turn made the acquaintance of the ancient doll, she was not always treated with due respect. One day she was immersed three times to cure an alleged case of the rickets. At another time Mrs. Varney rescued the inoffensive doll from the guillotine. The youngest daughter, a mere tot, having heard the execution of Mary Queen of Scots discussed, concluded to dispose of the London doll with a short ceremony. Her mother appeared on the scene just in time to see the little executioner, with hatchet raised over the prostrate doll, and hear her say in her baby way, "Now mit, your head

must go." One day Mrs. Varney heard the children racing up the stairs, full of frolic, and happening to see the old doll in the room she feared for her safety under the riotous conditions, and hastened to toss her behind the fire board, thinking to put her safely away later. Alas, she was forgotten, and a wayward spark from the kitchen fire fell on her hair and burned it off. By many hairbreadth escapes the doll eluded the vandalism of the younger members of the family, and was at last put away minus her natural hair, and with her nose slightly battered. Mrs. Wentworth still held her rightful claim on the London doll, and at one time made her present underwear as nearly like her English clothes as possible.

The doll measures twenty-seven inches in length. She is made entirely of wood, evidently whittled with a jack knife. Her face and neck are smoothed off more carefully than her body and limbs. Her arms are jointed at the elbows, and fastened to her body by pieces of cloth, which are tacked on to her back. Her original clothing consisted of a dimity petticoat and a white silk one, also a white linen chemise. These are gone,—worn out by the ravages of time and the carelessness of the youthful Varneys. Her green silk dress is in existence, having been taken off when the children had her to play with. It was cut low in the neck, and worn with a white stomacher, open in front, elbow sleeves with a wide ruffle. The waist and sleeves were trimmed with a pink guimpe. She wore red morocco shoes and white silk stockings.

Her hair was dark brown, dressed in corkscrew curls in front and long curls behind. Her eyes are of glass, and retain in a remarkable way the brilliancy of nearly two hundred years gone by.

For fifty years the old time doll has lived a retired life. The children of the last two generations, especially Mrs. Wentworth's two grandsons, have cared little for the age, and less for the beauty of the Belknap relic. The doll appeared in public when the Margery Sullivan Chapter of the D. A. R. had an exhibit of ancient possessions in Dover a few years ago, and about a year later she visited among the first families in the city, and was an honored guest at church functions where she received the attention due her. The subject of this sketch has always been known as the London doll—no other name—save when Mark and Ned Thompson spoke of her as "Old Hundred," in a jocund way.

Mrs. Wentworth celebrated her ninetieth birthday March 22, 1903, and is as interesting in her conversation as people of half her years. Her memory is a storehouse of old time events, and her statements are correct and to be relied on. She is very skilful with her needle still, and we treasure an elaborate needlebook of her recent make very highly.

To her we are indebted for the story of the doll, and the items concerning her early ancestors, and we felt while talking with her, and calling to mind the many kindnesses tendered us in our childhood by the dear old lady, that the nobility of her forbears had centered in her most worthy self.

STUMPY POND.

By C. F. Blanchard.

The scraggy pines stand grim and gaunt
On the shores of Stumpy Pond,
And stunt oaks grub a meagre life
'Mid rocks and sand beyond.

A scum rests on its bosom dark,
Dead leaves and needles clog,
And thus the glad light of the skies
In mockery befog.

Vile snakes crawl through the slimy ooze,
And toads its shores infest ;
No mill wheel wakes the laughing foam
Upon its somber breast.

The rude black stumps that rear their heads
Within those waters drear
Are roosts for ghouls that squat all night,
And ogle and blink and leer.

The passer-by whips up his horse,
Nor lingers there to see.
Oh, Stumpy Pond ! the bat, the owl,
But never man, loves thee.

WHEN THE LEAVES ARE FALLING.

By Jesse H. Buffum.

Myriad leaves are falling, falling,
Would that the autumn might always stay !
Hear in the woods the bluejays calling !
Warbles the robin his parting lay ;

Deep in the bush the bright witch-hazel,
Come with a comforting smile to greet
Sorrowing blush of waning season,
With tint of yellow and odor sweet.

Faintly the blush of the mountain maid
 Answers the wooing of stream and lake ;
 Faintly the call of the whippoorwill
 Stirs 'mid the balsam and nodding brake.

Dead in the fields the bracken lying ;
 Filled are the woods with an odor sweet,
 The cinnamon fern's tall fronds are dying,
 The brown leaves rustle beneath your feet.

Leafy the wood-road where we 're treading,
 Naked the branches over our head ;
 Chill is the air ; the north winds blowing,
 Gone are the flowers—and nature, dead.

Sadly our lives take the autumn hue :
 We leave behind us the summer sun :
 The chill of death seems to pierce us through :
 Symbol of life that is but begun.

REASON'S REPLY.

By George Warren Parker.

Oh ! would I were back in the heyday of youth,
 When life was so happy, so careless and free ;
 The cup of joy brimming and Pleasure e'er smiling,
 And naught but the beauty in nature to see.

“ Cease now this cavil and querulous moaning ;
 Awake in young manhood a purpose in life ;
 Mount stepping-stones golden, around thee thick lying,
 And, rising from doubt, go forth to the strife ! ”

To snatch the Promethean fire of heaven,
 To wake latent powers and ne'er see increase,
 To view beyond reach the prize of one's calling,
 Is worse than to linger in Lotus-land ease.

“ Leave self in the background, the world place before thee,
 And do what thou canst where'er there is need !
 If thou hast true worth, the world will demand it,
 And seeing its fruitage will be thy rich meed. ”

NECROLOGY:

COL. THOMAS A. PARSONS.

Col. Thomas A. Parsons, a native of Gilmanton, eighty-one years of age, son of the late Thomas and Betsey (Simpson) Parsons, died in Derry, October 7.

He was educated in Gilmanton and Lowell, Mass., and studied law with Judge Crosby in the latter city. He settled in practice in Lawrence, being the second lawyer to settle in that place, where he became eminent in his profession and prominent in public life, serving several terms in the Massachusetts legislature and in the constitutional convention of the state. He was a delegate to the national Republican convention in Chicago which nominated Lincoln for the presidency.

He was a field officer in the Massachusetts militia previous to the War of the Rebellion, in which he served.

For some time past he had lived in Derry, making his home with a sister, Mrs. Abbie A. Wilcox.

OSSIAN W. GOSS, M. D.

Dr. Ossian W. Goss, a leading physician of Belknap county, died at his home in Lakeport, October 8.

Dr. Goss was born in Lakeport, March 21, 1856, the son of Dr. Oliver and Elizabeth Honor (Flanders) Goss. He attended the common and select schools until 1873, was a student for one year in the New Hampton institution, and was graduated from the New Hampshire Conference seminary and Female college at Tilton, at the close of a two years' classical course, in 1876.

Having completed his preparatory education, he entered Bates college, Lewiston, Me., in 1876. In 1880 he matriculated in the medical school of Harvard university, and was graduated with the degree of M. D. in June, 1882. In 1886 he entered the Post-Graduate Medical school of New York for special courses in medicine and surgery, also taking up at various times special studies at Harvard post-graduate and Boston polyclinic.

Dr. Goss was a member of the New Hampshire Medical society, the Winnepesaukee Academy of Medicine, and the American Medical association. He had been in the practice of medicine and surgery since June, 1882, and had a large and lucrative practice.

He was prominent in secret and fraternal orders, being a member of the Odd Fellows, the Masons, Pilgrim commandery, K. T., the Knights of Pythias, the

Red Men, the Elks, the Royal Arcanum, the Pilgrim Fathers, the New England Order of Protection, the Masonic Relief association, and others.

Dr. Goss was married in 1882 to Mary P. Weeks of Sanbornton. Their only child died in infancy. Mrs. Goss died October 6, 1901.

REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

Rev. Edward A. Rand rector of the Episcopal Church of the Good Shepherd, Watertown, Mass., died recently at his home in Watertown, after an illness of several days. He leaves a widow, three daughters, and a son. A brother, Rev. William A. Rand, is pastor of the Congregational church at South Seabrook.

He was the son of Edward and Caroline (Paul) Rand, and was born in Portsmouth, April 5, 1837. After graduating from Bowdoin college in 1857, he studied at the Union Theological seminary, New York, and at the Bangor Theological school, where he graduated in 1863. He was ordained to the Congregational ministry, and settled in Amesbury in 1865, but in 1867 he was called to South Boston to the E street Congregational church, where he remained until 1876. He then preached a while at Franklin, Mass. In 1880 he took orders in the Episcopal Church, and soon moved to Watertown, with the idea of starting an Episcopal society.

Mr. Rand won a name as a writer, and has published some well known books.

Seventeen years ago he built the Church of the Good Shepherd, of which he had been the rector ever since.

J. WARREN TOWLE.

Joseph Warren Towle, born in Epping, August 15, 1832, died in Exeter, September 25, 1903.

He was the youngest of four children of Gen. Joseph and Nancy (Randlett) Towle. His father served as a captain in the War of 1812, was major-general in the old militia, five terms sheriff of Rockingham county, and otherwise prominent. He fitted for college at Phillips Exeter academy and graduated from Harvard in 1851, and entered upon the study of law in the office of Seth J. Thomas of Boston, also attending Harvard Law school, from which he graduated in 1853, when he was admitted to the Suffolk bar.

In September, 1853, Mr. Towle went to Portsmouth and entered the law office of Hon. Ichabod Bartlett, who died less than two months afterward, whereupon Mr. Towle opened in the seaside city an office of his own. He practised in Portsmouth until 1860, when the late ex-Gov. Charles H. Bell persuaded him to go to Exeter. There he ever after resided, and at his death was almost the senior of active members of the Rockingham bar. Mr. Towle was a public-spirited citizen, and took a prominent part in promotion of the original Exeter and Hampton Street railway and the Rockingham Electric company. Through his instrumentality were secured a majority of the portraits which adorn the Exeter court house.

In politics he was a stalwart Democrat. For about twenty-five years he served on the state committee, and since 1854 had seldom failed to attend a state convention.

While a resident of Portsmouth he was made a Mason, and in 1854 sat in the grand lodge. His religious connections were with the Unitarian church. In 1858 he was married to Miss Abbie H. Lord of Cambridge, Mass., who died eight years ago. Of six children there survive a son, J. Herbert of Marlboro, Mass., and a daughter, Mrs. Albert J. Weeks. Mr. Towle outlived his two brothers, and leaves as the last of his family a sister, Miss Parna Towle, who presided over his home.

HON. CHARLES C. KENRICK.

Hon. Charles Colby Kenrick, a native and prominent resident of Franklin, died at his home in that city, October 6.

He was a son of Stephen and Clarissa (Blanchard) Kenrick, born on the old homestead, where he died April 8, 1844. He was educated at the Franklin and New London academies. He early engaged in the livery business, carrying on other enterprises in connection and meeting with great financial success, and becoming the largest real estate owner in Franklin.

Nearly ten years ago he retired from active business, and since then has applied himself to the work of improving and enlarging his possessions of real estate, with such success that he had amassed a fortune estimated at half a million. Mr. Kenrick always was an admirer of fine horses, and at almost any time in thirty years he had half a hundred high bred horses in his stables.

Mr. Kenrick was a large holder of Boston & Maine railroad stock, and was one of the directors of the Manchester & Portsmouth road. He was a director of the Franklin National and Franklin Savings banks, a trustee of the Franklin cemetery, and had interest in various other enterprises. He had always evinced an interest in the civic welfare of his native town and had rendered good service as a selectman before the city government was established, and at the time of his death was a member of the city council from Ward 1. In 1895 he was a member of the legislature, serving on the railroad committee, and in 1896 was elected senator from the sixth district. Politically he was a Republican and prominent in the party councils. He was a member of Winnipiseogee lodge, A. O. U. W., and St. Andrew's lodge, Knights of Pythias. He was for years a member of the Congregational church, and contributed quite liberally to the recent fund for rebuilding.

In 1894 he married Ardella R. Morgan, who survives him.

New Hampshire Memorial Hospital

For Women and Children.

66 SOUTH STREET, CONCORD, N. H.

JULIA WALLACE-RUSSELL, M. D., Physician in Charge.

MISS ESTHER DART, Superintendent.

This quiet, homelike sanitarium for invalids is under the auspices of The Woman's Hospital Aid Association. President, Miss Mary A. Downing, Concord, N. H. Vice-Presidents: Mrs. Louisa F. Richards, Newport, N. H.; Dr. Ellen A. Wallace, Manchester, N. H. Recording Secretary, Mrs. Nathaniel White, Jr., Concord, N. H. Corresponding Secretary, Dr. Julia Wallace-Russell, Concord, N. H. Treasurer, Miss Emma M. Flanders, Concord, N. H. Auditors: Mrs. Mary W. Truesdell, Mr. John F. Jones.

All correspondence concerning admission to the Hospital should be addressed to the Physician-in-Charge, Dr. Wallace-Russell.

Personal application and inquiries will be attended to by the Superintendent, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 12 (Sundays excepted), and from 2 to 3 o'clock daily, at the Hospital.

No patient (except emergency cases) can enter the Hospital without a paper of admission signed by the Physician-in-Charge.

Applications for admission from patients living at a distance from Concord can be made in writing, but a medical certificate from the physician in attendance upon the case is required.

The Memorial Hospital is supported, aside from the money received from patients, entirely by private contributions from its friends. It receives no state aid, and has the right to refuse any application.

The scale of prices varies according to the room and services rendered.

Private patients pay for the professional services of their physician.

Personal washing is at the charge of private patients.

Patients applying for free beds must give satisfactory reference as to their inability to pay.

No cases of infectious disease or of insanity are received.

Visiting hours are from 2 to 5 p. m.

The Superintendent will gladly receive for the trustees any gifts of hospital and house stores.

Gifts of money for this charity may be sent through the superintendent to the treasurer.

The sum of \$500 will support an adult's bed for one year.

The sum of \$300 will support a child's bed for one year.

Contributions to the endowment fund of free beds, as above provided for, may be made by instalments, when the donor shall, in writing, so notify the treasurer at the time of each payment.

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THE NEW-HAMPSHIRE EXCHANGE CLUB.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXXV.

DECEMBER, 1903.

No. 6.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE EXCHANGE CLUB AND ITS BOSTON HOME.

By John Alden.

IN these very recent years there came before the people of New Hampshire a man, and he had an idea. As governor of the state, and better still, the personification of good citizenship, he was concerned for the moral, social, and material welfare of his fellow-citizens and alert for ways and means for the strengthening and betterment of every nook and corner in the state. As governor this was his single purpose and it is natural law that thought along a single line is productive of ideas and methods to an end. But ideas are prolific. They come with the dawn of every day. They germinate in every season and under all conditions, but like leaves beneath an October sky they fall, for the most part, aimlessly away, as behind them there has been nothing more than talk. An idea is a thought, a conception, and to count at all it must be carried into action that there may evolve therefrom a fact, a real condition. This is what Frank West Rollins, as the governor of New Hampshire, did with his idea.

As the chief executive of the state he was a splendid example of the man more zealous for the interests of

the state than for the advancement of his own personal welfare. That perfunctoriness that is so characteristic of the public official of low and high degree was no part of him, in his going and coming as the governor of New Hampshire. Knowing as he did the real needs of the people and the opportunities of the state, the thought came to him that great good would result from an annual reunion of the people of all the towns and cities who had taken up their residence beyond their borders. Thus was conceived in the mind of Governor Rollins the idea of an Old Home Week. He wasted no valuable time in an endeavor to mold public sentiment favorable to his new idea by having this and that association pass resolutions endorsing the idea, but believing in it himself he threw his utmost energy into the work of evolving his idea into an actual fact. He was indeed a man behind an idea carried into action. He was not content when the people told him the idea was a good one and ought to be adopted. He saw to it that it was adopted, and that its adoption was with the least possible delay.

Governor Rollins might have talked until this day of his idea and never

for once have met with a disapproval, yet all his talk and that of the people would have availed nothing. But, fortunately for all, he got down to work and his idea, his thought, his conception was made a happy reality and has already accomplished an amount of good that is beyond measure. His administration as governor of New Hampshire was a success because he not only said things but did things. How great a success Old Home Week has become is known by all, for the idea is now a fact in various states and is spreading itself over all the older states of the Union, and the name of Governor Rollins and that of his original idea are in a sense synonymous. The contemplation of one is the contemplation of the other. It was the carrying of his idea into action that has made the name of the former governor known for all time in the history of his country.

But not only does an idea grow, but it is often productive of other ideas of allied form and intention. This is what has already come to pass in the further career of former Governor Rollins. In business life he is of the banking house of E. H. Rollins & Sons, Boston, though retaining his legal residence in the city of Concord, New Hampshire. Now for many years Boston and its neighboring cities and towns has been the magnet that has drawn from their New Hampshire homes many of her sons and daughters, and they were from among her best young blood. The number of these living within a radius of ten miles from the Massachusetts state house is placed at twenty-five thousand and in practically every large town and city of the

Bay state may be found a strong contingent of men and women native of New Hampshire. The thought came to Governor Rollins that the union of these sons and daughters of the Granite state resident in Massachusetts in a formal organization would be a source of benefit to the individual members and to their native state. He said, "Let us have in Boston an organization of present and former residents of New Hampshire." His idea was presumably the outcome of that of the Old Home Week. At any rate it was an idea born in the brain of the former governor, and as he did with his Old Home Week thought so he did with this new idea of an association of New Hampshire people in Boston,—he carried it into effect, into action, and there was evolved "The New Hampshire Exchange Club," which to-day is a potent fact, numbering some eight hundred members and working without ceasing for the good of the state and the advancement of all its interests.

The wisdom and good judgment that has characterized the direction of the club from its inception to the present are well illustrated by that article of the constitution which fixes the price of admission to membership in the club at the extremely reasonable sum of ten dollars and annual dues also at ten dollars. One must search far to find a social club of like advantages, worth, and general tone and character, that offers so much for like sums. But they are in sympathy with the spirit and aim of the organization, the bringing together in social communion and work of the sons and daughters of the state. It is in no sense an exclusive club, except in



Hon. Frank W. Rollins.

its territorial or statehood requirements, and the latchstring is out to that son and daughter of New Hampshire of limited financial means just as sincerely as it is to the person of wealth and exceptional social posi-

tion. The club seeks as its members all natives of the state and such as are identified with its life who pretend to be in their breeding and conduct men and women.

As a result of the formal organiza-

tion of the club it was but natural that he who first promulgated the idea of the club, the man behind an idea in action, should be chosen its president—former Governor Rollins. In his individuality, he is a power in himself. The people of New Hampshire have long since recognized in him a leader of men and he quickens

Portsmouth and graduate of Dartmouth, class of '97, when not quite twenty years of age. He is a son of John Pender, former mayor of Portsmouth, once sheriff of Rockingham county and grand master of the grand lodge of New Hampshire, A. F. & A. M. The fact that Secretary Pender completed the course at Dart-



Horace G. Pender.

and strengthens all with which he comes in contact. It is hardly necessary to write that President Rollins gives to the club a constant attention and that where he is there is harmony, good fellowship, and kindly interest.

For its secretary the club is fortunate in the possession of Horace Gibson Pender, a most creditable son of

Portsmouth before completing his teens tells in itself a significant story of intellectual talent, habit of application, and concentration of thought. He was born in Portsmouth, September 10, 1877, and is therefore just in his twenty-seventh year. In Dartmouth he was an editor of college publications, member of musical clubs, of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity and Sphinx

senior society. After graduation at Dartmouth he entered the Harvard law school, from which he graduated in 1900. Upon his admission to the bar he practised in the office of Nathan Matthews, Jr., a former mayor of Boston, staying there for six months. For one year he was in the office of former Congressman George Fred Williams, at the conclusion of which time he set up practice by himself. At present he is the senior member of the successful law firm of Pender & Holt, having offices in the Rogers building, 209 Washington street, Boston. In addition to his position as secretary of the New Hampshire Exchange club he is secretary of the Dartmouth club of Boston and of the Sphinx Alumni association and is prominently identified with the First Corps of Cadets, a leading Massachusetts military organization.

The New Hampshire Exchange club has for its primary end the fostering of every good interest of the state and its people by the creation and location of an agency in Boston, through which and by which all identified with the state may the better be enabled to keep in touch with its affairs and to keep alive those ties that bind one to his native hearth and childhood home.

Essentially, it is a fraternal organization of those sons and daughters of New Hampshire visiting for the day or permanently residing in the city of Boston and its environs. In its administration and organization it offers to its members every advantage that is a part of the most perfectly organized social club. Its formation was not only speedily accomplished, but the size of its membership rolls

and the extent and great desirableness of the club home, are matters that prompt an extreme admiration, and especially so when is considered the work required to bring about these results.

The club in itself is as distinct and novel as was the original Old Home Week idea. It was not the following out of a plan elsewhere in operation. It was a new idea, the forerunner undoubtedly of many another for which it will serve as the pattern just as New Hampshire's Old Home Week led off and pointed the way for others.

When Governor Rollins first proposed his plan for the New Hampshire Exchange club he found many a willing helper both among the residents of the state and those native born but with a resident citizenship in Massachusetts. When once the work of organization was set in motion it was not allowed to drag or hang fire. There was talk but there was action. The enrolment of members was followed by the most careful preparation of a constitution and by-laws and in their completed form they are models of their kind; discreetly worded, clear as to their meaning, and succinct in expression. Article first gives the formal name of the association; article second recites that its object is to gather into a social organization the sons and daughters of New Hampshire, for the purpose of friendly intercourse and the promoting of the general interests of the state; article three provides that the officers of the club shall consist of a president, three or more vice-presidents, a secretary, who shall be the clerk of the club, a treasurer, and twelve directors, who with the presi-

dent, secretary, and treasurer constitute an executive committee. These officers are elected annually by ballot at the annual meeting. The especial duties of the executive committee are set forth in the following sections of article three :

SECT. 2. The executive committee shall have the management and control of the club and its property, subject to the by-laws. The executive committee, or a sub-committee thereof, shall authorize all such contracts, purchases and payments as they shall deem proper, at such times and in such amounts as the finances of the club shall warrant.

SECT. 3. The executive committee shall appoint a house committee, consisting of the secretary and four other members of the executive committee.

SECT. 4. If the office of president, vice-president, secretary or treasurer shall become vacant, the executive committee shall call a special meeting of the club to fill the vacancy. All committees to fill their own vacancies.

SECT. 5. Four members shall constitute a quorum of the executive committee, and three members shall constitute a quorum of the house committee, for the transaction of all business.

SECT. 6. The executive committee shall meet each month, except the months of July and August, and special meetings may be called by the secretary, at the request of the president or three members of the executive committee, upon reasonable notice thereof to the other members.

SECT. 7. The executive committee at its meeting in December in each year shall appoint a nominating committee of ten members, at least six of whom shall not be members of the executive committee, who shall select a name for a candidate for each office to be filled at the ensuing annual meeting, send to the secretary the names selected and post the same in some conspicuous place in the club-house, at least ten days before the annual meeting.

SECT. 8. It shall be the duty of the house committee to manage the club-house, to regulate the prices, to order purchases, to audit bills, to receive and answer complaints, and to appoint and dismiss all employees, and to make such house rules as are needed.

SECT. 9. The executive committee shall appoint other committees at such times as the needs of the club shall require.

Article eight refers to membership in the club as follows :

ARTICLE VIII.

SECTION 1. MEMBERSHIP. The membership of this club shall consist of natives and residents of New Hampshire, and such persons as are, in the judgment of the executive committee, sufficiently identified with the interests of the state.

SECT. 2. Members may obtain from the secretary cards of admission for the female members of their immediate families, which shall not be transferable.

SECT. 3. The wives of members may become full members of the club by paying the admission fee and annual dues.

SECT. 4. The governor of the state, the president of Dartmouth college, and the president of the New Hampshire Agricultural College and School of Mechanic Arts shall be honorary members of the club, while holding office, without the payment of admission fees or annual dues.

SECT. 5. Proposals for membership shall be made to the secretary of the club in writing, endorsed by two members of the club, who must be personally acquainted with the candidate, and who shall state the name, residence, and place of business of the one proposed, and the date of the proposal. The secretary shall post the names proposed in the club-house, at least two weeks before they are voted upon. The executive committee shall hold meetings for the consideration of proposals for membership at least once each month, except July and August.

SECT. 6. Every person elected to membership in the club must, within thirty days after receipt of notice of election, pay to the treasurer the annual assessment, or half the annual assessment if elected after July 1, and the admission fee. Until such payment shall have been made, the person elected shall not be entitled to the privileges of the club, and if payment shall not have been made before the expiration of the thirty days next succeeding the notice thereof, his or her election shall be thereby rendered void and of no effect.

SECT. 7. Any member may withdraw from the club after the payment of all dues, by giving written notice of his resignation to the secretary; but, unless such resignation shall be received before the first day of January of any year, the member so resigning shall be liable for the dues of that year.

SECT. 8. On the resignation or death of a member, or any forfeiture of membership under the by-laws, all his or her right and interest in the property of the club shall cease.

SECT. 9. The executive committee shall have full power to expel or suspend any members whose conduct shall be pronounced, by a two-thirds vote of the committee present at a legal

meeting thereof and called to consider the same, to be detrimental to the interests, welfare or character of the club, but no action shall be taken unless a quorum of the committee shall be actually present.

Article nine is one calculated to fill the heart of the traveler with joy and thanksgiving, for it says :

No member, visitor or guest shall give, under any pretence whatsoever, money or any gratuity to any person in the employ of the club.

The annual meeting of the club is required by article seven to be held on the second Wednesday of each year.

The membership committee is made up of men who are not only representative sons of the state but are earnest and ever alert to advance its welfare both when at home and abroad. The personnel of the committee follows :

Montgomery Rollins, Chestnut Hill, Mass., Chairman; True L. Norris, Portsmouth; Sumner Wallace, Rochester; John K. Lord, Hanover; Wm. E. Spalding, Nashua; Joseph T. Meader, Brookline, Mass.; Edwin D. Mead, Boston, Mass.; Chas. Francis Sawyer, Dover; Forrest S. Smith, Durham, Mass.; Edwin DeMerritt, Boston, Mass.; Wilder D. Quint, Cambridge, Mass.; Geo. F. Bean, Woburn, Mass.; Nathaniel L. Foster, Brookline, Mass.; Geo. M. Clough, Somerville, Mass.; Weld A. Rollins, Boston, Mass.; Herbert A. Fuller, Amherst; George H. Sargent, Dorchester, Mass.; Christopher H. Wells; Charles L. Ayling, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

The present membership of the club is a thoroughly representative one and such as gives unbounded assurance of continued growth, influence, and a power for the good of the state throughout its length and breadth. The sons and daughters of the state resident in Boston are especially strong in its membership, and they constitute a list of names that any organization would be justified in

pointing to with pride and exultation. No less than one hundred and thirty-one cities and towns have already contributed to the membership of the club.

From the date of its formal inception the club has been fortunate in its every progressive step, which, perhaps, was to have been expected from the make-up of the men behind it. More especially is its successful career to be noted in its association home, in the club-house proper. The house is alike admirable for its situation and in construction. Its location is on Walnut street, the second thoroughfare from the Massachusetts state house and just around the corner from Beacon street. The club-house and the Beacon street residence on the site of the John Hancock home practically come together at a right angle, and in the near vicinity are the homes of some of Boston's most exclusive clubs. It would indeed be hard to realize how the New Hampshire Exchange club could have bettered itself in a search for a location for its association home. While in the heart of a principal residential section of Boston it is yet convenient to the best shopping centres and the financial marts. The club-house was formerly the home of the late Henry Norwell of the dry goods house of Shepard & Norwell Co., and was opened by the club as its permanent home on Monday morning, September 21, 1903. The club-house is a four-story structure with basement partly above ground. Above the spacious and inviting entrance there hangs each secular day of the year the state flag of New Hampshire, signifying in this instance that within is a common meeting-place for the sons and daugh-



The Ladies' Parlor.

ters of the old Granite state visiting or resident in Boston. Passing the entrance door one is ushered into a broad staircase hall, and the impression made by the view is one that pleases and endures. It is stately yet cheerful and hospitable, conditions that remain and heighten as the inspection of the home progresses.

Beneath the stairway is the superintendent's office and bureau of information. Neatness, good taste, and a discreet selection are at once apparent and a cheerful, homelike atmosphere pervades the whole interior. For days and weeks prior to the opening of the house decorators were kept busy preparing the building for its new purpose.

In the well-lighted basement is the kitchen and its allied apartments all appointed with every requisite and

device for cooking and serving. To the right of the main entrance hall is the women's parlor, a room spacious in its dimensions, beautiful in its decorations, and admirable in its appointments. The decorations are in white and green, and much of the furniture is of teak wood with harmonious upholsterings. Solidity, worth, and strength of character are all three characteristics of the 'New Hampshire Exchange club, just as are the everlasting hills of the state and as has been in all the generations its manhood and womanhood. So, likewise, are these three traits distinguishable in the appointments of the clubhouse. The armchair shown in the illustration of the women's parlor is a good lift for two men and all else in the room is in keeping. The statuary is all in the finest Carrara mar-

ble and are hardly to be excelled in artistic merit.

From the women's parlor entrance is had to the women's dining-room, an exceedingly pleasant apartment. On the second floor is a spacious and completely furnished social room, a smoking room, and a "stranger's" room. On the third floor is the library, one of the best appointed and largest in the building. Opening from this is Secretary Pender's den, and near by is the dining-room for men. The fourth floor is devoted to the amusement rooms supplied with billiard tables, and like requisites for a social hour.

A library of New Hampshire literature in all its splendid and diverse nature; a museum of New Hampshire relics and curiosities, and a bureau of general information con-

cerning the state and its every interest, are all in process of formation and development. It is intended that the prospective summer visitor or permanent resident shall be enabled to find at the club-house any and all information desired. Were this alone the purpose of the club it would merit the unbounded and enthusiastic support of every son and daughter of the state.

The number of people of New Hampshire birth who live in Boston and its vicinity towns and cities is not only surprisingly large, but the importance of the part they play in the daily life of Boston and Massachusetts is great and far reaching to an extent that excites the investigator with wonder and amazement. The self-reliant, energetic, and resourceful sons and daughters of the state are



The Reading-Room.

found in every line of human life as it is found in New England's metropolis and the old Bay state.

For its treasurer the club selected Edward P. Comins, a resident of Ashmont, in the metropolitan district. In business life Mr. Comins is a public accountant with office in the new India building on State street, Boston. He is one admirably equipped by nature and training for his chosen position in the New Hampshire Exchange club.

The vice-presidents of the club are former governor of New Hampshire, Hiram A. Tuttle, Pittsfield; Alfred F. Howard, Portsmouth; Winston Churchill, the novelist, Cornish; William F. Thayer, Concord; Alvah W. Sulloway, Franklin; George A. Marden, Lowell, Mass., one of the most distinguished citizens of his adopted state; Col. William A. Gile, Worcester, Mass.; Oliver E. Branch, a leader of the New Hampshire bar, with residence in Manchester; Copley Amory, Walpole, N. H.; Miss Kate Sanborn, the novelist and miscellaneous writer, Metcalf, Mass.; Miss Annie Sanford Head, Brookline, Mass.; and Mrs. Frank Sherwin Streeter, Concord.

The board of directors includes Jeremiah Smith, Jr., Cambridge, Mass., grandson of one of New Hampshire's most distinguished leaders of its legal profession, and son of Professor Smith of Harvard University; George A. Fernald, Winchester, a leading Boston banker on Water street; Henry N. Sweet, a native of Lancaster, and a Boston broker on State street; Robert R. Kimball of Brown, Durrell & Co., Boston; Daniel Blaisdell Ruggles, a member of the Suffolk county bar,

with office in the Tremont building; Major Frank B. Stevens, Boston, and a member of the staff of Gov. John L. Bates; Joseph W. Lund, an exceptionally successful Boston lawyer, with offices in the India building; Eliphalet F. Philbrick, who so recently as 1897 was clerk of the lower branch of the New Hampshire legislature, but now a Boston lawyer at 89 State street; Frank W. Stearns, of the dry goods house of R. H. Stearns & Co., Tremont street and Temple place, who is one of the best-known and deservedly popular of Boston's younger citizens; James O. Lyford, Concord, naval officer at the port of Boston; Walter H. Seavey, one of Dover's most favorably known younger men, now with the banking house of E. H. Rollins & Son, Boston; and Montgomery Rollins, whose Massachusetts residence is at Chestnut Hill, but who still retains his New Hampshire home, Tidewater Farm, Dover, near the ancestral estate at Rollinsford.

The house committee is made up of Henry N. Sweet, chairman; Jeremiah Smith, Jr., Joseph W. Lund, and Walter H. Seavey.

Surprising as is the greatness of the number of men and women of New Hampshire birth in and about Boston, it is equally surprising when is noted the influence they exert and the importance of the part they play in all the affairs of New England's metropolis and the old Bay state. In pulpit and press, in private and public educational work, in the industrial, commercial, and financial fields, in hotel and railroad life, in politics and in all the professions there you will find the sons of New Hampshire and that, too, in the front rank.

President Rollins of the club is one of Boston's largest and best known bankers and were he in all these years a citizen of Massachusetts he would without question have attained equal prominence in social, business, and political life in that state that he has as a native and lifelong resident of New Hampshire. His conspicuous

serve for the advancement of its welfare.

Among the men who early joined with Governor Rollins in the work of organizing the New Hampshire Exchange club was George M. Clough, whose birthplace was Warner and whose present home is the city of Somerville, where live some thirteen



George M. Clough.

individuality and his singularly forceful and winning personality are guarantees of this, for say what one may, people admire and will follow a man who is a leader from other than selfish motives. From love of one's birthplace springs the motive to labor with zeal and singleness of purpose for the good of that spot and all that concerns it or that can be made to

hundred other men and women of New Hampshire birth. All those characteristics that have for so long typified the son of New Hampshire are dominant or at least manifest in Mr. Clough's personality. He is versatile and able to undertake the duty of the hour. It is not meant by this that he is first in one business and then in another, for he is not, as

for sixteen consecutive years he has been an agent for the Penn Mutual Life Insurance company, with office on Devonshire street, Boston, and as such has achieved a signal success, but he is one of those whom his fellow-men can call upon in an emergency. Doubtless he could saw and split to perfection the wood of a needy neighbor, shingle his barn or plough his field, and he would do all this from the promptings of the heart within him. He was born May 28, 1863, the son of John and Julia (Edmunds) Clough. It was in the common schools of Warner and in the Simond's Free High school that he obtained an education that thus far in life he has put to excellent use. Born upon a farm, and having a father who not only knew how to successfully conduct a farm but carpentry as well, the son also became proficient in the use of tools and thus learned to utilize head and hand. From the school as a student he re-entered educational life as a teacher, following the profession for six years, and for two years was in charge of the schools in the town of Tilton.

He early became active in the New Hampshire Patrons of Husbandry, and at the present time is president of the Somerville society of the Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire. For two years before engaging in the life insurance business he followed land surveying. He is the present president of the Simond's Free High school association of Warner. In his religious affiliations he is a member of the Church of Christ, Scientist, and prominent in the mother church of Boston, and in which church, with its very large membership, he is

one of the comparatively few appointed as teachers.

There is borne upon the membership rolls of the New Hampshire Exchange club the name of Richard Hall Stearns, whom much of New England knows as the founder and senior member of the dry goods house of R. H. Stearns & Co., occupying entire the great building upon the corner of Tremont street and Temple



Richard H. Stearns.

place in the city of Boston. That the name of this house is representative of New England commercial integrity in its most perfect type is a fact that has become established in every New England hamlet and their reputation for uprightness in all its transactions is never jeopardized by the house in the slightest degree. It is the greatest among many great assets.

While New Hampshire in Massachusetts has none more faithful and watchful for her welfare it is yet the truth that Mr. Stearns is not by birth

of the Granite state, for he was born in Ashburnham, a town of Worcester county, Massachusetts, which lies upon the New Hampshire line. But when scarcely three weeks old the family removed across the line into New Ipswich, where he lived until he reached his majority. Thus he is a son of New Hampshire at least by rearing, and right worthily has he represented her in his long and industrious career.

His boyhood years were passed in the village schools and at work on the farm. At twenty-one he turned his face toward Boston and entered upon that mercantile life he continues to this day. Amid all the competition by which he was surrounded and in the face of obstacles that would seem at this day to have been insurmountable he triumphed and achieved a success as brilliant as that of any among the hundreds of Boston merchants. The boy on the New Hampshire farm has been transformed into the man of vast commercial affairs and the work of transformation was all performed by himself, yet his start was the daily inculcations in character building received in his boyhood farm life.

His first work in Boston was as a clerk in the notion store of C. C. Burr on Washington street, near Franklin. His career as a clerk continued for three and a half years, when he founded the existing firm of R. H. Stearns & Company. This was in 1847, nearly sixty years since, and it is probably to-day the oldest dry goods house in Boston. Its age, the solidity of its growth, and the comprehensiveness of its character find a similitude in a New England oak, it has grown and grown to endure.

The first business home of the firm was on Washington street near West. Later it secured a long lease of the Dr. Bigelow house on Summer street, which it rebuilt and occupied until 1872. The present Tremont street location of the firm, vast as it is, affords not a foot of unoccupied space, but from street to roof all is required by the never-ceasing, ever-growing requirement of its business.

Could the facts be readily ascertained it would be of extreme interest to learn for a certainty, if there be in all the country another community of its size that has contributed, in past and present, a larger or more brilliant list of names of men who have achieved a more than local success and fame in literally every field of human effort, then has Lancaster. For a century this town of the North Country has sent forth from every generation of its sons those who by deeds of heroism on the field of battle, by the power of their eloquence in the halls of legislation, or by triumphs in the realms of industry, trade, and finance, have exerted a potent and lasting influence in shaping and developing the destinies of state and nation. When it is considered that this town of Coos county never had, at one time as many as four thousand souls, it is indeed a singular fact that she should have raised so many distinguished sons.

Again it is to be noted that notwithstanding the enormous increase of the population of state and nation and the increase of vast industrial and commercial centers, Lancaster, unlike many of the smaller and older settlements, still maintains her faculty of turning out men possessing the ability to assume responsibility and

leadership in every walk of life. She has her leaders at the bar like Drew, and her statesmen like Jordan, and in the still younger times have those of her sons, fresh from her hillsides, found their way into those, in a sense, newer fields of efforts,—trade and finance, the vastness of which staggers and mystifies the layman. Success in these fields demands the display of



John W. Weeks.

a most diversified talent, the most unerring judgment, and a most comprehensive discernment of the conditions as they are to-day and what they are likely to be on the morrow. It is just to assume that one who has proven himself equal to the exactions of American financial undertaking on its present day scope and diversity has ability and talent that equip him for any position in the political and material life of the day. Such a man as

is here presumed is John Wingate Weeks, and the venture is here made that there will not be a solitary dissent to such a classification. Mr. Weeks has proven himself not only an astute financier in the truest sense of the word, but he is an embodiment of all those traits that most fittingly represent the truest American citizenship of the day and perhaps the best thing that can be said of him is that he is endeared to his fellow acquaintances not for what he has, nor for the material aids within his power, but for what he is as a man and a citizen:

He was born in Lancaster, April 11, 1860, and it was in that town that he received his primary and preparatory education. At seventeen he won an appointment to the United States Naval academy, Annapolis, and passing the rigid mental and physical examinations began the four years' course and completed it with credit to himself and the institution. Upon graduation he was first assigned to the *Powhattan* and later to the *Richmond*. In 1883 he left the naval service to accept the position of assistant land commissioner for the Florida Southern railroad and held the same for five years, living during the time in the peninsular state. In 1888 came the change that seems to have led him into his main life-work that of banking in all its phases and ramifications. In that year he became associated with Henry Hornblower as the firm of Hornblower & Weeks, bankers and brokers, with offices at 10 Wall street, New York, and 53 State street, Boston. From the date of its inception to the present a signal and uninterrupted success is the record of the house and to-day it is one of the large banking firms in Boston. In the Wall street

office a total of fifteen people are employed, while thirty-five are required at the Boston office. A large part of the second floor of the huge Exchange building on State street is utilized by the firm and all its various rooms and offices are arranged with a view to the most economical and efficient trans-action of business. Thus far in his manhood life Mr. Weeks has proven himself a success in all he has undertaken, and fate or fortune has led him into various fields. Public recognition of his worth as a financier was shown by his selection in 1899 as president of the Massachusetts National bank of Boston. When he became president of the Massachusetts National bank it had deposits in round numbers of \$1,000,000. In less than three years its deposits reached a total in excess of \$6,500,000. During the year of 1903 the bank was merged with the First National bank of State street, Boston, and Mr. Weeks became its vice-president, and is active in the administration of its affairs. He is the president of the Newtonville Water company and liquidating agent of the Broadway National bank, Boston.

Mr. Weeks has a personality, individuality, and originality and by this last is meant that in his characteristics he is not a follower of some one else. He shows the value and efficiency of that splendid training which evolves the American naval officer at the national school, respected not alone for his rank and dress but for his training as a gentlemen.

An interesting page in the life story of Mr. Weeks is the promptness with which he left his home and great business interests upon the breaking out of the Spanish-American war and re-

entered the naval service of the country. He had kept alive his interest in the affairs of the navy by an efficient and ardent service in the Massachusetts Naval Brigade, and had greatly aided in making it the splendid corps it was. He was first made commander of the fourth division and later of the first battalion, and then commander of the brigade, holding the latter position for six years. In the war with Spain he was one of the first three volunteers to be commissioned in the navy and was made commander of the second division of the auxiliary navy and had command of the coast and marine squadrons.

In the recent report of Rear Admiral Bartlett, retired, upon the service of the naval militia in the war with Spain, he accords a high measure of praise and commendation to Captain Weeks for what he did as an officer in command of an important department. The governor of Massachusetts also made official mention of the excellence of his work and Admiral Dewey, in a letter, gave unhesitating praise to Captain Weeks and his command.

The city of Newton, in what is known in Massachusetts as the Metropolitan district, has been the home of Mr. Weeks for ten years. It has a population of some forty thousand, the great majority of whom are those of wealth and educational attainment. As a resident of Newton Mr. Weeks was at once placed on the list of eligible ones for any place in the gift of the city. He served three years as alderman and at the city election of 1901 was elected mayor for the year of 1902. Going before the people of Newton as the nominee of the Republican party he had two competitors for the mayoralty election. The vote at the polls

was the largest in the history of Newton as a city, and Mr. Weeks was triumphantly elected, his vote exceeding the vote for both of the other candidates by nearly 500. Upon his induction into office he made his private business secondary and subservient to the city's affairs and worked like the faithful and diligent servant that he was for the advancement of the city's material good. In the city election of 1902 he was renominated for a second term and reelected by a vote greater than two out of every three that were cast.

The longer he served for mayor the stronger he became with the citizens of Newton. It was no wonder then that before one half his second term had expired his fellow-citizens sought him out to prevail upon him to accept still another term as the city's chief executive. This they did personally and by organized effort in the form of signed petitions. But Mr. Weeks declined further service.

In 1896 Mr. Weeks was a member of the board of visitors to the naval academy by appointment of President Cleveland, and for six years was a member of the military board of examiners.

As would be expected, Mr. Weeks has a charming home in Newton. Mrs. Weeks comes also from an honored New Hampshire family, as she was the daughter of the late Hon. John G. Sinclair, and a sister of Col. Charles A. Sinclair. They have two children, a daughter, Katherine S., and a son, Charles S.

Conspicuous among the younger members of the legal profession in Boston and active and successful in its political life is Guy W. Cox, who although but in his early thir-

ties has twice been chosen as a Republican member of the Massachusetts legislature, and that from one of the wealthiest and most representative Boston districts, the tenth Suffolk. His legislative career began with the session of 1903, and at the last annual election he was returned for the approaching session of 1904, and in which his friends and constituents



Guy W. Cox.

predict he will win new and well-earned laurels.

Mr. Cox is a native of Manchester, in which city he was born on January 19, 1871. His parents are Charles E., warden of the New Hampshire state prison, and Evelyn (Randall) Cox. His preliminary education was gained in Manchester.

He was born brimful of genuine talent, and those qualities of heart and mind that win the respect and friendship of men. He entered Dartmouth with the class of 1893 and during his collegiate course won hon-

ors in Latin, Physics, Chemistry, and special honors in Mathematics, and as a climax to a brilliant college course graduated the valedictorian of his class. In 1896 he was given the degree of Master of Arts. After leaving college he became a teacher in the Manchester High school, and later still in the evening High school of Boston. Deciding upon the legal profession as a life-work he entered the law school of Boston university, from which he graduated in 1896 with the degree of LL. B., *magna cum laude*. Upon his admission to the Suffolk county (Mass.) bar he became a member of the firm of Butler, Cox & Murchie, whose offices are in Tremont building. The senior member of the firm is William M. Butler, who for several sessions was the president of the Massachusetts senate. In addition to his membership in the Massachusetts legislature Mr. Cox has served as a member of the Boston common council from ward ten. In the legislative session of 1903 he served as a member of the committee on cities, which is called upon to consider more matters than any one committee in that body. He was the spokesman of the committee on the floor of the house and its principal measures were placed in his charge. As an evidence of the regard in which he was held by his fellow-members it may be cited that he was selected by the leaders of both parties to make one of the leading speeches at the closing exercises of the house of representatives in 1903, an exceptional honor for a first-year man. He is secretary of the Dartmouth Alumni association, a member of the Republican club of Massachusetts, the Wollaston club, and the University club, Boston.

By general consent, easily among the first of the men to do efficient and telling service in the primary work of organizing the New Hampshire Exchange club is Edwin DeMeritte, and from its inception to the present his has been an unflagging interest for its general good and prosperity. Mr. DeMeritte's is one of the best-known names in the educational life of Boston, and the present principal of the DeMeritte private school for boys at 30 Huntington avenue. Since 1872 he has continued a career as a Boston instructor and in this length of years thousands of the youth of New England have received instruction from him. His present school was established in 1900 to give boys a thorough preparation for any college, scientific, or technical school, and a practical as well as liberal English course.

Mr. DeMeritte is a native of Durham, and was born March 3, 1846. His parents were Stephen DeMeritte and Mary P. (Chesley) DeMeritte. Stephen DeMeritte was in his day active in the affairs of the state and had a most honorable service in the state senate. That he did not become governor of the state was from reason of his declining a tendered nomination that would have been equivalent to an election. The family ancestry includes that John DeMeritte who with John Sullivan, John Langdon, Captain Pickering, and others seized the powder at Fort William and Mary that later proved so valuable at the battle of Bunker Hill.

Young DeMeritte attended the schools of his native Durham, and in the fall of 1862 entered upon a four years' course at Phillips Exeter, and upon its completion entered Dartmouth as a sophomore and graduated



Edwin DeMeritte.

Photo. by J. A. Lorenz, Boston.

in 1869. Immediately subsequent to his graduation from Dartmouth he studied law, but late in 1870 he relinquished his legal studies to accept a position as a member of the Hampton academy faculty. In 1872 he became a teacher in the long-renowned Chauncy Hall school, Boston, which city ever since has been his home. He remained at Chauncy Hall as a teacher twelve years, and where he became recognized as an exceptionally able teacher. In 1884 he, with others, established the Berkeley school in Boston, which proved an immediate success. In 1896 the Berkeley school bought out the Chauncy Hall school, uniting both under the name

of the latter. As said, his present school had its beginning in 1900, but it has already become a leading school of its kind in Boston. Its location is close to the Boston public library, the museum of fine arts, the Boston Y. M. C. A. building, and other desirable and advantageous institutions. The rooms of the DeMeritte school were designed before a blow was struck for the construction of Huntington Chambers in which they are, and, therefore, are simply ideal for the purposes of a school. In the management of his school Mr. DeMeritte seeks other than the educational attainment of his boys, and not only to prepare

them to ably enter the institutions of higher learning, but to develop manliness of character, honesty of purpose, and the power of application. The course of study is extremely comprehensive and discreetly adapted to the needs of the individual pupil, and thoroughly in harmony with the most advanced ideas in educational work. Mr. DeMeritte has with him a corps of experienced teachers, each of high merit in his especial department. Athletics are encouraged as an aid to health and mental vigor.

In addition to his school on Huntington avenue Mr. DeMeritte owns and directs Camp Algonquin, a summer camp for boys at Asquam lake, Holderness, N. H. This camp closed its eighteenth season with the summer of 1903. The camp ground is located in the foot-hills of the White Mountains and has nearly twenty acres, and the camp has become widely known throughout New England.

The camp was established in 1886, with room for twelve campers. The object of the camp is to develop manliness of character and honesty of purpose among the boys, and to strengthen them physically, so as to enable them to encounter the strenuous work of school life. Since then the demand for admission to the camp has resulted in its enlargement to its present limit of forty boys and the council.

No association of loyal sons and daughters of New Hampshire, no matter where located, would be complete without the name of George Augustus Marden, so eminently and honorably does he represent the very essence of New Hampshire manhood,

its resourcefulness and its integrity. As a student and graduate of Dartmouth, as a soldier in the war between the states, as a journalist of quite fifty years; as an orator, scholar, and man of public life he has acquitted himself on every occasion with a credit that honored the state of his birth, the state of his adoption, and himself. He was born in Mont Vernon, August 9, 1839, the son of Benjamin Franklin and Betsey (Buss) Marden. For some thirty-five years he has been a resident of the city of Lowell, and is the assistant treasurer of the United States at Boston. He has been of prominence in Massachusetts since his first election to the state legislature for 1873. First chosen clerk of the house in 1874, he was regularly elected to that office till 1883. Then he decided to seek election to the house again, with the purpose of becoming a candidate for the speakership. Having obtained both desires, he was first elected speaker for 1883. He was again elected representative and the speaker for 1884. Although new to the gavel in 1883, when the session was the longest held before or since then, he made an exceptionally creditable record in the chair. In 1885 he was a member of the state senate. After being defeated in his candidacy for the senate the following year, he was appointed by Governor Ames a trustee of the Agricultural college at Amherst. Beginning in 1888, he was annually elected treasurer and receiver-general of the commonwealth for five consecutive years, the statutory limit. He was a delegate in the national Republican convention of 1880, held in Chicago, where he ardently supported

the nomination of General Grant. He has filled his present office since April, 1899, when he was appointed thereto for four years by President McKinley. He was subsequently re-appointed for a second term by President Roosevelt in 1903.

Mr. Marden's preparatory education was obtained at the Appleton academy in Mont Vernon, now the McCollom institute, of whose trustees he is president. Having entered Dartmouth college in the fall of



Hon. George A. Marden.

1857, he was graduated in July, 1861. In 1875 he was the Commencement poet of the Phi Beta Kappa society and in 1877 he delivered the Commencement poem before the Dartmouth Associated Alumni. Of each of these societies he was the president for two years.

Mr. Marden enlisted as a private in Company G., Second Regiment of Berdan's United States Sharpshooters, in November, 1861, and was mustered into the United States service, receiving a warrant as second sergeant. Transferred to the First Regiment of Sharpshooters, in April, 1862, he was with it during the Pen-

insular campaign under McClellan from Yorktown to Harrison's Landing. On July 10 of the same year he was made first lieutenant and regimental quartermaster and subsequently served in that capacity until Jan. 1, 1863, when he was ordered on staff duty as acting assistant adjutant-general of the Third brigade, Third division, Third corps. After serving in this position until the fall of 1863, having been in the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Wapping Heights, he was ordered to Riker's Island, N. Y., on detached service. Soon after, at his own request, he was sent back to his regiment, with which he remained until it was mustered out in September, 1864.

Having returned to New Hampshire Mr. Marden entered the law office of Minot & Mugridge at Concord, where he engaged in the study of law and also wrote for the Concord *Daily Monitor*. In November, 1865, he removed to Charleston, W. Va., and purchased a weekly paper, which he edited until April, 1866, when he returned to New Hampshire. Then he worked for Adjutant-General Natt Head, compiling and editing a history of each of the state's military organizations during the Civil war. In the meantime he wrote for the Concord *Monitor*, and was the Concord correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*, having obtained this post in July, 1866. He accepted, January 1, 1867, the position of assistant editor of the Boston *Advertiser* and discharged its duties until the September following. Then, conjointly with his classmate, Maj. E. T. Rowell, he purchased the Lowell *Daily Courier* and the Lowell *Weekly Journal*, both

of which he has since conducted. On September 1, 1892, the partnership of Messrs. Marden & Rowell was superseded by a stock corporation, styled the Lowell Courier Publishing company, the two proprietors retaining their respective interests in the enterprise. Since January 1, 1895, the Courier company has been united with the Citizen company under the name of the Courier-Citizen company, Mr. Marden remaining in editorial charge of both papers.

Mr. Marden's first vote in a presidential election was cast for Abraham Lincoln. Since 1867, there has been no election, state or national, when he did not serve his party on the stump. As a speaker, he has also been in much request for Memorial day and for jubilee anniversaries generally. In April, 1893, he delivered a memorable address at the reunion of the "Old Guard," held in celebration of General Grant's birthday. He also spoke at the banquets of the New England Society held in New York on Forefathers' day of 1889 and 1892, the invitations to which he regards as the greatest honor of his life.

Married at Nashua, December 10, 1867, to Mary Porter Fiske, daughter of Deacon David Fiske of Nashua, he has two sons, Philip Sanford, born in Lowell, January 12, 1874, who was graduated at Dartmouth college in 1894, and at the Harvard Law school in 1898; and Robert Fiske, born at Lowell, June 14, 1876, who was graduated at Dartmouth in 1898. Mr. Marden was the first commander of Benjamin F. Butler post, No. 42, G. A. R., and is a companion of the Massachusetts Commandery of the Loyal Legion.

The membership rolls of the New Hampshire Exchange club contain the names of men who represent practically every honorable calling in life and among them is the name of at least one civil and sanitary engineer of national repute, that of John N. McClintock, whom older readers of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* will recall as its one time editor and publisher and whom the general public remembers as the author of a history of New Hampshire, that is recognized as a valued and standard work. To-day Mr. McClintock is the president and general manager of the American Sewage Disposal company which has its offices at 45 Milk street, Boston.

Mr. McClintock has also built up an extensive clientele as a consulting engineer and particularly in reference to sewage purification in which science he is regarded as one of the leading experts in the country. So late as October of the current year he attended the ninth annual convention of the American Society of Municipal Improvements, commonly called the municipal league, and before it read by request a paper entitled "The Biological System of Sewage Disposal." The convention was held in the city of Indianapolis, Indiana, and was attended by the managers of the greater cities of the land and by representative engineers. The paper by Mr. McClintock was reprinted almost wholly by the Indianapolis papers and was highly commended. The system of sewage disposal controlled by Mr. McClintock's corporation is one that leading cities have taken steps to adopt or have already installed. It is an American system that reduces the

cost of sewage disposal to a minimum, and not only this, secures an effluent that is purified in its strictest sense. In a report made to the city of Baltimore in 1903 Mr. McClintock says of the system :

escapes in the form of volatile but very offensive gases, leaving a small amount of residuum, partly mineral, in the bottom of the receptacle ; an enclosing structure with provision for said gases ; secondary open-air filters upon which the liquid effluent flows from said first receptacle through such material, or means of discharge, as to hold back the solid matter, and



John N. McClintock.

The American system (invented by Amasa S. Glover) makes it possible to purify 50,000,000 gallons of sewage a day on 50 acres of land, and obtain as satisfactory an effluent as from 2,000 acres by intermittent filtration, or from 6,000 acres by sewage farming.

In a word it is this: a receptacle for the sewage in which the solid matters are liquefied and resolved into constituents, a part of which

emit only the liquefied and partially purified effluent, whose purification is then completed by a process of oxidation and nitrification on said open-air filters.

And again he further describes the plan :

To summarize the proposed process of disposing of sewage : it takes the crude sewage

and divests it by "septic action," as the bacterio-chemical changes are named, of all offensive matter, and very largely of all impurities; and then, by nitrification and oxidation, completes the purification; so that what enters the works as sewage is therein converted back into its harmless elements; and what comes out of the works as an effluent is merely harmless water,—as harmless as the natural water of the harbor into which it would be discharged.

No single question more deeply concerns the American municipality of to-day than that of sewage disposal, and the indications are that the system recommended by Mr. McClintock is to solve this serious and heretofore unsolved problem. An experimental plant illustrating the working of the system is in operation at Brentwood.

In 1871 Mr. McClintock made the city of Concord his home, he having married Miss Josephine Tilton of that city. At the time of his going to Concord he was connected with the United States coast survey. In 1867 he graduated from Bowdoin college, from which institution he later received the degree of Master of Arts. In 1875 he left the service of the national government and establishing himself as a civil engineer became identified with important engineering projects throughout New Hampshire. In 1879 he became identified with the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, later becoming its sole editor and publisher and so continued for twelve years. In 1891 he settled in Boston, devoting his entire time to his specialty in engineering.

The legion of Dartmouth graduates in the years extending from the later sixties to 1897 will feel a kindly interest in Daniel Blaisdell Ruggles, already mentioned as one of the committees of the club, for he is the son of the late Edward R. Ruggles, for

near thirty years professor of modern languages at Dartmouth. His mother, prior to her marriage, was Charlotte Blaisdell. The subject of this sketch was born in Hanover, January 11, 1870, and his preliminary education was gained in the schools of that town. Entering Dartmouth he graduated with the class of 1890 when in his twentieth year. After leaving Dartmouth he became a student at the Boston Uni-



Daniel B. Ruggles.

versity law school, and in 1892 was admitted to the Suffolk county bar and at once began practice in Boston, having a present office in the Tremont building. His is a general practice and a highly successful one. He has an extended acquaintance in and about Boston and is esteemed for his many traits of genuine manhood. In 1897 he married Miss Ellen C. Morrill of Cincinnati, Ohio. They have one child, Daniel Blaisdell, Jr., and live in Jamaica Plain.

The senator-elect from the third Middlesex district for the 1904 session of the Massachusetts legislature is John M. Woods of Somerville, a native of the town of Pelham and in whom New Hampshire has no more loyal and worthy son now resident of Massachusetts. It was as a Republican that he was elected to the state senate of Massachusetts, but twelve years ago, when his political affiliation was with the Democratic party,



John M. Woods.

he was sent from his district, which at the time had a Republican majority of voters, to represent it in the lower branch of the Massachusetts legislature, and to the same branch was he returned at the next succeeding election. As a senator-elect he was chosen by a plurality of four thousand, his district including the city of Somerville and the towns of Arlington and Belmont, three communities known far and wide for the wealth, intelligence, and moral worth of their residents.

Mr. Woods has proven himself a man of brilliant natural abilities, and by dint of industry, skilfully directed effort, and mental grasp of the conditions unfolded by the onward roll of time, has attained to positions in the business, social, and material community that do him extreme credit. Fortuitous circumstances have had nothing to do with his success, for as boy and young man his lot in life was anything but promising because of the scant opportunities. Hard and unrelenting toil was his lot all through the years of his minority, and then came three years of service as a soldier in the Civil war. Becoming a workman in a lumber yard, he showed the stuff within him by advancing from \$12 a week to \$50, and then to a salary of \$4,000 a year.

Not pausing here he went, step by step, into business for himself, organizing the firm of John M. Woods & Co., dealing in mahogany, hardwood lumber, and veneers, with yards and offices at 223 to 253 Bridge street, East Cambridge, Mass. The house is one of the largest of its kind in the United States, and Mr. Woods has been honored by the lumber trade of the country by election as president of its national association.

In spite of his limited educational means in youth, Mr. Woods is a man of genuine intellectual attainment. For years he has been popular as a Memorial day speaker, and has made numerous addresses on forestry preservation and direction before bodies of national character and scope. For twelve years he has been president of the Saturday Evening club, a literary society of Somerville. He was the organizer and first presi-

dent of the Somerville Association of ship in other fraternal societies. He
Sons and Daughters of New Hamp- is an esteemed and active member of
shire. He is an Odd Fellow, a the Prospect Hill Congregational
Knights Templar, and has member- church in Somerville.

THE TORY'S CAVE.

By F. H. Meloon, Jr.

[The legend is of Roxbury, N. H., early founded by the Buckminsters, and now practically deserted.]

By Roxbury's deserted town,
Not full a mile outside,
Where oaks in rude defiance frown,
A Tory once did hide.
The mad rebellion 'gainst the king
Was little shared by him,
And so he dwelt, a hunted thing,
Within a cavern dim.

By Roxbury's deserted town
The trav'ler still descries
A rocky cave, half tumbled down,
Before his wond'ring eyes.
'Twas there the Tory dwelt of old,
'Twas there they found him dead,
'Twas there they laid him 'neath the mould
Within his lonely bed.

By Roxbury's deserted town
The twilight trav'ler sees
An aged form go skulking down
Across the bush-grown leas.
It creeps by wood, it creeps by wall,
A musket for a stave,
And soon its ghostly footsteps fall
Inside the Tory's cave.

By Roxbury's deserted town
The summers come and go,
The suns successive smile or frown
Above the winter snow.
Go ask Buckminster, if you will,
Who is that ghost-like knave?
He'll bid you hold your speech until
You've trod the Tory's cave.



SAMUEL LELAND POWERS.

SAMUEL, LELAND POWERS.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE CONTRIBUTION TO THE MASSACHUSETTS CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION.

By G. A. Cheney.



IT was a goodly and God-fearing company of men and women that came up, for the most part from the state of Massachusetts, and founded the town of Cornish on the New Hampshire side of that stretch of territory long since styled, from the great sound on the south to near the Canadian line on the north, as the Connecticut River valley. So inviting was its prospect and abundant its promise that less than a score of years had elapsed from the settlement at Plymouth bay ere colonists pushed out from the coast, and leaving the intervening territory behind them, entered the rich and fair valley and began upon the foundations of what proved as grand a civilization as mankind has ever known. For years long continued there was in each pioneer's home that citadel of early American life, a family altar, and a recognition, profound and intense, of the individual's responsibility to God. From out these conditions came the church and schoolhouse and the maintenance of these was ever and undeviatingly the primary concern of the people of the valley. Hamlet succeeded hamlet, to the north and to the south, within the valley. Hamlets grew into towns and towns

into cities and there came in a short time to be a line of church spires that not only suggested the celestial way but the terrestrial road from the sound to the wilds of northern New Hampshire. Within the protecting care of these churches grew and multiplied the school, the academy, the college, and the university, until the number of these institutions of higher learning that dot the valley from its southern line to New Hampshire's educational pride at Hanover, affords one of the most marvelous and inspiring sights in American national life.

The presence of these lesser and greater institutions of learning, up and down the Connecticut River valley, suggests the type of manhood that first came and for generations dwelt therein. It was characterized by strength and breadth of intellect, and this fostered and nurtured to the utmost extent of the means at hand could have but one result,—the development of a class and community in which intellectual development, progress, and acquisition were pre-eminent. It was the fulfilment of natural law. In no generation during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was the valley without its scores of men of national fame because of their intellectual merit and power. Indeed, there came to be a class called in the

rest of New England "the Connecticut river gods," and it was customary to speak of this or that man as a Connecticut river god, and especially so during all those thrilling and portentous years in the political history of the country that had their culmination in the War of the Rebellion. •

The men and women who went from the nearer coast towns to found new settlements along the Connecticut river were of the best young blood of the new colonies and in many instances the first-born in the land, and their especial work was the building of a nation upon lines laid down for them by their fathers at Plymouth and Massachusetts bays. The founders and later settlers of the New Hampshire towns in and adjacent to the Connecticut River valley were typical of this class. For generations the valley had an attraction for those whose earlier ancestors had lived near the coast; it was to them the "out West" of the then country. Of these earlier settlers in the coast towns of Massachusetts was Walter Powers, who took up his abode in Salem in 1639 and became the American progenitor of a numerous line that in all the generations since has played a most important part in the diversified interests of the country. Descendants of the family made their home in Worcester county, Massachusetts, and there, in the towns of the Blackstone valley and its contiguous territory, became identified with its industrial, educational, and kindred interests. One descendant made his way to Woodstock, Vt., which is at least near the Connecticut River valley, and a son born to him grew to manhood and a world-wide

fame as Hiram Powers, the sculptor, the greatest artist in his line that America has yet produced.

That branch of the family that settled and lived in Worcester county was not only strong in itself but gathered thereto still greater power of physical and mental vigor and virility by intermarriage with families prominent in that county. It is a family in which blood has told throughout the generations and in many of its lines at least is in this day asserting itself nobly and with added honors.

A descendant in the sixth generation from that Walter Powers of Salem was Larned Powers, who with his wife, Ruby (Barton) Powers, came in the course of time to live in the town of Cornish, which, as said at the outset of this article, was settled by and continued to attract to its borders for years, men and women of high moral worth and intellectual attainment. To them was born on October 26, 1848, a son whom they named Samuel Leland Powers, the subject of this sketch. His boyhood days were passed in his native town attending the village schools and in work upon the parental farm. Thus he grew to early manhood in the Connecticut River valley and amid its atmosphere of thought and mental action and in years of great national study of measures and policies of deepest concern. He was reared in a territorial region through which passed a line of educational institutions of which Dartmouth was its northern terminal, and this same region in the years of his youth and early manhood abounded with men who had been and still were active and leading participants in the affairs of the nation.

The times, the locality, and the conditions were propitious for the growth and development of this young mind. From the Cornish schools he continued his preparatory studies at Kimball Union academy at Meriden, and at Phillips Exeter. From the first he was a thorough scholar, and was blessed with a splendid physique and constitution, conditions that sustained the like splendid mental nature. In 1870 he entered Dartmouth and graduated a member of the now famous class of 1874. Among his classmates were Frank Nesmith Parsons, now chief justice of the supreme court of New Hampshire; Frank S. Streeter, so easily among the leaders of the New Hampshire bar; Edwin G. Eastman, attorney-general of New Hampshire; Samuel W. McCall, one of the leading members of the Massachusetts delegation in congress; William H. Davis, D. D., pastor of the Eliot Congregational church in Newton, Mass.; John Adams Aiken, a justice of the superior court of Massachusetts, and others of like prominence scattered throughout the country. When it is considered that the men of Dartmouth's class of 1874 are still young, then to have attained so much distinction already, is but to presage still greater renown for the class in coming years.

Upon his graduation from Dartmouth, and having decided to enter the legal profession for a life career, he went to Worcester, Mass., and became a student in the office of Verry & Gaskill, supplementing his studies there by a course in the University of New York. As a student in the Worcester office he was fortunate in his preceptors, if such they

may be called. The senior member, the late George F. Verry, was then one of the most brilliant men at the Massachusetts bar, and with almost unlimited practice. The junior partner, Frank Almon Gaskill, is now, and has been for some years, a justice of the superior court of Massachusetts, in which position he has displayed judicial qualities that are winning for him a lasting renown.

Admitted to Worcester county bar in 1875, he began the practice of his profession in partnership with his classmate, Mr. McCall, at Boston. Some six years ago the firm of Powers, Hall & Jones was formed, having offices at 101 Milk St., Boston. In all there are seven men connected with the firm and its practice is one of the largest in the state of Massachusetts. The firm does a general business, one that comprehends the practice of law in all its phases. The causes it assumes include those of greatest magnitude for the firm has made for itself a reputation that is scarcely second to any in New England.

In 1881 Mr. Powers made the city of Newton the place of his legal residence and there he has continued to live to the present time. Newton is a city of near forty thousand people, and in their aggregate number they are probably not excelled in wealth, in intelligence, and general well being by any other community of like number in the United States. To speak plainly and directly it is a community of exceptionally able and well-equipped men, and for one to gain recognition among these he must from the sheer force of the situation display abilities of the highest order. The record of Mr. Powers'

life as a resident of Newton includes a service in its common council, in its board of aldermen, and also its school board. In 1886, only five years after his arrival in the city as a prospective resident, he was the Republican candidate for mayor but was defeated by one of those strange combinations of political life that come into being now and then for reasons that are past finding out.

A second and more important chapter in his political career had its opening in 1900 when he entered the race for the Republican congressional nomination in the Eleventh, now the Twelfth, Massachusetts district. He had many competitors and each one a strong and well-equipped man. The words used herein to describe the city of Newton as respects its citizens are equally applicable to the congressional district. It is one of brains, wealth, and of proven ability and perhaps in these regards it is not surpassed by any other like political division in the country. In the campaign for the nomination his home city gave him a solid delegation and the remainder of the district rallied under his banner in numbers that secured for him the nomination. He was elected to congress by a handsome majority and when congress convened he was made by Speaker Henderson a member of the judiciary committee, an exceptionally good appointment for a first term member. He was also given a third place on the committee on elections, and later on was transferred from that committee to membership on the committee on the District of Columbia, which has always been considered one of the most important committees of the house. During the

first session of the 57th congress Mr. Powers took an active part in debates upon the floor, making his first speech in favor of the river and harbor bill, and later on taking an active part in the debates on the bill for the protection of the president against anarchists, and the amended bankruptcy bill. During the second session he was appointed upon the subcommittee of the judiciary committee, which is created for the purpose of drafting legislation for the regulation of the trusts, and also took a prominent part in the debate on that bill when it came up for consideration in the house.

In 1902 he was renominated and reelected for a second term in congress where he now is and already a leader among his associates by their selection, not by his self-seeking or arrogating to himself honors that were not his. Mr. Powers is a natural born leader of men. He never obtrudes himself, but his fellow-men, his associates, instinctively pick him out as a leader. This was distinctly shown in one instance during his first session in congress when upon the organization of the new members into a dining club called, The Tantalus, he was made its president. The Tantalus club is the largest dining club in congress.

The congress of the United States is a place where a man is "sized up" very quickly for what he is and not for what an individual member may think he is. Reality as to ability is what counts. There can be no substitute. Mr. Powers was "sized up" and found to be of full weight and measure and to-day he stands in his high place by the free will of his fellow-members.

He is one of the most popular stump speakers in Massachusetts. He can work all day in office or court room and then speak all night, as it were, at a rally of his adherents. His capacity for work is wonderful. Of quite massive frame he has a sound mind as the reflex of a sound body.

He is one of the men in public life that people are watching grow, and especially the people of his adopted state.

In his own Newton and Boston he is a member of the Hunnewell and Newton clubs, of the second of which he was president three years. He also has membership in the University club, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery company, and the Vet-

eran association of the Independent Corps of Cadets. In his church life he is a Unitarian, attending the widely known Channing church of Newton. Of special interest to New Hampshire is it to say that for the past fifteen years he has passed his summers on the shores of Lake Winnebepesaukee and about there and that he has decided to build within the borders of the state that gave him birth a comely summer home at an early day. The ancestral home of three hundred acres in Cornish is still retained by the family.

In 1878 Mr. Powers married Miss Eva, daughter of Capt. Prince Crowell of Dennis, Mass. They have one son, Leland, born in 1890.



PERFECTION.

By Frederick Myron Colby.

I heard the song of a singer
As he held a crowd entranced;
And the music of his measures
The joy of my life enhanced;
But in the heart of the singer
Was a sweeter song unsung;
A song no mortal can metre;
It gladdens an angel's tongue.

I saw a wonderful painting.
That a famous artist wrought,
A dream, a marvelous vision,
Which gladdened my inmost thought.
But well I knew that the painter
Had dreamed, in his hours of ease,
Of visions of fairer beauty
Than any his brush could seize.

I inhaled a rose's perfume;
It wooed me with Circean wiles,
The glamour of Eden's beauty
And odors from spicy isles.
But the sweetest rose that ever
Enchanted our breath and eyes
Blooms never in earthly gardens,
'Tis the growth of Paradise.

I drained from a jeweled beaker
Its measure of ruby wine;
'Twas sweeter than fabled nectar,
And filled me with bliss divine.
But the joys of earth are briefer;
Than the sunset's dying gleam;
And only the sweet hereafter
Shall give to what we dream.

BOOKS.

By H. G. Leslie, M. D.



THOSE silent friends that stand on library shelf and study desk, offering freely of their wealth of wisdom, and store of quiet enjoyment, fill no insignificant niche in the wall of human life. Other acquaintances require more formalities and social amenities than these that can be put aside at a moment's notice and recalled without apologies. Companions are they that resent no slights and harbor no animosities; the dust of neglect may fall upon them, the careless eye overlook their worth, for a time, but they come again at our bidding and yield their wisest counsel at our demand.

When the sun is shining brightly on the hills, and the air is filled with the note of song and the voice of laughter, the hours speed lightly by and the butterfly of pleasure leads in wanton paths; but when the shadows of evening fall and the storm beats on the window-panes, dreary would be the gloom were we bereft of these caskets of thought and gems of soul, the vellum bound guardians of brain and heart.

A man may pride himself on his secretive temperament and disposition but one loop-hole is always left open in the castle of his environments, which allows the curious eye to see the machinery working within, and that is his library—not the stray waifs that have been collected from

time to time under varying circumstances and conditions, but the books that bear the mark of real use, the pencil note, the index slip; these are the guides to mental traits and peculiarities, more certain than a profession of faith or signature to creed.

In my temporary home at Shoreline I found no extended list of literary treasures. Such as presented themselves, however, were possessed of a peculiar character and flavor that gave me many hours of quiet enjoyment.

Between the windows of Captain Somes' combination of kitchen and dining-room hung a row of plain pine shelves which contained his small but much-prized library. These were of the captain's own handiwork and betrayed no especial skill in cabinet making. The woodwork of plain, unvarnished material, always scrupulously clean, had in the process of years assumed a tint of rich, deep amber, more artistic than any embellishment of painter's brush could make them. To this receptacle Mrs. Somes had added the decoration of a much-befrilled muslin curtain. Here were gathered Captain Jared's literary companions, each with a history of its own, and incidents connected therewith enhancing its value.

In the lower left-hand corner of these shelves stood three books, more highly prized by the captain than any others in the collection. They were

the ones placed in his hands when as a chubby boy he wended his way for first time to Dame Prevear's school on the hill. It might have required some stretch of the imagination for me to depict the scene, had not the captain so frequently and minutely described it, even to the blue drilling frock and straw hat, braided by Aunt Wadleigh, which he wore on this occasion.

These books were "The Young Reader," by John Pierpont, "Webster's Spelling Book," and "Peter Parley's Geography," all of which although showing the marks of much service remained in fairly good condition.

"The Young Reader" opened its pages of lore with an evident and unblushing attempt at flattery. Whether the youthful pupils recognized it as such and estimated it at its just value, is difficult to say, but one is often surprised to find that childhood possesses a keenness of vision and an insight into human motives wholly unexpected.

"My child, what a good thing it is that you can read; a little while ago you know, you could read only very small words; and you were forced to spell them thus, C-A-T cat, D-O-G dog, now you can read pretty stories with a little help, and by and by, if you take a great deal of pains, you will be able to read them without help."

This teacher anticipated by a long way the present method of learning to read by sight, without spelling the words. It is an open question whether this method has all the advantages claimed for it. Certainly the facility of using a dictionary must be greatly limited where the picture formed in the mind is the sole guide.

After this introduction "The Young Reader" presented a series of very simple tales, all of which were intended to illustrate some moral or religious thought. The one that seemed to have fastened itself most thoroughly in Captain Jared's memory, and the one oftenest quoted by him, was a poem by some author whose name is not recorded in the Encyclopedia of English Literature, and related to the experiences of an old hen, with whom a wily fox desired a closer acquaintance:

"A white old hen with yellow legs,
Who'd laid her master many eggs—
Which from the nest the boys had taken
To put in cake or fry with bacon."

"This," said the captain in his comments, "was no fancy fowl with a long name like Houdan, or Black Minorica, only fit to be shown at a fair, but a plain, every-day hen, that knew what she was kept for and did the work she was expected to do, and did it well. I reckon it don't make much difference whether it is a bird or man; if they do their duty square and fair, they are worthy of genuine respect. The man that wears a broadcloth coat and shiny hat, ain't a bit better than the one who has only got a pea jacket and duck trousers, unless he does better. It's the hen that lays the egg that is worth the most."

I do not suppose that "Munchausen's Tales" or "Gulliver's Travels" were expected to be swallowed as literal facts, but they were hardly more wonderful and imaginary than some of the lessons presented by Peter Parley. That geographical knowledge formed but a small part of the school curriculum of his day is easily seen from this book. His exceedingly

patronizing air and complaisant reference to his own personal experience is, to say the least, amusing.

"There is a great ocean called the Atlantic. I have sailed over it several times. It takes about a month. There are several kings in Europe. I have seen them myself."

So vast and profound a knowledge must have greatly impressed the youthful student; but if by any means he really believed the world peopled by such strange and curious creatures as were represented by the wood-cut prints in this wonderful work, it is hardly possible to conceive that the sleep of childhood would be undisturbed by these weird phantoms.

That delightful old essayist, Isaac Walton, says, "Doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless He never did." With equal truth and but a slight change in phraseology, we might say that it is within the possibilities that man may make a better spelling book than that of Noah Webster, but surely no one has done it. It would be hard to compute the number now living at middle and advanced life, who can recall the columns of words the familiarity with which gave them so thorough a command of the English language. What memories cluster around its blue board covers, of spelling schools in lonely country districts, where the tallow candles fastened to the window-sill shed but a pale and uncertain light on the faces of the eager contestants in the arena where keen-edged memory alone could win the victory. Good old Noah Webster! It is said that he lived on the meagre returns of a penny a copy of this book, all

the years in which he was compiling his dictionary; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that he was leaving to his fellow-men a legacy that would be of value long after the blood-stained sods of battle-fields had borne their crop of the flowers of forgetfulness.

This book was designed in part to take the place of a reader, and aside from the long columns of brain-puzzling words, had numerous selections imparting moral and religious truths.

Perhaps no one of all these tales and precepts has been oftener quoted than that of "The Boy that Stole Apples." "An old man once found a rude boy in one of his apple trees."

This was a great favorite with Captain Some, but he arrived at a far different conclusion from that which bore the title of "Moral" at the end.

"A boy won't steal apples from any man if you treat him right. Now there ain't a boy in Shoreline but knows if he should come to me and say, 'Captain Some, I should like one of your Blue Pearmains,' that he would get it. It's my opinion that the man that owned that apple tree was a mean old curmudgeon, and the boy knew it. I tell you, boys are like anybody else; they like to get even with a mean man.

"If I should find one of those Mills hoodlums in one of my trees, don't you think that I should hunt for grass to throw at him. Not if I could find a fish-pole long enough to reach him. I would argue with him so that he would know the law of personal rights, as the lawyers say, forever after."

"Now there's young Rube, he had been up to the bridge one night to

throw rocks at the 'ferry shad.' On the way back he let a stone go through my kitchen window. He came right in and said: 'Captain Somes, I broke a square of glass. I hain't any money, but I'll get Eben to set it and saw wood to pay for it.'

"'No you won't, Reuben,' said I; 'I'll take care of that glass myself, only be a little more careful in the future.' Now I bought that boy for a seven-cent pane of glass and a little work. One way and another, I own most of them on Shoreline, and mighty good friends they be, too."

One evening, in a search for something to amuse me, I took from the captain's bookcase "The Life of Benjamin Franklin," "The Life of John Paul Jones," and finally hit upon a green pasteboard covered first edition of "Oliver Twist," illustrated by Cruikshank. As soon as Captain Jared saw what I had in my hand, he said: "Don't read that thing, it leaves a nasty taste in any one's mouth. I bought that one year when we were storm bound in Portland harbor, at a second-hand bookstore in the city, for ten cents, and I wish I had never seen it. Folks say that Dickens is a great writer, but if that is the kind of book he writes, and I could have my way, he would be shut up in the penitentiary breaking rocks, rather than selling such stuff."

"Perhaps it was all true, that story, but I reckon a man a thief and a robber that will put such things in a book. He just steals our good opinion of humanity, and that is worse than stealing hens. There are a lot of mean things in the world, I know, such as Bill Buswell letting his old father go to the poor house after he had got the farm and stock in his own

name, because he didn't like to see the old man driveling around, he said; and old Dave Hopper, who wouldn't buy his wife a quarter of a pound of tea, when she was dying with consumption, because he said hot water was better for her stomach. Nobody ever put those things in a book, and they will die out some time, but when you write a thing it never dies. Just to think of that poor, little, skinny Oliver Twist asking for more porridge and the old villain of a master abusing him. Why, it makes me so mad every time I think of it I want to go down on the wharf and kick over the eel-pots." The captain grabbed his pipe and hat and dove out of the back door.

Mrs. Somes looked up from her sewing, and said: "Whenever Jared gets to talking about that book he gets real grumpy." I knew that Mrs. Somes had a far-away strain of Scotch blood in her veins and this word "grumpy" which she applied to the captain came from that source and meant a pig. The captain's exit was quite suggestive of the rush and "woof!" "woof!" of a startled porcine, and amused me not a little.

"That little fat, dumpy book in the corner," continued Mrs. Somes, pointing to a copy of "Roderick Random," "the captain says ain't a nice book for a woman to read. I hain't never looked at it but he laughs as though it was a good story." The captain stayed down on the wharf for some time. Whether he performed the suggestive feat of kicking the eel-pots, I do not know, but when he returned all signs of the passing squall had vanished.

On the upper shelf of the bookcase were files of old almanacs, dating

back to a period prior to the American Revolution. These were carefully sewed together with stout twine, in volumes of ten years each, and would have delighted the heart of any collector of such material.

They were at first preserved by the captain's father, and, later on, when they had descended to him as a legacy, by the captain himself. We can hardly realize at a time when the printing press is flooding the land with newspapers, magazines, and books, the value formerly placed on these annals of astronomical, philosophical, and literary knowledge. No chimney corner in all the land was considered completely furnished without a nail on which to hang the almanac. To it was constant reference made, for knowledge of high and low water as well as the quarterings of the moon. It took the place of the modern weather bureau and hazarded predictions on heat and cold, storm and sunshine, with nearly the same accuracy as its present-day rival, only claiming the latitude of a few more days in which to reach the truth. It was, moreover, a diary, in which was recorded all the notable events of the times and locality. A mingled flavor of the ludicrous and pathetic clings to these records.

The first number in this collection bore the date of 1771 and was called an "Astronomical Diary, by Nathaniel Ames." This publication had held an established position for many years prior to this date, having been launched on the favor of the public in 1726, and closed its career of useful instruction in 1775. "Poor Richard's Almanac" was a sharp competitor, the printing of which was conducted by "Andrew Newell, in Dorset's

Lane," opposite the court house, Boston, from 1733-1758. Several of those compilations of wit, homely sense, and scientific knowledge, that have made this publication so famous, filled in the years following the Ames diary.

Isaiah Thomas commenced his predictions of weather conditions in 1775, which followed by his son, has become a familiar by-word throughout New England. "About this time look out for rain or snow," struggling down through the whole month gave a reasonably safe road of retreat for the prophetic seer. After about the year 1810 the Thomas almanac seemed to have established itself in favor and furnished the bulk of the volumes to date. Among the single copies scattered here and there through the compilation appeared the works of Daniel Low, Bickerstaff, Houghton, Abraham Wiseman, and Dudley Leavitt. This last publication was represented by a single copy on the cover of which was written in scraggly hand, "Portsmouth, N. H., Dec. 15th, 1807; stormy." I called Captain Jared's attention to this note: "Yes," said he, "I remember when I bought that. I was only a boy then and bound up from the Kennebec in the old packet *Nancy*, with my father. It had been brewing bad weather all day, and when we were off Boone island it set in for a north-east snow storm; so father decided to make for a harbor. We managed to sight Whale Back light before dark and run into Portsmouth.

"Father sent me up town to get some supplies, and among other things I bought that almanac. I don't think he liked it very well, as he had never seen one like it before.

I think he read it through before morning, for it was a bad night and he had to go on deck every little while to see if the lines were holding.

"That was before they had stoves. Nothing but fireplaces; one in the cabin and one forward for the cook, with little stubby chimneys that reached just above the deck. Every once in a while the wind would get a whirl and come down, sending the ashes flying like a dust signal. Very often at sea in rough weather, the cook could not keep a fire for days together, for the water would come down chimney and put it out; besides, the kettles would bang about so that he couldn't use them. Not much like the galley on an ocean liner of to-day.

"The only lamp we had burned fish-oil and was shaped like a small watering-pot, with the wick running out of the snout. My! how those old lamps did flare and smoke until the cabin would smell like a Nantucket whaler trying out a fin-back."

"The Scholar's Almanack and Farmer's Daily Register, by Dudley Leavitt," was quite a high-sounding title, and the dedicatory lines were equally broad in their demands.

"Give me the ways of wandering stars to know
The heights of heaven above, and stars below."

Which covered a breadth of knowledge supposed to belong to few of the sons of men.

His introductory address gave a very definite idea of what was expected of a publication of this kind:

"Reader, I've often heard them say
That every one on New Year's day
Should have a small, new book to show
What day 'twould rain and when 'twould snow."

In these calculations relating to the

weather, Dudley Leavitt seemed to have no fixed rule, for it is related of him that one time when traveling through Nottingham he spoke to a farmer by the wayside, remarking upon the beauty of the morning. "Yes," said the son of the soil, "but it will rain like blazes before noon." The day was very fair and showed no signs of such a change, but before the almanac maker had ridden ten miles he was drenched to the skin by a sudden shower. Thinking that some strange and occult knowledge must have enabled the farmer to make so accurate a prediction he decided to ride back and interview him. So, after retracing his steps and again meeting the agriculturist, he said: "My friend, would you tell me how you were enabled to hazard so good a guess on the coming of the shower which overtook me on my way?" "Surely," said the farmer; "I had two infallible signs. When my old black ram bites his left hind foot, I know that it will rain before night. That is one! Then I buy Leavitt's almanack and when the cussed old liar says it will be fair, I know it will storm." As neither of these propositions seemed to be of especial value to the prognosticator he took up his journey without disclosing his identity.

This small collection of books, of which I have mentioned only a part, would seem very insignificant if placed beside the well-filled cases of a modern library. Of making books there is truly no end. Far too many are but the husks and chaff of thought and have but an ephemeral existence. The question has been asked, "Who reads the writings of fifty years ago?" and a brief review only is needed to show how many

have passed into the grave of forgetfulness. Perhaps this is just as well. The brain only needs a suggestive idea over which to weave the gauzy web of its own personality. It is not well to absorb the half-chewed, half-digested product of some one else's grinding. The man who studies theories in his own way, and arrives at conclusions from his own standpoint, is the graduate of a school, which, although it may have no recognized degrees, confers a very satisfactory type of education.

THE TREE AND THE BROOK.

(From the German of Sallet.)

By Laura Garland Carr.

Said the tree— its bright leaves hushing—
 To the wild brook, "Why this speed?
 Why this restless, ceaseless gushing,
 Wave on wave forever rushing,
 Giving flowery banks no heed?"

"Will you loose yourself forever—
 At each turn another be?
 Cease this eager, fierce endeavor,
 In this fair ravine stay ever,
 Be from rush and worry free!"

Said the brook in answer—slowing—
 "In no one place can I stay.
 Aye, new phases I am showing,
 Take no step alike in going—
 Strain and struggle all the way.

"Flowery vales are not inviting—
 Too oppressive, cramped for me;
 Only speed I take delight in
 Till, at last, I'm lost to sight in
 Ocean's cool infinity."

Said the tree, "That's a false notion.
 See! I flourish large and strong!
 Drinking sunlight, feeling motion—
 With no longing for the ocean—
 Rooted firm to tarry long.

"What you seek for in the distance
 Is about us everywhere.
 Look! My boughs, without resistance—
 As a part of their existence—
 Touch infinity in air!"

THE CLOSING YEAR.

By Louise Lewin Matthews.

In sheeted vales, on snow-crowned hills,
December days drift out the year
With falt'ring steps, Time bowed in grief,
Gives to the new a welcome cheer.
So thus our life-days drift apace,
Marked by the running sands away ;
Soon other lives shall fill our place
And love and live their nobler way.

TILL SPRING HAS COME.

By C. C. Lord.

When cruel winter seizes earth,
And all her currents freezes numb,
The patience of creation waits
Till spring has come.

The wintry soul can only sit,
With stifled joys and praises dumb,
And muse in expectation fond
Till spring has come.

O love, when babbling streams resound,
And buds unfold, and wild bees hum,
Our hearts will melt. We dwell with frost
Till spring has come.

MAN'S PRESUMPTION.

By Henry Kent.

Without I hear a childish voice
Impatient, in a game, cry out,
"Don't throw it now, the sun's too bright,
It's shining there right in my way."
How many men there be about,
Who blame the sun, or moon, or fate,
For blinding their weak eyes, that gaze
Too far above them, toward the light ;
And try to push, however great,
Some god or planet from its place.

MRS. ROBERT HOLTON.

By Mary M. Currier.



HE evening train, as it neared a certain New England town, bore among its passengers a little gray-haired, sad-faced woman, who, as the shadows deepened, pressed her face close to the window, unconscious of the fact that her fellow-travelers were regarding her with curiosity.

She had come all the way from Arizona, this frail-looking, timid woman and she had come alone. She was not communicative but not one of those who noticed her could fail to understand that she had come back to the old home to make a long-dreamed-of visit. More and more familiar grew the roads, the hills, and the buildings. One could almost read the thoughts of that child-like mind.

"Here's the old bridge; and here's where John Wilkinson used to live. How they have built up between John's house and the brook. The town's all lighted now. What a dark place this used to be here by the willows! And the depot's over on the other side of the track. Well, here I am at last. It's a long ways to come but I'm glad I came. Now I hope I can find Lizzie's house without any trouble."

The train stopped and she stepped out, a little confused with the lights and noise, the changed location of the station, and the weariness of her long journey. But after a moment's hesitation she started perseveringly on up one of the less frequented streets.

"It's been thirty years since I was

here, thirty years since I've seen Lizzie. I wonder if she'll know me. I don't suppose she will, I've grown old so. But Lizzie isn't old yet. She won't be forty-nine till December and I'm sure I should know her anywhere. She'll be getting supper. I believe I'm too tired to eat to-night. What a pity if she should be gone! But I could go to the hotel. How good it was of her to urge me to come! Do come, Sarah, she wrote. I should be so glad to see you. Only one sister in the world and I've not seen her for thirty years! It's not right, Sarah; come and see me, and come soon before we get too old and feeble to run around together as we used to.

"Before *we* get old—she meant before I do, but she would n't say that. Yes, I'm glad I came. Now that he is gone there is nothing to stay away for. I hope nobody guessed what sent me so far from home to stay so long. But it is n't likely that any one did, for they all had their own affairs to think of and probably nobody stopped to question much about me. Poor Robert! It's two years since he died, but I haven't had the heart to come before. And Lizzie didn't write how she was getting along. She has the old place yet, but I don't know how she manages to get the work done. I suppose she has a hired man, or perhaps a man and his wife take the farm and she boards with them. Lizzie never was a great hand to write. Well, I shall soon see."

She was now some little distance from the station and was nearing the old farm house where she and her

sister had played in childhood. She stopped to look about. A fine new house stood across the road opposite the old home, and a smaller one, but new and stylish, stood beside it where the garden used to be.

After a moment she went on. There was a light in her sister's kitchen but none in the sitting-room. "Lizzie's getting supper," thought the old lady. "How surprised she'll be! She did n't plan on having my company to-night."

She was now at the very door-step. Somebody came into the sitting-room but it was not Lizzie for she could hear her clattering the dishes farther away. Presently the person struck a match, lighted a lamp and, neglecting to pull down the curtains, seated himself in Robert's arm-chair by the window. It was not Robert. It was no hired man. It was a man perfectly at home. He glanced over the evening paper with no intimation of the nearness of the little silent woman who trembled as she looked at him.

"Oh, Robert, to think that Lizzie could forget so soon! and I have loved you all these years."

Stealthily now, like a fugitive, she turned away and went back down the street. But after she had passed the smaller of the new houses she stopped. What if she should be mistaken after all; to come so far and not see Lizzie—she would at least make sure. She went up to the house and rang the bell. "They will not know me," she thought.

A slender maid answered her ring and only half opening the door looked at her critically.

"Will you please tell me who lives over there?" faltered the old lady pointing.

"Mrs. O'Brien," answered the girl.

"She that was the widow Holton?" persisted the questioner.

"Yes," answered the maid, and shut the door without further ceremony.

It was no mistake then. Slowly and feebly the disappointed woman continued her way towards the business portion of the town. After some difficulty she found a hotel which she entered with a feeling of relief mingled with her weariness, bewilderment, and disappointment. Here, at least, was shelter and rest.

As the clerk pushed the register towards her a strange idea came into her mind. For the first time in her long and busy life she was tempted to lie. She could not bear to write her own name where some one who had known her years ago might find it and learn that she had been back to the old place.

She hesitated, but the clerk was looking and she took up the pen, then she remembered how when she and Maggie Driscoll were children at school they used to write their names sometimes with Mrs. before them just to see how funny they would look—Mrs. Maggie Driscoll, Mrs. Sarah Packard—and she began "Mrs. Robert"—what harm just for once to write it so? He would forgive me if he knew—"Holton," the last word was blotted.

She laid the pen down and looked at the name a moment.

"I shall not go up to the cemetery to see the grave," she said to herself. Perhaps there is n't any stone for him. It's just as well if there is n't. It won't make any difference.

The next morning the train took

on board a slender, sad-faced old lady who pressed her face against the pane in her attempt to see the hills and fields of her native town as long as possible, and who without knowing it attracted the attention of her fellow-passengers. She had no words for any one but the look on her face said in language understood by all, "I shall never see these hills again."

ZECHARIAH 14: 7.

By Mrs. O. S. Baketel.

Amid the fleecy clouds of life,
Shining with a lustre bright,
If the shadows change the scene,
"At evening time it shall be light."

For the promise thus is given
Us to see with human sight,
As we read in Holy Writ,
"At evening time it shall be light."

The master's words are ever true,
Ours to view from lofty height,
Still the same in depths below,
"At evening time it shall be light."

So, weary pilgrim on life's way,
Ever striving for the right,
Keep hoping, trusting, praying,
"At evening time it shall be light."

Ne'er lose courage but press on,
Fight life's battles with thy might,
Reach the goal and win the race
"At evening time it shall be light."

MIGNON.

By George Bancroft Griffith.

Her voice with soft caressing ring
Is sweeter than the notes we sing;
The limpid light of her dear eyes
Seems caught from fount in Paradise!

Pure as the flower winged rover sips
The honey of her virgin lips;
God never made a fairer child,
And may He keep her undefiled!

LOIS LATHAM'S PURITAN CONSCIENCE.

By Semanthe C. Merrill.



HERE was a hush in the old church and the congregation passed onward with soft footfalls and low spoken words. Occasional glances were turned towards the gallery where stood handsome Brainerd Strong, the only son of the petitioner. The prayer for "our youth" which had moved the sympathy of the audience was scarcely noticed by him.

Deacon Spinney's pew and Lois Latham's face, or such glimpses as her large straw bonnet permitted of the pearly pink of her cheek, her golden curls, and wide-open brown eyes directed earnestly toward the pulpit, had out-rivaled sermon and prayer in the interest of the college student.

Mrs. Spinney, too, seemed unaffected by the general sympathy. She carried her head aloft and passed Deacon Spinney's pew with a dignified nod of the head.

"I hope it is soon enough for Miss Palmer to have the prayer meeting again," she said, as her husband drove from the church door. "She always wants it when Brainerd Strong is at home from college. I thought I could have it this week, as Patience Ann did not come home."

"Hush, Eunice," said her husband, reprovingly.

"Now, the Elder will have to go to the Peak district, and the Plains, and perhaps the Square, before he comes again. Then Lois will be

gone," said Mrs. Spinney, "and the sparerib won't keep," she added quickly, hearing a short laugh from her son Lishe.

Few words enlivened the remainder of the homeward drive or the afternoon meal. When the early darkness came, all gathered around the huge fireplace, excepting Lois, who sat at the end of the long table trying to write a cheerful letter home. A troubled expression clouded her usually sunny face. Her dress, of coarse blue homespun, did not wholly conceal the grace of her slender figure, and was brightened by a bit of well-kept ribbon. At the smallest provocation the color mantled her complexion, which was of delicate whiteness, and her truthful eyes had often a twinkle of fun in their depths. In her childhood she had been much with Aunt Eunice, and the closest of friends with Patience Ann. The latter had been fond of imagining her future, or picturing her wedding scene, the handsome bridegroom, and Lois had always figured in the bridesmaid's place.

This was Lois' first visit to her aunt in some years. Her father had been in ill health, the farm mortgaged, and the holder threatened foreclosure. When Aunt Eunice had learned that the teacher of the Plains school was not certain of reelection, she had sent for her niece to come and apply for the position.

Lois' pen was scratching its way down the page when, with much

stamping of snow, a tall figure, buttoned into a threadbare overcoat, entered the room.

"Good evening, Mis' Spinney. I'm afraid I'll bring snow into your clean kitchen. It snows amazin' fast, out."

"Why, what sent you out in such a storm, Job?" asked Mrs. Spinney.

"Cilly sent me over for some of your hot drops, Mis' Spinney."

A basket was quickly filled with remedies and eatables, but Job seemed in no hurry to leave.

"Nice, comfortable fire you've got here, Brother Spinney. I don't think I'd change it for one of those black, shiny fire-boxes they've got over to Brother Palmer's."

"What do you mean," asked Mrs. Spinney.

"Haven't you heard about it? Shuts the fire all up in one place."

"Well," said Mrs. Spinney, "I shall not feel it my duty to expose my health by going over there to Friday night meeting. They can't keep that kitchen warm with the fire all shut up in a box."

The deacon looked displeased, and Lois' eyes were full of trouble. She feared that her aunt, in her ill humor, would say something to displease her old-time rival, Sally Palmer, whose brother was a member of the school board.

On Friday afternoon, Mrs. Spinney, nimbly paring some apples, was surprised to see the minister at the door. She slipped pan and dish into the closet, threw a shawl about her shoulders, and sank into a rocking chair.

"No," she told the Elder, "she should not think of going to the meeting. She had suffered all day from hoarseness and rheumatism."

"Then I must drive over to Persis

Hepburn's," he said, regretfully. "I hoped you would be able to learn some of the hymns in this book, and lead the singing this evening."

Lois' heart sank again. Persis Hepburn was the rival candidate for the Plains school.

Brother Palmer's kitchen was crowded in the evening. Mrs. Palmer found Brainerd a seat near the new stove which poured forth the welcome heat. Lois thought, as she saw his commanding figure, his broad forehead and firmly set lips, "He is just like Patience Ann's pictures of her bridegroom." Just then her eyes fell beneath the look of admiration with which the flashing black eyes met her own.

When the new hymn was given out Miss Persis went firmly through the first measures, and others were beginning to join, when one of the difficult passages was reached. Miss Persis' face flushed, her voice quavered about the desired note, then trembled, and stopped. There was quite a little flutter, and the Elder said,

"This is quite a difficult tune. Shall we try it again?"

The result was even more disappointing than that of the first trial had been. The Elder was sadly disturbed till Lishe whispered, "Lois can sing it."

"Is any one present who can sing it? Will our friend from Wilton, Miss Latham, try?" asked the Elder.

Lois' heart quaked as she rose, but clear and sweet sounded the tones, and without a quaver each difficult note was sounded. Other voices joined, Brainerd's rare tenor among them, and the old kitchen was full of song. A rare smile illuminated the minister's face. At the close of the

service he hastened to speak to Lois. She turned to greet him and saw also his son, who detained her until she received her uncle's summons, and said as he attended her to the sleigh:

"I hope we may rely upon your help in our church choir, Miss Latham. We shall reorganize it in the early summer."

He called the next afternoon on his way to the coach, to say that his father wished him to notify Miss Latham of her election by the school board, and delayed for much planning for the choir.

With the arrival of the summer vacation the choir was reorganized and rehearsals were frequent and enthusiastic. Uncle Samuel said that if all the members had to be consulted as often as Lois did he did not see how Brainerd got around to them all.

No delicate rosebud, in the genial influence of summer sun and rain, develops into bloom and beauty more unconsciously than did Lois into the grace and loveliness of womanhood. Her success in the school-room also gave her new confidence in herself, and her whole nature thrilled with happiness when, at the end of the autumn term, she was able to send to her father a sum of money which propitiated the mortgage holder, and enabled her parents to spend thanksgiving day at brother Samuel's. All attended the service in the old church. Brainerd was at home, and the choir surpassed themselves.

"Fine singing!" said Job Taylor, who called in the evening. "Lois sings a first-rate treble, and Brainerd's tenor is the best anywhere about. He does seem to take an uncommon interest in the church singing, real heart interest, I think, though Brainerd

never seems to take any stand for the Lord anywhere else. If Brainerd would only speak like John Twombly, now."

"Brainerd does not say one thing and practice another," said Lois, quickly.

"No, he's no hypocrite. That was a powerful sermon, though, that the Elder preached last Sunday; 'Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.' What did you think of it, Lois?"

"I don't know what call Lois has to think of it," said her aunt. "I hope Lois don't set herself up to be better than Brainerd Strong," she added, as Lois stole from the room.

Brainerd taught the winter school at the village, and his interest in music by no means abated. When April came, the Fast day anthem was regarded as something unheard before in the old church. Brainerd detained Lois and spoke of leaving for college on the following day in tones of tender regret for their separation. "I shall come for you this evening," were his words at parting, in a tone that thrilled Lois' heart, for with the intensity of her nature she loved him, and often shuddered at her guilt that she shrunk from the thought of heaven with him outside.

They were silent on the homeward evening drive until Brainerd turned the horse towards the Plains road, white with sand over which stiff limbed pines cast their angular shadows. All her life Lois remembered the dark pines, unrelenting as fate. She trembled as Brainerd turned towards her and said in a low, tender voice, "Lois, dear Lois, I have loved you so long, so truly. Tell me, darling, that you, too, love me."

His arm drew her very close to his side, and her truthful eyes were raised to his as she said,

"Brainerd, I love you with all my heart; oh, too well, I fear."

"And you will be mine, Lois, my own, my wife?"

There was a choking sob, then Brainerd heard, "Oh, I cannot deny my Saviour if I die."

His arm tightened its grasp and his hand clasped hers with a grip of possession.

"And what of me, Lois, of my grief and spoiled life?"

"Brainerd, why cannot we love Him, together, and each other?"

He was silent, his hand dropped hers and clutched the reins. He sat, tall and cold, at the farthest limit of the seat. As they reached the drive to the old house, he said:

"If anything could make it impossible for me to love your Saviour, it is that he bids you scorn a man's supreme offering with no thought of him but only of cold duty."

With an icy "good night," he was gone. Then all the stings that a sensitive conscience and a loving heart could know were Lois' companions. He would think her self-sufficient, would be angry; he would love some one else, sometime. How should she bear it all the years that were to come! At dawn she was at her work. Perhaps Brainerd would stop on his way to the coach. But he passed without even a look of recognition.

"Brainerd seems to be in a great hurry," said her aunt, sharply.

Through the weary weeks that followed her aunt's sarcasm was hard to endure, and Lois grew pale and thin, but kept her cheerful smile even when July brought its withering heat.

Mrs. Palmer called one afternoon and left Mrs. Spinney in great excitement, and she met Lois at the door on her return from school.

"Patience Ann is coming home to be married," she said in a tone of triumph. "Brainerd Strong is not long in finding those who think him good enough for them."

"She did not say it was Brainerd, Eunice," said her husband.

"She said he was college-learned and a parson's son. Who did she mean but Brainerd?"

Lois seemed as if paralyzed and with difficulty crept up the stairway. Saturday night brought both Brainerd and Patience Ann. On Sunday, the latter, radiant with happiness, appeared in Brierton church. At the close of the service Brainerd attended her to the carry-all and was heard to say, "I shall come over immediately after dinner, to-morrow." He lifted his hat with stately dignity to Lois as Deacon Spinney's wagon passed him. Mrs. Spinney cast a withering look at her niece.

The next day, as Lois sat alone at the noon hour, who should enter the school-room but Patience Ann. After the first greeting, she said:

"I want your advice, Lois, about my wedding dress. For it must be ready by August thirtieth."

With a strong effort Lois compelled herself to talk with seeming interest of the different samples and patterns that were spread out before her, and to offer, now and then, a suggestion. Suddenly, Patience Ann said:

"What will you wear, Lois? for, of course, you are to be my bridesmaid."

Lois' face became pale as ashes, and she found it impossible to speak. In-

tent upon her muslins, Patience Ann continued :

"We have always said so, and I shall not let any nonsense between you and Brainerd prevent. He said you were too good to stand in line with him."

Here Lois' control gave way entirely. Tears and sobs were the only reply to her friend's questions. The clock struck the school hour, and, gathering up her treasures, with a parting "remember," she was gone. The afternoon wore out its wretched, weary length; then Lois started homeward, wishing only to kneel in her small, bare room and dwell upon her sorrow. But no time for self-indulgence, even in grief, awaited her. Aunt Eunice had fallen and sprained both foot and shoulder. Lois braced herself to bear the double burden of work to which was added the outflow of her aunt's perturbed spirit and her own nights of agonizing heartache. She met Brainerd one day on her way to school, and his cold, stern look so pierced her heart that she had even prayed to die.

One afternoon Brainerd drove over the Plains road. Loosening the reins he leaned back in the seat, his face pale and drawn, and his brows firmly knit. Lost in thought, he took no notice of the rapidly gathering clouds until he was roused by old Jenny, who stopped to meditate, also. Glancing around, he saw a black cloud from which raindrops were beginning to fall. He hurried his horse to its utmost speed, and after passing a long distance, turned a corner and saw, near the top of a long hill, Lois' slight figure. She carried her white sun-bonnet in her hand, and the wind blew her light hair about her. She

seemed quite exhausted with weariness and terror. Turning to scan the black and brazen sky, she saw the familiar chaise and seemed to look for a place of retreat, then hurried on. Just as she was ready to drop the chaise reached her and, leaping to the ground, Brainerd lifted her to the seat. Faint with terror and confusion she sank into a corner of the carriage as he fastened the boot.

"Are you faint, are you ill, Lois?" asked he anxiously, but received only a shake of the head for reply. Her heart thrilled with joy at the sound of his kind tones, only to quiver with pain at the thought, "Of course he would not pass me in this storm, and he knows that Patience Ann wishes us to be friends."

Soon there was a blinding flash, and at the same moment a tall tree, uprooted, fell to the ground across the way. Old Jenny ran backwards in terror, stopping at length by a fence post. Other blinding flashes followed with crashing thunder peals, and the long intervals were filled with the low rumbling of thunder. When, at last, the wind came like a seeming hurricane, the parts of the wind-broken cloud scattered, and the sun shone upon two faces brighter than the fairest sky.

"Lois, you belong to me," whispered Brainerd, with a smile that illuminated his fine face.

She did not dispute him. Drawing her very near himself he said :

"Lois, in that terrible moment I knew that I loved not only you but my Saviour."

"Brainerd, I was sure God had given us to each other though it might be in death."

All else was forgotten in the joy of

reconciliation and love till old Jenny again became restive and compelled Brainerd to find a way home. He removed the bar rails and led the horse through the pasture to an opening beyond the fallen tree, and Jenny soon brought them in sight of the farmhouse.

As they approached Lois suddenly exclaimed,

"But, Brainerd, what of Patience Ann?"

"Patience Ann?"

"Yes, who is she to marry?"

"Marry? Why, Ned Stapleton, my college chum."

Patience Ann had her wish, and Brainerd and Lois stood one fair Au-

gust morning in the flower-bedecked parlor while she was made the wife of Edward Stapleton.

Two years later, in the old church, as the Elder wished, Brainerd and Lois spoke their nuptial vows. As the group of friends, among whom, with beaming face, stood Aunt Eunice, watched the bridal party disappear, Job Taylor said:

"Wonderful to think of, how thunder and lightning and sickness worked like the Lord's servants to bring those two together. That was a wonderful recovery of yours, Mis' Spinney. Never limped after that thunder shower, and as well as ever, and we all thought you were in a decline."

DECEMBER.

By C. Jennie Swaine.

From the woods the sunset glow has fled,
And the winds are wailing a dirge for the dead.

Over the dust of the faded roses
They whisper secrets which death discloses.

"Lover of violets," the south wind sighed,
"I wooed the wood-blooms that in springtime died,

"I woke the rose with my passionate kiss,
And it blushed into beauty, O June days of bliss.

"I pressed to my bosom the lily-bells white
And they smiled into blooming for sheer delight."

"O love and the roses!" the west winds sigh,
"Only one summer to bloom in and die!

"Only one June in the heart of the year!
Only one dream and its rose-chaplet dear!"

But the dirge with this sweeter measure closes:
"Ever and always the Junes bring roses.

"Always and ever the dreams are ours,
While love lives on in the sweetness of flowers."

THE GHOST OF FANARD HILL.

By W. P. Elkins.



IN the fall of 1872 I was at work upon a farm not far from the Green Mountains, in Vermont. After the crops of the homestead were secured, there remained some potatoes to be dug on a mountain farm twelve miles distant. I was selected for this job, while my uncle, who owned both farms, remained at home to make the cider and do the annual amount of "breaking up."

It was a cold day in early November when I set out on my mission, with only a steady old horse for company. I have said that my destination was twelve miles from my uncle's home; it was, moreover, six miles from the neighboring village and four miles from the nearest inhabitant of that hilly country. The potatoes grew where there formerly were the cultivated fields of an old-time farmer, but the sons of that old settler had found cultivating the paternal acres unsatisfactory after the opening up of the West, had sold the farm for a song, and migrated to Minnesota. For years the place had been unoccupied, the fields had mostly been overgrown with bushes, and the buildings had been left to decay. Nevertheless, the old house had been recently made rain-proof, and one field had been cleared of bushes and made to yield something like an old-time crop. It was in that field that I was

to work, while I was to spend the nights, for a week at least, in the deserted house; surely not a pleasant prospect for a nervous man.

However, the novelty of the undertaking charmed me, and as I jogged along the road that morning, under the exhilarating influence of the cold, mountain air, I felt as gay as if on the way to a husking-bee. Arrived at the deserted farm, I at once began operations; digging the potatoes and hauling them to the ruins of a barn, where they were temporarily stored in bins. The afternoon passed pleasantly, and, as it began to grow dark, I made the old horse comfortable in a stall newly made in one corner of the ruined barn, and proceeded to the house, where a stove had been set up for use during the time of work on the mountain farm. I enjoyed a good supper as only he who has dug potatoes in cold weather can enjoy one, drew an old but comfortable lounge near the fire, and prepared to pass the evening in the pleasantest manner possible under the circumstances. I began to read a version of one of Eugene Sue's novels. Although the room, in view of such temporary occupation, was furnished quite cosily, there was no clock in it; the only sounds were those of mice, either gnawing within the partition walls or running over the chamber floor.

The unusual stillness, with the

strange feeling which comes from being alone in a deserted house, began to make me uneasy, and finding I could not read, I lit my pipe and went out of doors. It was one of those still nights in which no leaf is stirring, though dry and light they are scattered over the ground, and in which one seems to hear faint sounds from the sky. The crescent was low in the west. The creek that wanders slowly across the meadows below shone like silver under the rays of the moon, and the western horizon seemed more remote than ever before. I could distinctly hear the water falling over the dam at Northrop pond, five miles away. Save that and the barking of a fox there was no sound.

Refreshed by the cold air and quieted by my pipe, I again sought the comfortable lounge by the fire, and resumed my reading. It was not long, however, before I fell asleep. I awoke after several hours, feeling strangely, as if under the spell of a mysterious presence. My lamp had burned low and gone out, the rats and mice were quiet, all was dark and silent except for the feeble light of the dying embers in the stove and a mysterious sound, which I soon concluded was made by the wind. Yet why was the sound confined to one corner of the room, instead of issuing from the many cracks in the old building, and why wasn't the wind made evident by the moaning of the trees near by, or by the other noises which it usually produces?

I fancied I could hear an occasional sound as of swaying branches, but it was too faint to be clearly recognized. Evidently there was only a slight breeze without, yet the

mysterious sound from the corner was as distinct as the whistling of a gale through a keyhole. I opened the door and listened; only a slight breeze was blowing, scarcely enough to sway the smallest twigs. Perhaps the peculiarity and distinctness of this noise were owing to the size and shape of a particular crack in the corner. Anyhow I was too much charmed by the plaintiveness of the notes to investigate farther, but, lying down, gave myself up to the reveries and emotions which the whistling of the wind is so apt to inspire.

Such a sound always makes me sad, but with a sadness mingled with delight. In this case the effect was heightened by the surroundings and by the apparent mystery before me. The strange wind whistled and moaned, oh, so weirdly, and my thoughts flew back to childhood, the happy home and state, where all was freedom and bliss. I saw the sunny yard in front of my father's house, I heard the merry sounds of laughter and the voices of the dear ones I had lost. I saw, with the old delight, the wild flowers blooming in my grandfather's meadow, the first strawberries nestling beneath the grass, the pretty birds scolding the threateners of their nests. I looked with the old delightful wonder at the hills, which seemed to bound the world, and listened to the tales of those who had visited the mysterious beyond. I admired again the strength and prowess of my uncles, visited my dear old grandmother and received her gifts of sugar-plums and fruit, and looked confidently into the tender face of my mother. And then I looked beyond, at the ever smiling sky, and read there the eternal mes-

sage of beauty, mystery, and love. What does it all mean? I asked. But why such questionings? I am strong and happy, and one thing is certain: Whatever may be the mystery of life, it *is* mystery and it is good.

I had reached this point in my half-conscious reveries when the wind sound ceased and I became aware of a strange presence in the room. I sprang up and looked. In the darkness of the corner was the awful, indescribable, formless figure of a ghost! Its shadowy, whitish form served only to point a resemblance to a man in the flesh, while it shed a strange, dull light close around it,—a light very different from the warm glow of the few embers left in my big stove. I stood perfectly still, powerless to move, but very much frightened, and vainly hoping that the spectre would not see me. But the dreadful creature had long been aware of my presence in his house, and evidently had come into the seen world on purpose to pay me a visit. I stood still; the apparition moved perceptibly toward me and lifted something that I took to be his spectral hand. In obedience to that impetuous movement I fell into my big chair by the fire, and there I sat, unable to remove my gaze from the dread visitor for a moment, but sat

trembling, horribly afraid, in unique agony, yet with senses all acute. The spectre spoke, or tried to!

Such a strange, unearthly, unphysical sound! It seemed to come from some mysterious depth in his formless being, and I could only respond by involuntary thrills of horror. He seemed to realize that I did not understand, for he struggled and tried repeatedly to articulate his meaning. I knew by an instinctive appreciation of his struggles that he, too, was in agony, and desperately resolved to deliver his message.

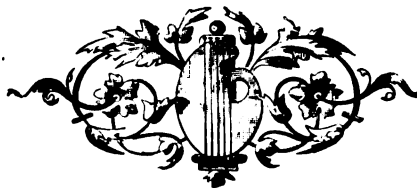
At length, by a final effort, shaking his shadowy substance to its centre, the words were shaped, and, though with difficulty, I understood:

“My prison; my prison!”

Then he vanished.

* * * *

I remained, transfixed with fear, till the dawn came to my relief. Then I did a poor day's work, but before night came drove home to tell my uncle's family of my experience. Of course all laughed at me, but I vowed that I would never pass another night alone in the haunted house. So the next day some of my cousins went up to Fanard Hill with me, and remained till the potatoes were all dug. We spent the night in the same room where I was visited by the ghost, but we saw nothing of him.



THE MEN IN THE CAB.

By Mrs. Sarah L. Nute.

I stood on the platform awaiting the coming
Of the train from the East. There'd been some delay.
The gates had been lowered; I now heard the humming
Of the swift flying engine as it dashed o'er the way.
One glance in the cab as I heard the bell ringing
Showed the men at their post; calm and steady were they,
With thoughts now intent on their work that was bringing
Many hearts to their homes at the close of the day.
I was soon in the car, and had time for reflection
When once I got seated for my trip on the train.
My mind was now centered in the foremost direction,
And from writing my thoughts I could not refrain.
All around me looked happy; the day was delightful.
But none of the charms seemed me to entrance,
For the men in the cab, who were working so faithful,
As the minutes flew by us my thoughts did enhance.
How few ever think, when they are riding for pleasure,
From memory's casket to just drop a pearl
For the men in the cab! It might be a treasure
To lighten their hearts as onward they whirl.
The calm engineer touches lightly the throttle,
And faces the perils by night or by day.
Was there ever a soldier yet braver in battle
Than he and his fireman when destruction has sway?
He has climbed up the hill, and is now at the summit
Which through years of hard labor he has hoped to attain.
Now his comrade is thinking by his work he shall profit,
And some day fill the place which he's striving to gain.
Many hardships and toil, together with danger,
The brave, noble firemen all have to endure.
To light storms or tempests they are not any stranger
For their place in the cab is never secure.
When the hours have been long, and they're tired and weary,
Come thoughts of the wife and the children at home;
Or may be of a mother who tries to make cheery
A place, warm and cozy, for her dear one to come.
May our good Heavenly Father, who always is ready
To go with His children wherever they roam,
Gently guide them through trials with a hand that is steady,
And bring them all safely to their dear ones at home!

NECROLOGY:

HON. E. B. S. SANBORN.

Hon. E. B. S. Sanborn, a prominent attorney and long time member of the State Railroad Commission, died at his home in Franklin, after a protracted illness, November 3, 1903.

Mr. Sanborn was a native of the town of Canterbury, born August 11, 1833. He graduated at Dartmouth college in the class of 1855, studied law with the late Judge Nesmith of Franklin, and was admitted to the bar in 1857, and had been actively and continuously in practice up to the time of his last illness, attaining high distinction and success. He served seven times in the state legislature as a representative from Franklin, the last time in 1891, and was conspicuous in debate and committee work. He was appointed a railroad commissioner in 1883 and served till 1888. In 1893 he was again appointed holding a place upon the board, by successive reappointments, till the time of his death.

He was originally a Republican in politics but acted with the Democratic party for about twenty years previous to 1896. He was active in educational work, was for a short time one of the trustees of the State Normal school, and for many years a member of the Franklin board of education. He had been twice married, leaving a widow with a son and daughter, and one daughter by the first wife.

MAJ. STEPHEN R. SWETT.

Maj. Stephen R. Swett, a veteran of the War of the Rebellion, and a prominent citizen of Canaan, died in that town November 23. He was a native of Salisbury, born June 18, 1819, being a descendant of patriotic stock, his grandfather serving in the Revolution and his father in the War of 1812.

Major Swett raised the first company of cavalry in this state for service against the rebellion. This company, with others, was taken to Rhode Island, where they joined forces with companies of that state. In 1862 he was made a major, and in 1864, owing to wounds received at the battle of Kelley's ford, he received his discharge.

Since the war Major Swett had resided in Canaan, and in the course of a long and useful career was deputy sheriff for a term of ten years, superintendent of schools eight years, overseer of the poor, and in 1885 he represented the town in the state legislature.

ALBERT NOTT, M. D.

Dr. Albert Nott, a prominent physician of West Newton, Mass., died at his home in that place, October 17, 1903.

Dr. Nott was a native of the town of Claremont in this state, born in 1843.

He was educated in the public schools of his native town and at the University of Vermont, where he received his degree of M. D., and soon after, in 1874, settled in the practice of medicine in West Newton. He gained eminence as a practitioner, and was at one time dean of the Boston college of physicians and surgeons, and later occupied the same office at the Tufts college medical school. He was a prominent Mason, a member of the local lodge I. O. O. F., and a member of the Second Congregational church. A widow survives him.

WILLIAM A. EMERSON.

William A. Emerson, a well-known citizen of Hampstead, died November 19. He was born in Hampstead, September 7, 1842, and was the youngest son of Daniel and Ruth Conner Emerson. His education was obtained in the public schools of the town. He married Abbie H. Dorr of Hampstead, daughter of Francis B. Dorr.

In 1874 Mr. Emerson began the business of carrying shoes to Haverhill, which he followed for fifteen years. Seventeen years ago he, with his brother, Daniel, began the manufacture of shoes in Hampstead, in which enterprise he met with marked success.

Mr. Emerson represented his native town in the last legislature, and served on the committee on education. He was a member of the Congregational church, St. Mark's lodge, A. F. and A. M., and Bell chapter of Derry, and DeWitt Clinton commandery of Portsmouth.

Besides a widow, Mr. Emerson leaves four sons, Daniel, Frank W., Arthur M., and Myron E. Emerson, and three brothers, Daniel H. and James H. of Hampstead, and Horatio B. of Malden, Mass.

CAPT. JOSEPH W. LANG.

Joseph W. Lang, born in Tuftonborough, December 2, 1832, died at Meredith, October 22, 1903.

He was the son of Thomas E. and Cynthia Blaisdell Lang. He engaged in trade at Meredith Village in early life, and when the War of the Rebellion broke out was the partner of Isaiah Winch, and when permission was given to raise a regiment in Belknap county Captain Lang at once set about raising a company and, turning their store into a recruiting station, enlisted eighty-six men of what was afterwards known as Company I of the Twelfth Regiment of New Hampshire Volunteers. Being as popular as he was in earnest, he was unanimously chosen its commander. He was the first man to enlist in Company I, August 14, 1862, and enlisted twenty-five in the afternoon of the same day. He was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and the skirmishes in front of Petersburg. At Chancellorsville he was wounded severely in the leg and taken prisoner, being held fourteen days. The wound in his leg prevented him from marching into Richmond with his regiment. He was discharged on account of wounds August 19, 1864, having been in active service two years and five days. Since the war he has been engaged in farming in Meredith.

Captain Lang has been prominent in public life in Meredith, and was a leading Democrat in his town and county. He served twice as a member of the legislature from Meredith, the last time in 1899. He was active in Masonry, and was also a member of the Knights of Pythias, Red Men, the Grange, and G. A. R.

January 19, 1860, he married Lucy A. Leach of Wells, Me., who survives him, with one daughter.

DECEMBER
1903

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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THE NEW HAMPSHIRE EXCHANGE
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SHORELINE SKETCHES—BOOKS

LOIS LATHAM'S PURITAN CON-
SCIENCE

THE GHOST OF FANARD HILL
POEMS

volume
XXXV

No. 6

CONCORD N.H.

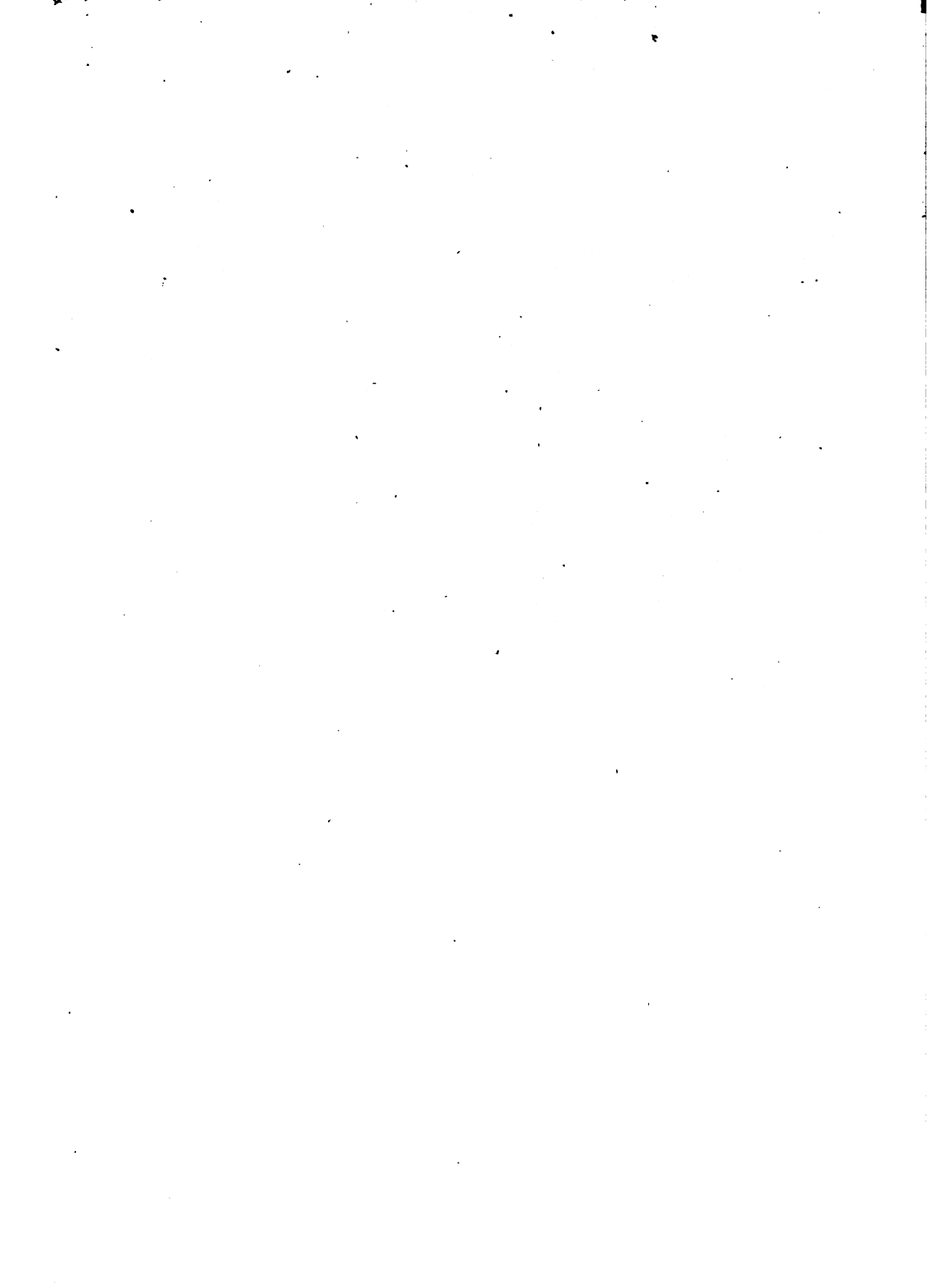
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